

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

September

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0¢

n England

HIRLEY
EMPLE

**HOLLYWOOD
CHANGES
OVER-NIGHT!
SAYS
VICKI BAUM**

HONEST CONFESSIONS OF AN EXTRA GIRL
Who's Who on Elsa Maxwell's Hollywood Party List
How We Can Tell — True Story of Robert Taylor's Romance

CAGNEY



MEETS A
RAFT
OF TROUBLE!

For the first time—Jimmy and George crashing head-on—outblasting each other with a brand of dynamite no screen has offered before! Thrills beyond measure! Excitement beyond all precedent! . . . *It's the picture that tops 'Angels with Dirty Faces' and it's made by WARNER BROS.*

EACH DAWN I DIE

with

JANE BRYAN • GEORGE BANCROFT • MAXIE ROSENBLOOM

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY • Presented by WARNER BROS.

Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Warren Duff • From the Novel by Jerome Odum • A First National Picture



**"Flower-fresh" she emerges from the tub
and she'll stay that way with Mum**



Smart girls know that a bath alone can't prevent underarm odor

YOUR bath is over—how gloriously fresh and sweet you feel! How easy to think tonight will be *your* night—tonight you'll win romance! But will you? Not if you foolishly trust that bath alone for *lasting* charm.

For no matter how fresh you feel when you *start* on your date, no bath can *keep* you sweet. A bath removes only *past* perspiration, it can't prevent odor *to come*. Mum can! That's why underarms need necessary, *daily* care—with Mum—after every bath, before every date. More women use Mum than any other deodorant...it's so pleasant, so easy to use—so utterly dependable! You know underarm odor is *impossible*, when you use Mum every day!

MUM IS QUICK! A touch of Mum smoothed under this arm, under that, takes only 30 seconds. How convenient!

MUM IS SAFE! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can use Mum *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, you will find Mum soothing to your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. Get Mum at any drugstore today. Remember, if you neglect your Mum just *once* you may be the loser. Play safe with your charm! After your bath, and before your date, make a *habit* of Mum!

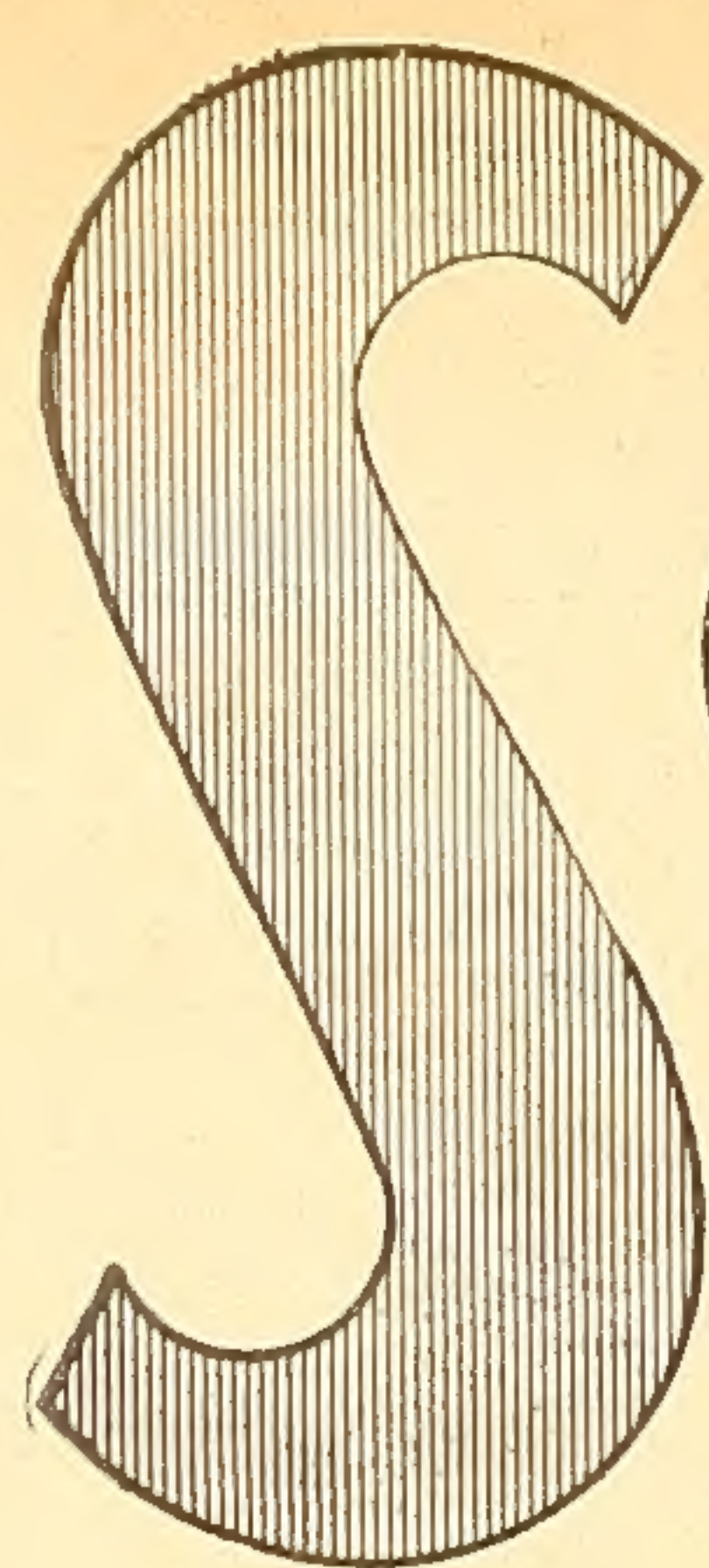
MUM HELPS YOU THIS WAY, TOO! *Thousands of women prefer Mum for sanitary napkins because it's gentle, safe. Avoid embarrassment—always use Mum this way!*



Popular girls never neglect the one quick step between bath and date that makes them sure of charm. They know Mum makes underarm odor impossible all evening long.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

ARE MOVIE STARS GOOD SPORTS?

READ ALICE MARBLE'S
ANSWER IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

Can screen celebrities really "play the game"?

Are they good losers?

What does Claudette Colbert say when she drops a close match?

How does Groucho Marx behave when facing defeat?

How about Carole Lombard, Charlie Chaplin?

DON'T MISS THIS ENTIRELY FRESH
SLANT ON HOLLYWOOD STARS
BY THE AMERICAN NATIONAL
WOMEN'S TENNIS CHAMPION!

IN OCTOBER SCREENLAND—ON
SALE SEPTEMBER 1st.

PAUL C. HUNTER, PUBLISHER

September, 1939

Vol. XXXIX, No. 5

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Printed in the U. S. A.

Lady Esther says—
**"The wrong shade of powder can turn
 the RIGHT MAN away!"**



Why spoil your own charm? Find the shade of my powder that glorifies your skin—the one shade that is Lucky For You!

YOU KNOW how critical the eyes of men can be. So why guess—why gamble when you choose your face powder? Actually some shades make you *look years older*. Others flatter you. Until you

do the Lady Esther test, it is almost impossible to know.

For powders and powder shades can be very deceiving, and unless you compare many right on your own skin and with the help of your own mirror, you may never know the shade that flatters you most—that *makes you most alluring*—that brings you the greatest of luck!

Right at this moment you may inno-



Don't ruin your close-ups. Make the test I urge, and find the powder shade most flattering to you!

cently be using a shade that's all wrong for you—a shade that clouds your beauty—a shade that suited you four months ago but which is *all wrong* for you now.

Don't risk it, please. It's a shame to take such chances. For there is, among my *ten thrilling new shades* of face powder, one that is *right* for you—one that will bring you luck.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you to try *all my shades* which I will send you free. Don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one that's really right for you.

And the minute you find it, your eyes will know—*your mirror will tell you*. Other women will tell you that you look younger and fresher... and men will murmur to themselves—"She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. *And it clings four full hours!* If you use it after dinner, you will be free of powder worries until midnight.

So write me and find *your luckiest shade*. Let it flatter your beauty always—help you win more luck in life and love.



There's a "4 leaf clover" in life for every girl who finds her lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(46)

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
 7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of Face Powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

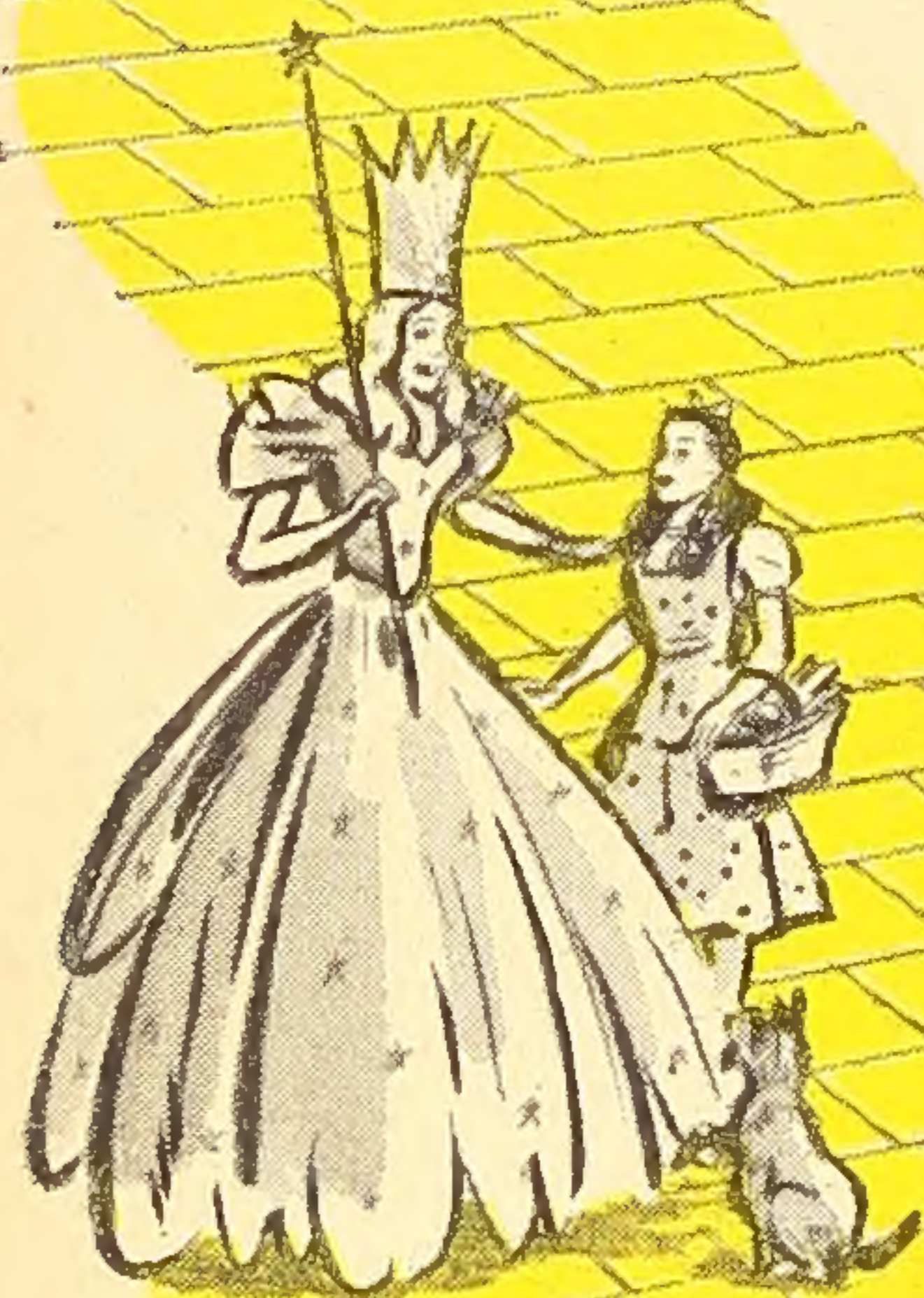
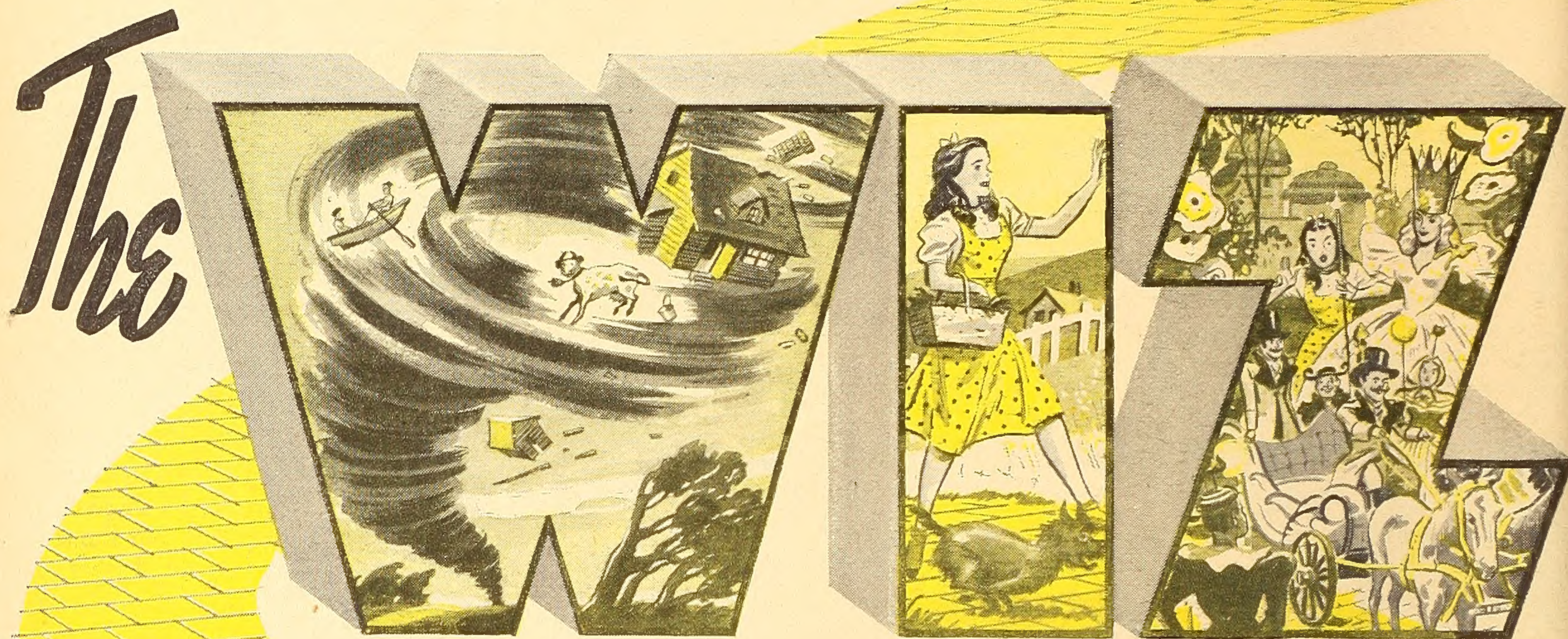
City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

LADY ESTHER POWDER

Gaiety... Glory...

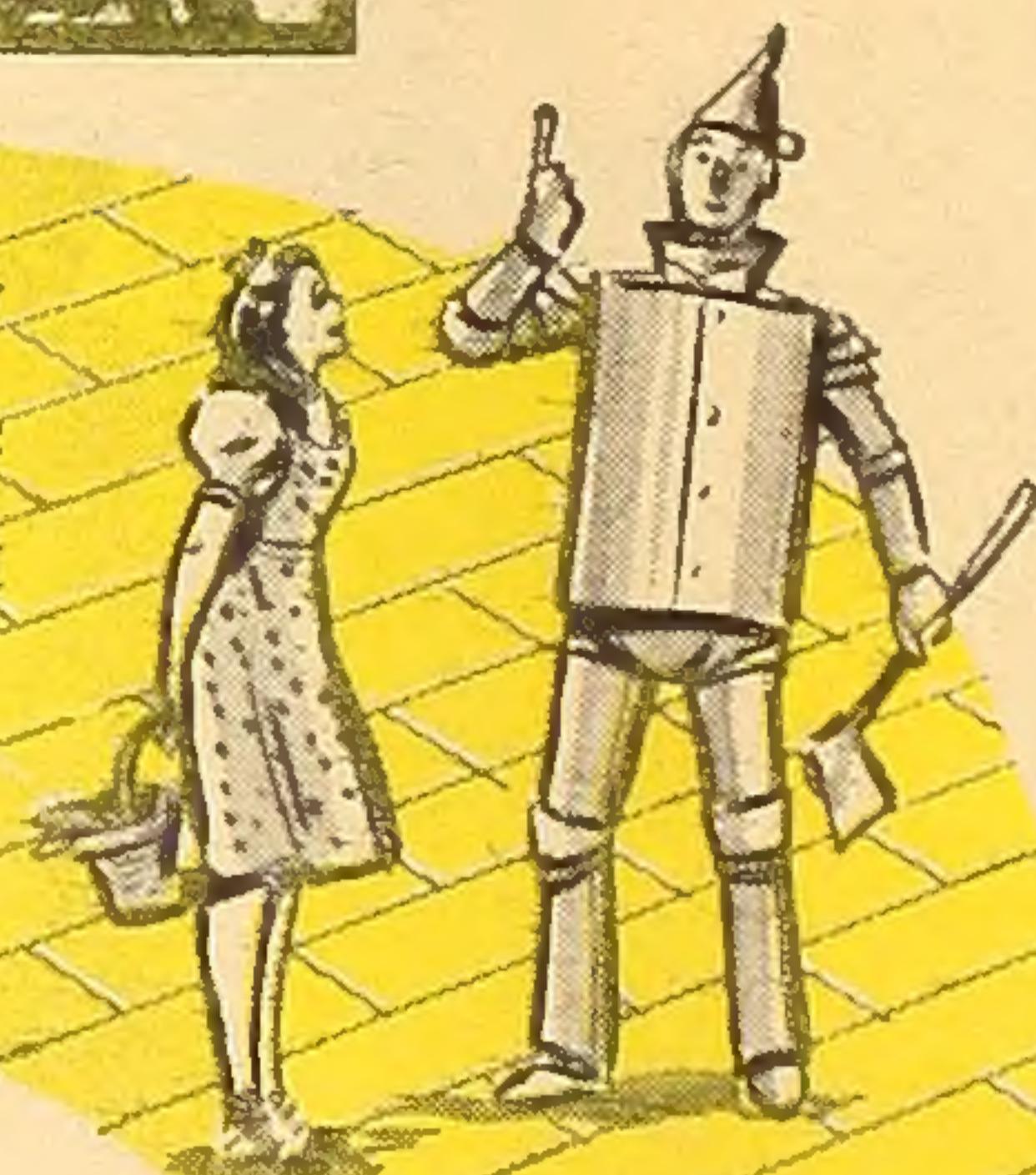
IT'S METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
TECHNICOLOR TRIUMPH!



Don magic red slippers
(presented by the be-
loved Good Witch),
whirl from the Every-
day with Dorothy and
Toto, the wonder dog
—first exciting stop...
Munchkinland!



Join the harum-scarum Scarecrow
—in his hunt for a brain—dodge
self-picking apple trees that pelt
you with their fruit—



Meet the Tin Man—oil
his rusty joints—hear
him creak out his sad
tale—he's minus a heart
—and doesn't know
where to find one—

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with JUDY GARLAND (as Dorothy),
FRANK MORGAN (as the Wizard), RAY BOLGER (as the Scarecrow),
BERT LAHR (as the Cowardly Lion), JACK HALEY (as the Tin Wood-
man), BILLIE BURKE (as the Good Witch), MARGARET HAMILTON
(as the Bad Witch), CHARLEY GRAPEWIN (as Uncle Henry) and the
Munchkins • Screenplay by Noel Langley, Florence Ryerson and Edgar
Allan Woolf • From the book by L. Frank Baum • A Victor Fleming
Production • Produced by Mervyn Le Roy • Directed by Victor Fleming

Glamour



Magic Music

BY HAROLD ARLEN AND E. Y. HARBURG

"Over the Rainbow"

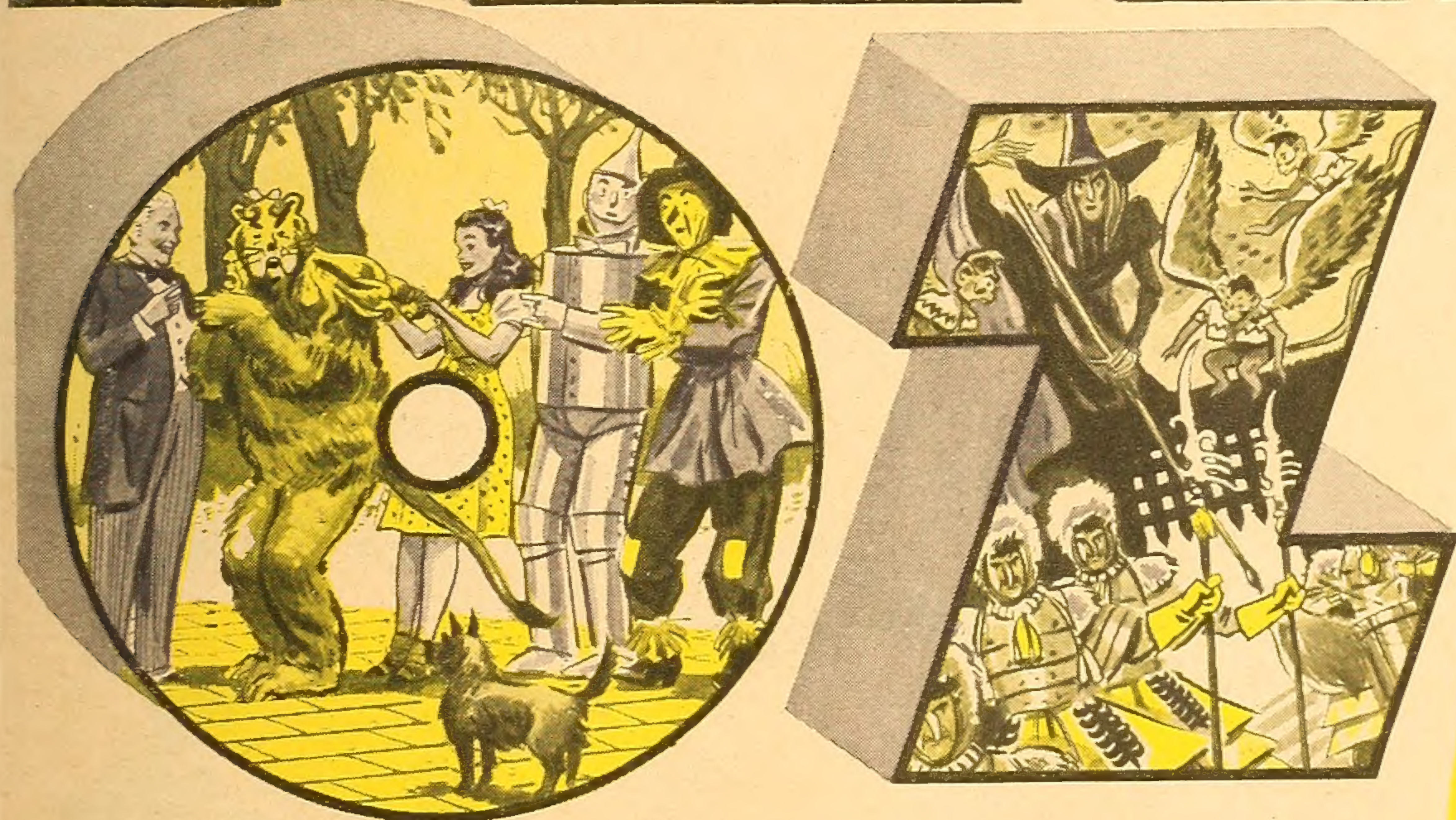
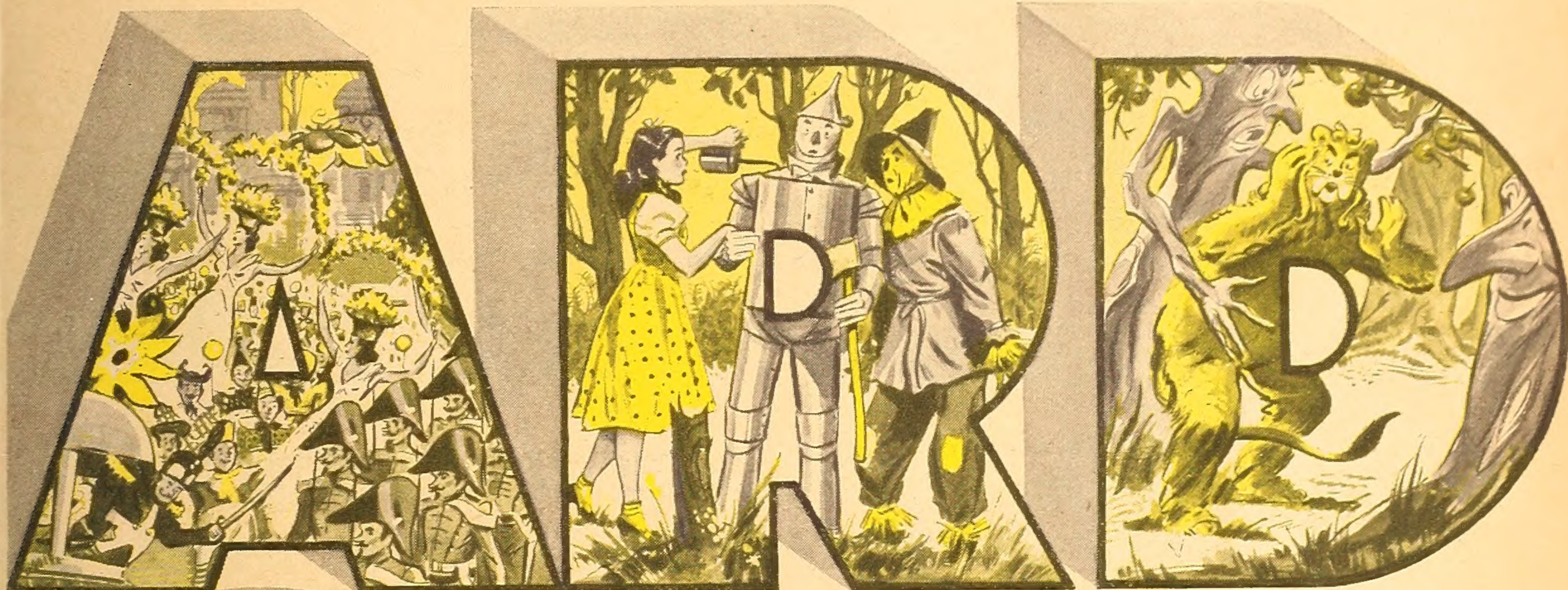
"If I Only Had a Brain"

"We're Off to See the Wizard"

"The Merry Old Land of Oz"

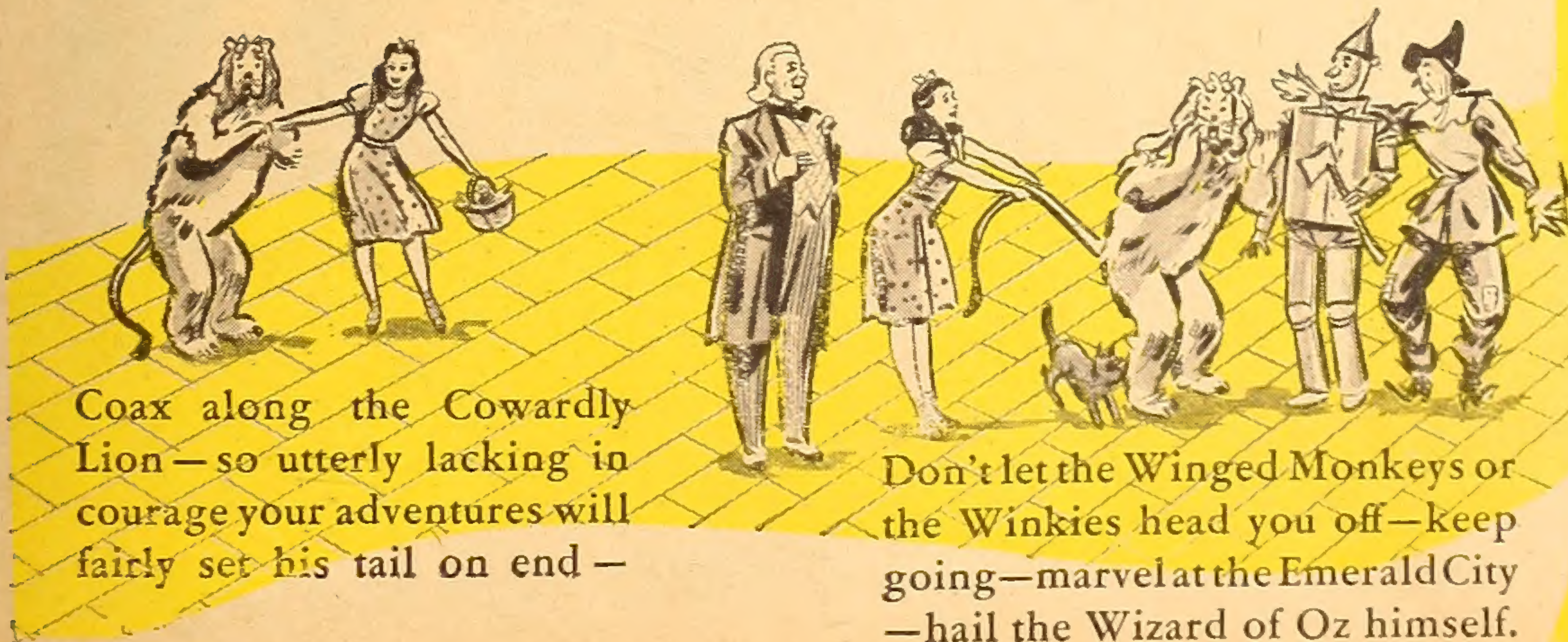
"Ding Dong"

"If I Were King of the Forest"



DARING WHAT NEVER HAS BEEN DARED BEFORE!

M-G-M has brought to life the story book that has long defied filming! Spun adult motion picture fare out of pure fantasy! Made a lion out of a man—given wings to monkeys—trained trees to dance—made a tin man walk—a scarecrow live—created a jitterbug—photographed the inside of a tornado! Utilized the brain and brawn of 165 arts and crafts—built 65 separate sets—gathered together hundreds of midgets—built a city of 22,000 separate glass objects—built a haunted forest—made 40,000 poppies bloom where none were before—used 35 make-up experts, headed by the dean of plastic make-up—created 212,180 separate sound effects—introduced a symphony of 120 musicians, a chorus of 300! Employed a total of 9,200 actors—rehearsed for months—solved engineering and photographing problems never before encountered—took two years to bring you one hundred minutes of scintillating, fascinating screen entertainment!



Coax along the Cowardly Lion—so utterly lacking in courage your adventures will fairly set his tail on end—

Don't let the Winged Monkeys or the Winkies head you off—keep going—marvel at the Emerald City—hail the Wizard of Oz himself.



The Pied Piper of Show Business leading a thousand kids up from the city streets to Stardom!

KIDS . . . skinny kids . . . plump kids . . . boys and girls from the sidewalks of old New York . . . singing their way, dancing their way, clowning their way to stardom under the magical direction of a tin pan alley song-writer, a small-time hoofer . . . That is the story Paramount tells, throbbingly, gloriously, in this singing cavalcade of show business . . . "The Star Maker," based on famed showman Gus Edwards' amazing life history. You'll thrill to the lilting, heart stirring music! You'll thrill to the new star discovery, Linda Ware, as she sings to the accompaniment of a great Symphony Orchestra conducted by Walter Damrosch. You'll thrill to Bing Crosby, as "The Star Maker," the strongest, most human part Bing has ever played . . . but, most of all, you'll thrill to the kids themselves, dozens and dozens of 'em—as they sing and dance their way into your heart!



A Paramount Picture • Directed by Roy Del Ruth • Produced by **CHARLES R. ROGERS** • Screen Play by Frank Butler, Don



"That Luster-Foam 'bubble bath' in the New Listerine Tooth Paste is so refreshing, so effective," says Mrs. Carl N. Dunn of Warrenton, Va., and Fort Myers, Fla.



"I've never known *anything* like Luster-Foam for making teeth bright, clean and sparkling," says Miss Elise Knox, charming Greenwich, Connecticut, society girl.

In the land of loveliness this new, luster-giving tooth paste gets its warmest welcome

Energizing agent in New Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth dazzling brilliance

Look where smiles are loveliest, and what's the dentifrice that you hear everybody raving about?

It's the New Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with amazing Luster-Foam detergent. The dainty, foaming, aromatic "bubble bath" that Luster-Foam creates gives super-cleansing and dazzling luster in a new, different, delightful way.

You simply must try it; must see for yourself how Luster-Foam acts. How it goes to work on the danger zones where some authorities say more than 75% of decay starts.

How Luster-Foam Acts

At the first touch of brush and saliva,

Luster-Foam detergent leaps into a safe, foaming "bubble bath" (20,000 cleansing bubbles to the square inch). Your only sensation is that of mouth invigoration; yet that "bubble bath" has unbelievable penetrating power and hence super-cleansing effect.

It surges over the teeth, around them, even goes to work on those remote and hard-to-reach areas where more than 75% of decay is estimated to start.

These danger zones lie between the teeth, on front and back of teeth, and on bite surfaces,—with their tiny pits, cracks, fissures, and enamel defects, which harbor decay-fostering foods, acids, and bacteria.

Meanwhile, it attacks dull, greasy films which dim the enamel . . . Its continued



Miss Hillary Brooke, cinema actress and artists' model, says: "My work demands the sparkle of lustrous teeth. Luster-Foam keeps them always looking their best."

use brings new brilliance, flash and luster.

No wonder the New Listerine Tooth Paste is so popular with glamour girls of business and society, stage, screen, and studio. Get a tube of the New Formula Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter now. In two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big, double-size tube, containing more than ¼ lb., 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW FORMULA



P.S. Listerine Tooth Powder also contains Luster-Foam



More than ¼ POUND
of tooth paste in the double
size tube • 40¢
Regular size tube, 25¢

"WE'RE A LUCKY
GENERATION!"

MORE WOMEN
THAN YOU THINK
- USE TAMPAX

WOMEN all around you—some of them your best friends—are using Tampax regularly. Clubwomen, socialites, business women, housewives, actresses are enjoying the new freedom that goes with the use of Tampax. Over 150,000,000 have been sold in 63 countries. Don't let another month pass without discovering this modern, *civilized* sanitary protection for women!

Wear sheer formals *any* day of the month; no belts or pads to "make a line," because Tampax is *worn internally*. Perfected by a doctor and made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax acts gently as an absorbent. It is very neat and efficient. The wearer is not conscious of its presence! Best of all, odor cannot form. And there is no disposal problem after use.

Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (four months' supply) will give you a money-saving up to 25%.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Tampax comes in patented individual container. Your hands never even touch the Tampax.

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED SU-99
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

() REGULAR TAMPAX () JUNIOR TAMPAX

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

A young wife in the movie colony (Anne Shirley Payne) has the same hostess problems as Mrs. Brown of Everytown. Read how she plans and prepares food and fun

By Betty Boone

The John Paynes are home-minded. "But definitely!" declared young Mrs. Payne, better known to you as Anne Shirley, RKO's piquant star. "We like the place we are in now, but we want a home of our own. Whenever we have twenty minutes to spare, we pore over blue prints or look at illustrations in home magazines. And if we have half a day when we are both not busy, we hop in the car and go out home-shopping.

"The trouble is, we're never completely satisfied. If a house is a picture outside, it doesn't suit us inside, and if it looks like heck outside, it's usually a dream within! This place is simply darling, but the owner wouldn't part with it, so we must find another cottage eventually. We planned to build, but estimates of architects are so high we've about given that up for the present. If we should build, there are things here I'd like to copy.

"In the first place, we like the idea of a Colonial cottage, like this, with plenty of space in the garden for badminton. We simply *must* have a badminton court, even if we do without the house! Take the kitchen here: I'd like to copy it exactly. It's done in cream and red, with dotted curtains at the windows and a little checked cloth for the breakfast nook, which has red

seats. Then there's a wide space under the windows where we can have plants growing. All over this house there are little places for pots of ivy or little jars of flowers. We love that. The living-room has hooked rug and plenty of bright chintz on such furniture as isn't maple. I could be happy anywhere if you just gave me pretty chintz. Yes, and an open fire! I like the rafters in the living-room and we have a most unique dining-room, too—the murals on the wall are photographs of New England scenes and the buffet is sort of half china close with the most priceless antique plates, which we wouldn't dare use!

"Johnny and I are the most informal people you ever saw. We never do formal entertaining. We like to keep open house every

(Continued on page 77)

Dirty Faces.. Hungry Hearts

BUT WITH A SONG IN THEIR SOULS !



Kids who'll dig right down into your heart—so human, so natural, so downright lovable! And a glowing romance that will send you from the theatre with a lump in your throat!



SAMUEL GOLDWYN *presents*

Jascha **HEIFETZ**
in

**THEY SHALL HAVE
MUSIC!**

with

Joel McCREA • Andrea LEEDS
Gene REYNOLDS Walter BRENNAN

Directed by **ARCHIE MAYO**

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS



Dress with
**SOPHISTICATED
SMARTNESS!**



...yet **SAVE HALF!**

NOW you can wear the very latest Fifth Avenue fashions, yet pay only a fraction of the price of the original models! Our **MAGAZINE OF FASHION** offers a splendid selection of the finest styles for Fall—far more than you could find in any one shop. Send for it, and learn how our "Finish-at-Home" Plan will enable you to have custom-cut frocks that fit you perfectly.

CUT TO YOUR INDIVIDUAL MEASUREMENTS

Many thousands of fashionable women have learned that only custom-cut clothes fit perfectly. And that's exactly what you get through our "Finish-at-Home" Plan, because we cut your frocks to your exact measurements. Then every bit of difficult sewing is completed by our expert men-tailors, and we furnish all trimmings and findings. You have only a few simple seams to finish—and it's so easy!

SMART WARDROBE ACCESSORIES, TOO

To give you the final degree of chic, we also offer in our **MAGAZINE OF FASHION** a lovely array of completely-made wardrobe accessories, representing the finest styles of the Fall season, and priced far below their exclusive Paris and Fifth Avenue originals.

In addition, we include the newest creations of **BETTY WALES**, the famous designer, and head of our Personal Fashion Service. If you want to become the best dressed woman in your set, send today for our **MAGAZINE OF FASHION FOR FALL... it's FREE!**



FIFTH AVENUE MODES, Inc.
71 Fifth Ave., Dept. 66, New York
Send me, FREE, your Fall
"MAGAZINE OF FASHION"



Name
Address
City State

TAGGING the TALKIES

**Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53**

Second
Fiddle

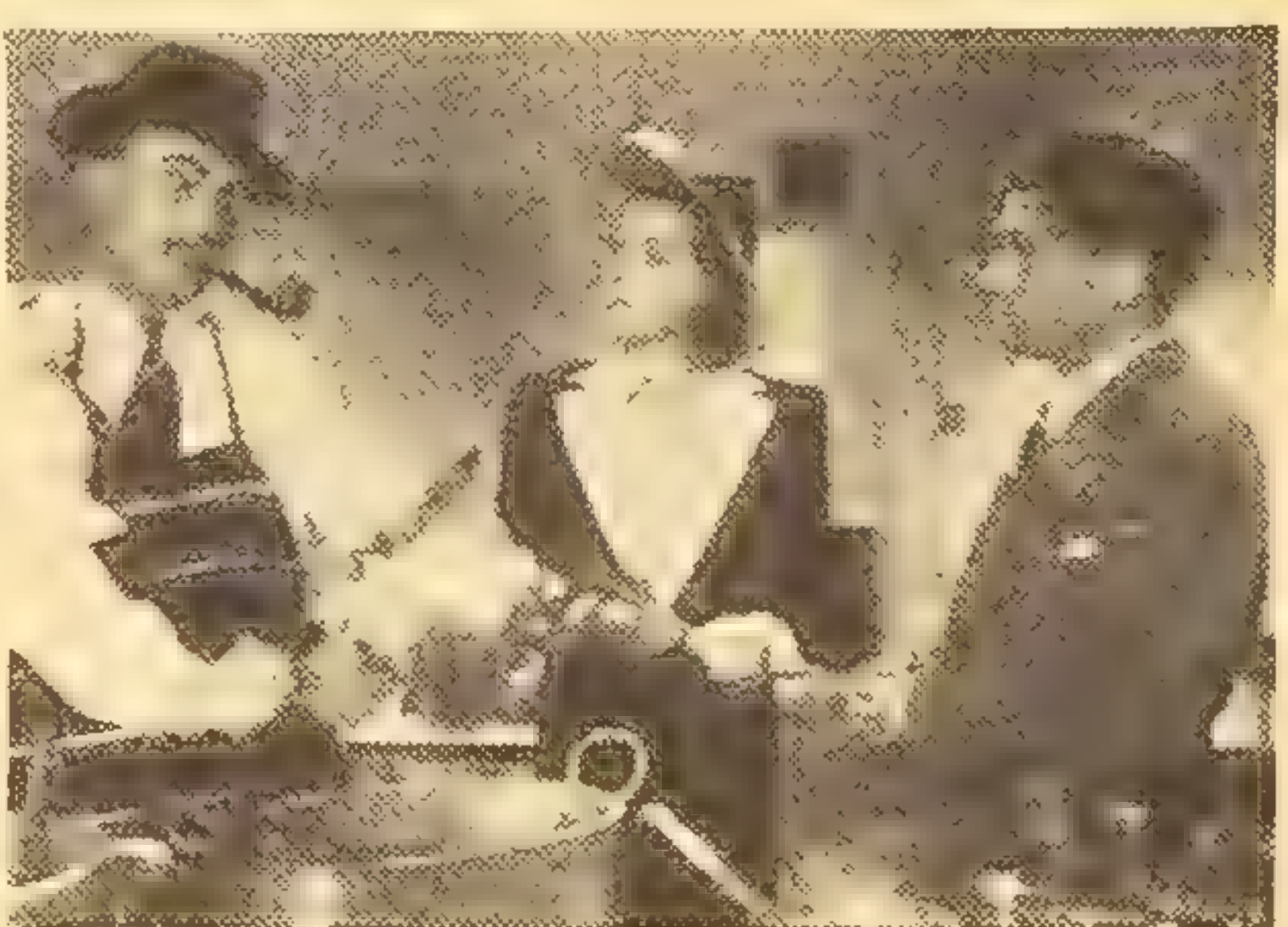
20th
Century-
Fox



A pleasing filmusical which gives you an idea of what goes on behind Hollywood scenes, with the industry kidding itself. Its story parallels the real life Sonja Henie-Tyrone Power romance of a few years ago. In the film, Ty promotes the romance for publicity's sake between two stars, played by Sonja and Rudy Vallee. Irving Berlin's catchy tunes sung by Rudy, Mary Healy, and Ty sings one too. Sonja's exquisite skating routines include a rhumba.

Clouds
Over
Europe

Columbia



Exciting espionage film, treated in light comedy vein, which revolves around the disappearance of new type bombing planes while on test flights. Foreign powers are suspected and Scotland Yard is on the trail of international spies. Ralph Richardson is splendid as the Yard sleuth and his brand of comedy is superb. In fact, he's the whole show. Laurence Olivier does a good job as the aviator, but seems miscast. Valerie Hobson gives fine performance as reporter.

Naughty
But
Nice

Warners



A silly comedy concerning a small town music professor and composer who falls in with a jitterbug and swing set and becomes a commercial tunesmith. Dick Powell (he deserves better parts) works hard to make the professor rôle worthwhile. Ann Sheridan, a microphone siren, works hard, too, at the "oomph" business, if an unrestrained display of sex-appeal is what "oomph" means. Its supporting cast, heavy with good comedy names, provides moments of fun.

Susannah
of the
Mounties

20th
Century-
Fox



Children will love Shirley Temple's Royal Northwest Mounted film, but it'll rate only fair with grown-ups. Kids will laugh at Martin Good Rider (Indian lad and good actor) giving Shirley squaw treatment and boys will like "the Indians are-coming" business, but there's too much Indian whoop-de-do—war dances, yells—for grown-ups. Randolph Scott finds Shirley after a wagon train is destroyed, she becomes fond of him, and helps rescue him.

Mickey,
The Kid

Republic



Mickey (Tommy Ryan) is the son of Jim Larch (Bruce Cabot), bank-robber and killer. Larch snatches a school bus filled with children in which to escape with his son and when it stalls in a snow bank Mickey refuses to leave with dad, stays with kids until help comes, and becomes a hero. Tommy is good and makes Mickey a touching rôle. Cabot makes his rôle of bad bandit-loving father ring true even though at times the story itself seems unbelievable.

Five
Came
Back

RKO-Radio



This is a grim tale of the plight of passengers of a South American bound plane, forced down in a headhunter's jungle where fear brings out hate and greed, cowardice and courage among the passengers. After days, pilots Kent Taylor and Chester Morris repair the plane, but it will only take back five. There's piercing suspense when who's to stay and die is being decided, and the fear and tragedy portrayed by an all-around good cast will grip you.

Mountain
Rhythm

Republic



Those who follow the Autry western series will be sure to like this bang-up action melodrama which has Gene at his best—singing, riding, fighting, and romancing; and Smiley Burnette, rotund comedian, and June Storey. They come to the aid of (with the help of an army of hoboes who give this outdoor drama a novel twist) Ma Hutchins and others whose ranches are about to be auctioned.

(Continued on page 88)



We believe you, Junior, but the boy friend doesn't, the landlady doesn't, the boss doesn't —and the boss' son doesn't. And this little difference of opinion develops into one of the

biggest comedy hits in years!... How Ginger wins her man by losing the argument rouses as much hilarity as a tankful of laughing gas. Try either one if you want some fun!

GINGER
ROGERS • DAVID
NIVEN

“Bachelor Mother”



CHARLES COBURN • FRANK ALBERTSON

E. E. CLIVE • • • PANDRO S. BERMAN IN CHARGE OF PRODUCTION

Directed by Garson Kanin, Produced by B. G. DeSylva

Screen Play by Norman Krasna • • • Story by Felix Jackson

RKO RADIO PICTURE

"Africa holds a hundred nameless dangers! Fever... heat... cannibals... jungle...!"

"Darling, I beg you... make Stanley turn back... before it's too late!"

"Death shall not seal the secrets Livingstone knows! We go on until we find him!"

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" The famous words of Stanley... an unforgettable thrill!

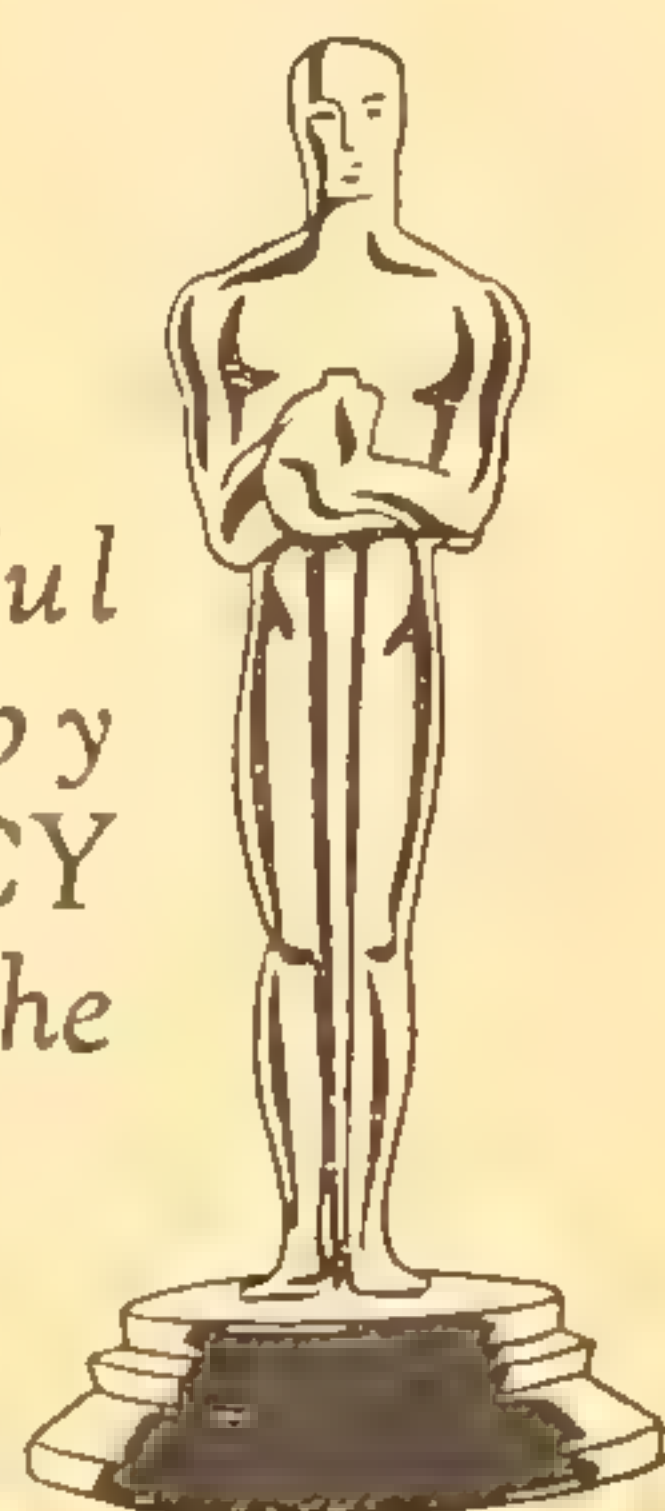
Twentieth Century-Fox
presents
Darryl F. Zanuck's Production
of

STANLEY *and* LIVINGSTONE

with the finest acting cast
ever assembled!



Another masterful performance by SPENCER TRACY... twice winner of the Academy Award!



starring

SPENCER TRACY • NANCY KELLY • RICHARD GREENE

Walter Brennan • Charles Coburn • Sir Cedric Hardwicke • Henry Hull • Henry Travers

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson • Historical Research and Story Outline by Hal Long and Sam Hellman

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE KNOWN TO MAN!



An Open Letter to Garbo

WELCOME back—in the knick of time.

If you had stayed away from the screen for a split-second longer, people would be asking each other: "Garbo—let's see now—the name seems familiar, but I can't put the face—" and hurry along for another look at Bette Davis as Queen Elizabeth, or a gander at newcomers Geraldine Fitzgerald or Brenda Joyce. You've been away for long intervals before this, I know; but now you have returned to a Hollywood remarkably changed; a Hollywood having growing pains in the box-office—a motion picture business in the painful process of becoming an Art—and without you, too.

But you know all that. You are nobody's fool, Madame. I remember you once said to me, "Oh, yes—we read all your screen magazines very carefully in Hollywood." Nothing escapes the long-lashed cynical eyes, I'll bet. So you know all about that current wonder-woman, La Davis, who shaves her head in the cause of characterization; about the triple-star film, "The Women"; about the new films of some social significance we're so proud of. You are, I'm sure, prepared.

So—you're doing a bright, light, brittle comedy, "Ninotchka" (working title), under the direction of

The Editor's Page

Garbo, with her leading man Melvyn Douglas, and director Lubitsch rehearse a scene for her new film, the great star's first comedy rôle.



Ernst Lubitsch, whose last effort, if I'm not mistaken, was that Dietrich film (her last, too) called "Desire." By your own wish, I understand, you're doing this light, bright, brittle business, believing a comeback in a gay film is the solution to your particular problem. I hope you're right. How I hope so. Because I'm one of those faithful Original Garbo Fans. I've loved it when other fans, instead of asking what Hedy Lamarr is really like, have said instead, "I wish Garbo would come back. There's nobody like her." I feel the same way. For the true Garbo is an artiste in the grand and dateless tradition—the sole cinema personality save Chaplin with the magnificent touch—surely, the one legendary lady the films have produced or will produce. Garbo belongs on a pedestal. If she starts taking falls, or playing screwballs; if she so much as makes a gaudy gesture, she will break our hearts. We want to keep on believing that not only those eyelashes, but the art, are real.

Delight Evans

HOLLYWOOD WHIRL



Wayne Morris and Maxie Rosenbloom, looking like a scene from their latest picture, "The Kid from Kokomo," enacted the real-life rôles of fighter and his second at Gilmore Stadium, where Maxie slapped out a knockout victory



The indefatigable Jane Wyman and Rosemary Lane, at left, compute their bowling scores at the Sunset Bowling Center in Hollywood, where a hectic match was in progress between the two girls.



Latest thrill for somewhat jaded cinema celebrities is the newly opened Pine Needle Ski Club which features skiing in California sunshine on a slippery slope of pine needles. Opening brought out Henry Fonda and the Gary Coopers, above.



William Powell, looking better than he has in a long time, was among the ringsiders at the Rosenbloom fight, with his agent, Myron Selznick. Richard Arlen was there with Virginia Grey, below.





Step right up, folks! See the stars at play! They don't know there's a cameraman for miles around —not much, they don't!

Hollywood Whirl photographs by Len Weissman

See, Mrs. Fonda was there, too! She's the pretty blonde at left, in picture above, watching hubby Hank point out the progress of a descending skier. "Rocky" Cooper and her Gary seem interested, too, though not as exuberant about it.



Most consistent daters in Hollywood are Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, her honest-to-goodness, not-for-publicity boy friend. They're at the Cocoanut Grove. So are the Jack Oakies, below.

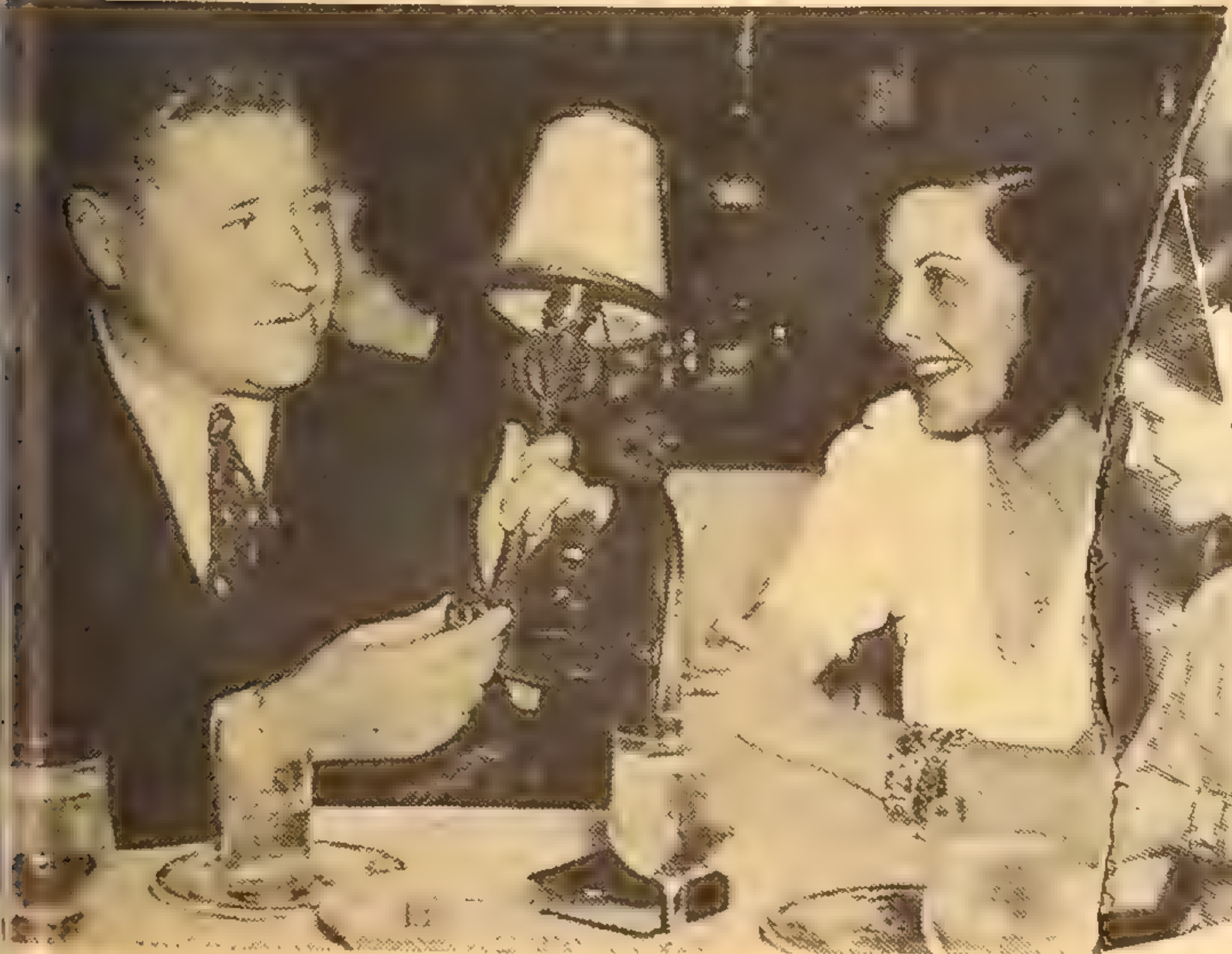


Mr. and Mrs. Jack Warner.

21



Ann and Jack Warner; Norma Shearer, Dietrich; Gregory Ratoff; Connie Bennett; Elsa, Doug and Sylvia Fairbanks; Ty Power with Annabella, Mrs. Charles Boyer, Norma.



No picture spread would be complete without close-up of those still-blissful newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor, right. Barbara goes in for boyish garb when she goes to the fights. Nice, to

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Ronald Colman
me Power



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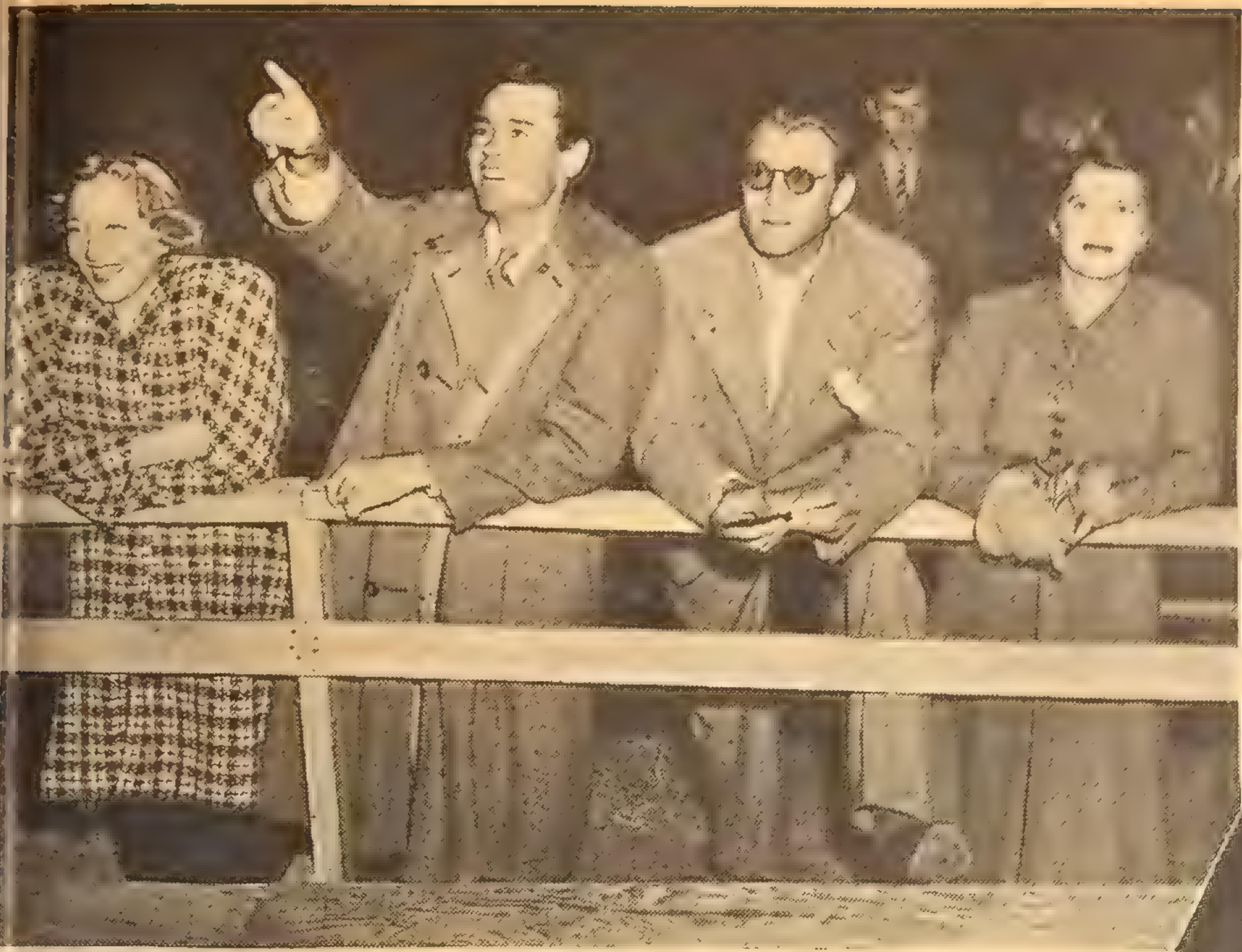
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Bette Davis was sponsor, with Mary Pickford and Basil Rathbone, of a recital given by famed Cissie Loftus at the Beverly Hills Hotel. At left, Bette, sporting a new hair-do, greets the statuesque Kay Francis, who is striving for a screen come-back. That's noted author Louis Bromfield over Kay's shoulder. He wrote "The Rains Came," now a 20th Century-Fox movie with Myrna Loy, George Brent and Tyrone Power.

Interesting group at right includes Metro's famous dress designer, Gilbert Adrian, Kay Francis, Mrs. Basil Rathbone, handsome Basil himself, and Janet Gaynor, at the Loftus recital. Center below close-up of Janet and Adrian.



match

Not too glamorous, this close-up, at right, of Bette Davis and George Brent. But they don't care. Bette's old-fashioned short bob is occasioned by eccentric coiffure she must effect to play Queen Elizabeth. And this is the way George really looks in private life. Specs on both are for practical reasons, not disguise. The event: the Cissie Loftus recital. Miss Loftus has supporting rôle with Bette in "The Old Maid."



Now here's a picture for your book! Left, the seldom-photographed Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ross. What, you don't know them? For shame! She's Jean Arthur, hiding under that hat; he's an associate producer. Center below, platinum-plated threesome attending Loftus recital. Samuel Goldwyn, producer of "Wuthering Heights," and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy.



Far from blasé is Myrna Loy, above, as her husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., points out the flying monkeys and balloons at Paramount party in Cocoanut Grove. Left, Una Merkel and Madge Evans with Paul Draper, distinguished dancer.

Who's Who (and why)

Elsa Maxwell herself (below)
in "Hotel for Women"



--- on Elsa

By Mayme Ober Peak

Samuel Goldwyn with the Ronald Colmans and
Cole Porter; Fanny Brice; Rosalind Russell and
George Cukor; Loretta Young and Jimmy Stewart



Mickey Rooney



Dorothy Parker

IF YOU were giving a dinner party in Hollywood which you wanted to be as brilliant as it was amusing—and exclusive—what name would you write on the place card of the "only great glamorous figure" in filmdom?

If you were asking Hollywood's Grand Duchess—socially speaking—whom would you telephone?

What star would you ask for her "pure feminine appeal"?

What decorative figure would you ask to help save flower bills?

Whom would you ask because he is the "greatest heart palpitor" in Hollywood, even has a wailing wall around his home?

What famous producer's wife would you invite—and without her husband—because of her "chic and unexpectedness"?

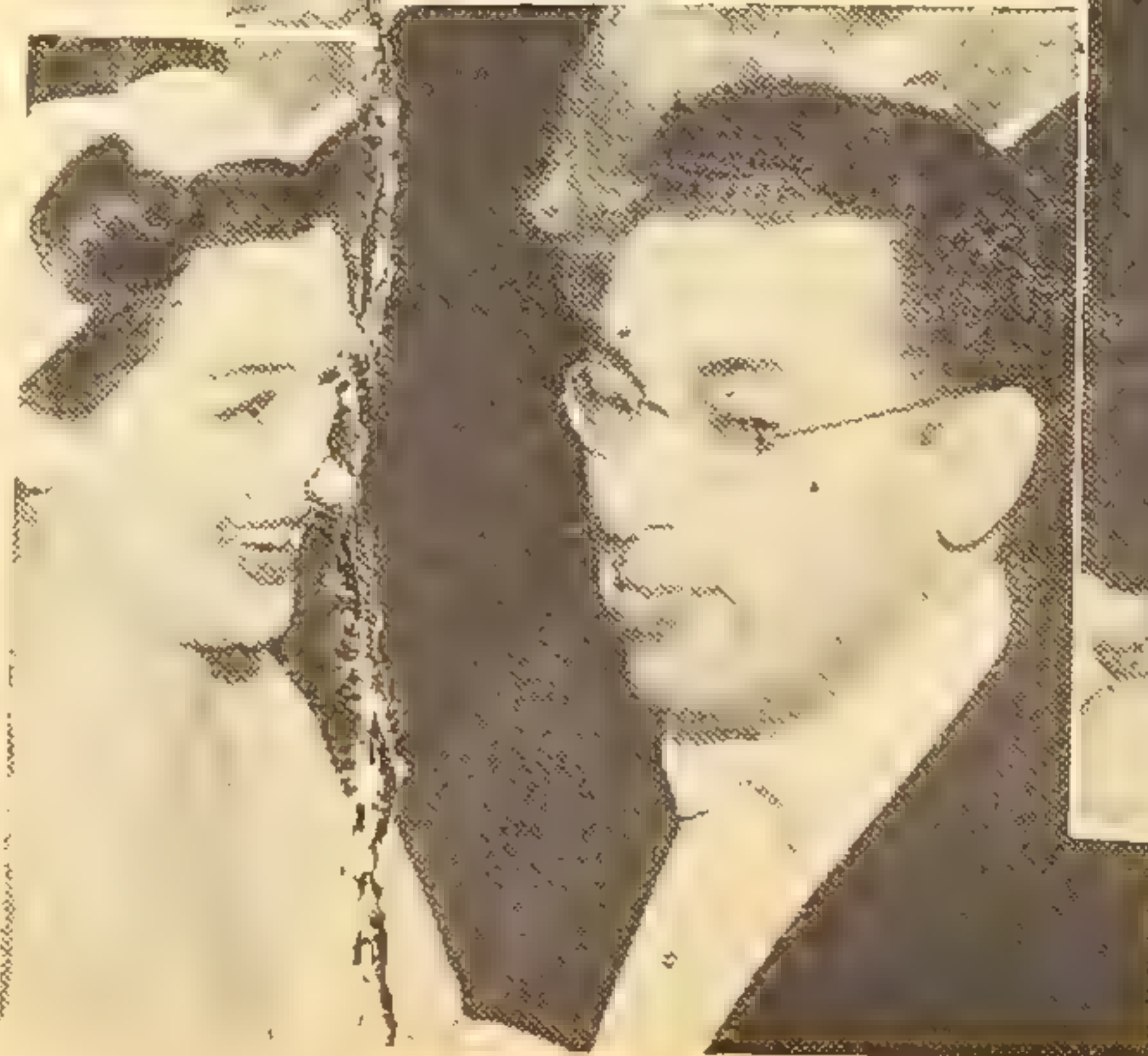
What male star would run the party or *be* the party if he felt like it? And what name would you list belonging to that rarest of birds, a gay guest?

Why would you ask Mickey Rooney and not invite the charming eligibles, David Niven and the Earl of Warwick?

What three famous directors would you ask—one, because he is a "twinkler," two, because of his "bounding enthusiasm," three, because he is like a Wall Street business man?

What noted wit would you invite, and what noted wit would you NOT invite?

Where would you find among the movie capital's intelligentsia the "most fascinating, simple, attractive married couple of guests"? (Please turn to page 94)





Frank Capra



Mary Healy



Charlie Chaplin

Paulette Goddard



Robert Benchley

Maxwell's

Party List

Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper ✓

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks ✓

Mr. and Mrs. Connie Bennett ✓



The Gary Coopers

Jimmy Cagney



Ann and Jack Warner; Norma Shearer, Dietrich; Gregory Ratoff; Connie Bennett; Elsa, Doug and Sylvia Fairbanks; Ty Power with Annabella, Mrs. Charles Boyer, Norma.



Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman ✓





Now We Can Tell!

By
Jerry
Ashe

**True
Story of
Robert
Taylor's
Romance**



THERE is a personal satisfaction in writing this story, because Bob Taylor took me into his confidence when he asked Barbara Stanwyck to marry him, on December 15th, 1937. It was the day Bob returned from making his picture in England. I have never seen anyone quite so happy to be home again. I never hope to see another young lover, as thrilled as Bob was to be close to the woman of his heart. Bubbling over with enthusiasm, Bob was all for shouting their engagement to the world, right then and there. Perhaps, with greater foresight, Barbara held the restraining hand.

"Let's wait, Bob, until we can set the day," she suggested. "It may take a year or two before we can adjust our affairs, settle our responsibilities and all that. If we announce our engagement and wait that long, we will never have a moment's peace. We can't explain to the world our personal reasons for waiting."

In spite of doing what they felt to be right, no two people have ever been more on a spot than Barbara and Bob. Perhaps it was meant to be, as a test of their devotion. If ever a romance has weathered the storm of gossip, rumor, and deliberate destruction, theirs certainly has. Even with complete faith, tolerance, and the knowledge that right was their might, they came perilously close to an unhappy ending.

One evening, while Bob was still in England, I had a phone call from Barbara. She doesn't like to drive herself, so she asked me if I would take her out for a breath of air. We drove almost to Santa Barbara. I knew that Barbara was lonely and wanted to get away from her own thoughts. But I also know that she hadn't planned on suddenly unburdening herself about Bob. But here she was, talking about him.

"I'm trying not to be selfish," Barbara confided. "But I never realized how lonely I'd been until Bob came into my life. Bob is just going through that first taste of success, big money, and women throwing themselves at his feet. I've been through it and I know how empty it can be. But I can't tell that to Bob. He has to go through it himself. He's growing and he's got to find out for himself. I don't want to tie Bob down in any way, until he has experienced everything that his fame and fortune

will bring
and be capable

Great credit must be given to Bob for his good judgment in recognizing his own character. The more the world grew to Barbara, the closer he grew to Barbara. He was a designing female from every walk of life. He proved to Bob that in Barbara there was a chance, stability and an honest attraction, resort to feminine wiles for ambitious purposes.

One night Barbara and I were sitting before a place at Marwyck Ranch. Barbara does not talk. But when she does, sometimes we have sat there eight-hour stretch. Quite naturally and easily, we discussing Bob, how wonderfully he was keeping his head and his anxiety to become a better actor to off-set the glamor boy buildup. Just then the phone rang. It was Bob calling Barbara from England.

When she came back from the phone, Barbara could hardly speak. Finally, she went on. Bob wanted her to rush right over to England where they could be married. Bob was terribly lonely. She was terribly lonely. They loved each other. That was all that counted. Nothing would have made Barbara happier than to tell Bob she would take the next boat. But she couldn't walk out on her home, her son, and the possibility of starting a picture the following week. There were so many reasons, so difficult to explain over a trans-Atlantic cable. Finally, Bob hung up in a huff.

There were other quarrels too, the same as any other healthy young couple might have, who are deeply and desperately in love. But always there was a stronger bond that brought them closer together, as their romance progressed. Right from the night they met at a Trocadero party, Barbara and Bob discovered a mutual love for the same things. Both were seeking peace, for different reasons. Bob is essentially a one-woman man. Barbara was not interested in parties, plunging into a social whirl and indulging in the frothiness of Hollywood that is so foreign to her nature. So the two of them made a date that many an everyday couple has made—to do the Venice Pier concessions! (Please turn to page 84)

FESSIONS

Girl

By

Alberta Hamblen

As told to Gladys Hall

s breakdown last year. I screamed for
n't stop screaming. It was the uncer-
was the well-I've-got-a-dollar-today-but-
tomorrow? that broke me all up into those
aming shreds. My doctor said that my mind
e a child's kaleidoscope, the pieces all whirling
nd in little splinters which formed fantastic patterns
nch didn't make sense. When it stopped whirling, he
said, I'd be all right. I am all right now.

You all read stories in the magazines and newspapers
about the movie stars. I am an extra in the movies so
I not only live in Hollywood, I work here, too. And those
glittering stories are all true. And they were what kept
revolving through my head, making crazy patterns, taunt-
ing me. I'd see flashes of the stars in their beautiful,
shining long cars, in their mink coats and jewels. I'd
see sort of sky-rockets which would form the stars'
names in electric lights. (Almost no one knows our





Yes, many extra girls are as pretty as the stars they surround, but they remain—extra girls! The reason is revealed in the story which Alberta Hamblen has told Gladys Hall in her own words on these pages. Above, Alberta is pictured touching up her make-up and knitting. Right, playing solitaire to while away the time between scenes at the studio.

Hollywood has its few great stars—you know their names and their stories. But it also has thousands of extras whose names you never hear, whose stories remain untold—until now, when a typical extra girl tells the plain, unvarnished truth about her life and work

Decorations by
Leonard Frank

names, the names of us extras.) The stars winning Academy Awards. The stars being stamped after their previews. The stars making enough money per year to keep me and my baby for the rest of our lives, comfortably. I'd get cold when I'd think of how I've had to rob my baby's little bank for food, medicine, shoes. When I am myself, I'm not jealous of the stars, I'm not jealous of their money or of their fame. They deserve what they have. I like pretty things, too, luxuries. But I'm not one to begrudge them to others because I can't have them myself. I've seen stars do certain scenes in certain pictures and have felt that I could have done the scenes as well, or better. But not often. And if some of the stars are not great actors or actresses at least they have the ability to get them where they are. And that's a kind of talent, too, and not to be despised. Only one thing could make me jealous, and that would be if I couldn't provide for my baby. If I had to see her want, I would go berserk. So, ordinarily, I have no resentment because I am an extra and the stars are, well, extraordinary. It was just because I was ill that the contrast between my life and theirs sort of got me. And I'd see those crazy flashes—Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Tyrone Power and Annabella, all so much in love and newly married, everything about them lovely and exciting and successful and rich and romantic—like dream people in a dream—and then the dream would

turn its bright face to the reverse side of the pattern, my side.

For Hollywood is not all like this. Hollywood has a few great stars. But Hollywood also has hundreds, even thousands of us extras. Hollywood has its gorgeous estates, but it also has miles upon miles of little side streets and back streets and bungalow courts where girls like me live. Or try to live. Hollywood has its royal romances but it also has its shabby, sorry little heartaches like a couple I will tell you about myself.

So as I was getting over my breakdown, after I stopped feeling sorry for myself, I thought that I would try to tell girls all over the world that Hollywood is not all orchids and limousines, not all Hedy Lamarrs and Ann Sheridans, like many may think when they read the stories about the stars and almost no stories at all about the rest of us. I have never written an article before so I may not sound very literary, I may sort of ramble on. But I think I can express myself well enough to make girls realize that if they are manicurists, stenographers, housewives, or whatever, they had better be satisfied with their jobs. Yes, unless they have great, terrific talent, or very powerful backing, they had better *stay* satisfied with their jobs. Hollywood is a very glamorous place. But you can't eat glamor!

So I will just tell my story in my own way. To begin with, then, I live in a little one-room apartment, with kitchenette. It's in quite a (Please turn to page 80)



Hollywood

Changes



SOMETHING has happened to the air of Hollywood since I went away. There is more wine, more excitement, more *zing* in it!" declared Vicki Baum.

She was sitting in the patio of her Hollywood home that overlooks the Pacific. Business had taken her to London and Paris for six months. Now she was back, to live and to work in the movie capital.

"The movies used to be such a frightened industry," she went on. "Now it seems as if they are rolling up their sleeves to fight. See what pictures they are making today, which before they wouldn't have dared to make. The story of Edith Cavell, for instance; and Vincent Sheean's 'Personal History,' and 'The American Way,' which six months ago they would have said is fine for the stage but not so hot for the movies.

"Then of course there is 'Confessions of a Nazi Spy,' and that short about Haym Solomon, the Jew who gave his whole fortune to save the American Revolution. I understand Warners will make a picture about Pastor Niemoeller, the minister who will not give up his principles, and so he sits for years in a Nazi jail. And 'Juarez'—I saw it on the steamer, coming back—not so obvious maybe, as some others, but still more moving with its fine appeal for democracy. But this I liked best of all—the news that they will film Steinbeck's 'Grapes of Wrath.' That is really a sign of growing up for the

repose. Yet she has the traditional vivacity of the Viennese, and her warm blue eyes light readily with humor. They had been looking inward for a moment at the Hollywood she has known well for years. Then they picked up the thread again.

"It is a great change to come in so short a time. You remember 'Fury.' Everyone cried 'Bravo!' Yet when Fritz Lang finished it, he was fired right off the lot. Dieterle made 'Blockade,' but he couldn't take part for either side in Spain. He could only say: 'This is Spain, and people are fighting here and suffering here.' And saying no more than this, he got into an awful mess just the same, with boycotts and what not.

"Of course I am not fool enough to believe that this sudden change has come through pure idealism. It was first a question of markets. I remember two or three years back, I was working on a treatment of 'Idiot's Delight.' One day the producer called me in, very excited. 'We have to stop for a while,' he said. 'Mussolini makes difficulties. I will go to Europe and talk to him and see if I can fix it up.' Today he wouldn't care what

Over-Night!

Says Vicki Baum

Famous author finds Hollywood rolling up its sleeves to fight! Read what she has to say about the movies militant

By Ida Zeitlin

movies—that they point the finger not only at the faults of other countries, but their own too."

Miss Baum fell in love with America when the brilliant success of "Grand Hotel" first brought her here. She is no bubbling enthusiast, but a woman with the mature and seasoned viewpoint of the continent. But as between the turmoil of Europe and the fresh vigor of the United States, she felt that for her there was no choice. She promptly set about acquiring American citizenship. She sent for her family. "I don't want my boys growing up," she said, "in a country where before long brother may be fighting against brother." This was in the days before Hitler had come to power, which proves her perspicacity.

She is an easy person to talk to, frank, friendly and completely without pose. She speaks fluent English, a foreign twist of phrase here and there adding piquancy. She never flounders. If she can't find the orthodox word, she substitutes one of her own which is generally more picturesque. Indeed, so proficient has she grown that she has begun writing in her adopted tongue.

Like many thoughtful people, she looks rather sad in



Is the screen really in the throes of re-birth? Vicki Baum says so, and points to recent notable cinema achievements as proof. Opposite page, pictorial Hollywood seems to point to such films as "Juarez," with Muni and John Garfield, Anna Neagle's "Nurse Edith Cavell," and "Sons of Liberty" with pardonable pride.

Mussolini thinks, because you can't sell films to Italy anyway. Half of the foreign market is wiped away. 'All right,' they say, 'as long as we can't sell abroad, let's be very courageous and say what we think.

"I don't say they are not glad to be *able* to come out with their true feelings. It must be a great relief. As when a dam breaks, and the stream rushes where it will. But they would never have broken that dam of themselves, you see what I mean? After all, it is a business, and in business money comes first. Not only with those at the top but with everyone—well, let's say, almost everyone, because you do find an exception or two.

"Dieterle, for instance. Dieterle is a pure idealist, there is nothing mixed in with it. I knew him for years abroad as a brilliant young actor, and I know him now, and the years have done nothing except to make him more and more crystal clear. With him the idea is all. He doesn't say, 'I want a good part for Muni, or I want a great production film. He (Please turn to page 92)

The Tyrone Powers

At Home

Those happy honeymooners, Ty and Annabella, invite **SCREENLAND** readers to be their first guests in their new home



Both Tyrone and his little French bride love the simple life, fresh air, plenty of sun-basking and swimming. Above and left below, first glimpses of the famous couple at their brand new swimming pool. Below, their new home as it looks from the driveway.



he home Tyrone Power bought for his bride
 a miniature estate which formerly be-
 longed to Grace Moore. But the Powers are
 doing it over" from roof to rhododendrons.
 Annabella's own family furniture, shipped
 from France, will augment especially de-
 signed modern pieces. You'll soon see the
 interior views of the home in this magazine.

Outdoor life is
 life these sweet-
 hearts love. Anna-
 bella promises
 we'll be first to see
 and photograph
 interior of her
 home when fur-
 nished—so watch
 for this treat



The dog that "adopted"
 Ty when he first came to
 Hollywood has now also
 "adopted" Annabella, as
 you see at right. Below, a
 gay lunch on the patio just
 before Tyrone and Anna-
 bella sailed for their late
 European honeymoon.

20th Century-Fox
 Photographs



Free!

**SPECIAL OFFER TO
SCREENLAND READERS**

SCREENLAND readers may consult Norvell as the Hollywood stars do. Send for your FREE reading by this famous astrologer, based on your birthdate. Simply fill out coupon below and mail to NORVELL, Box 989, Dept. F, Hollywood, California.

Please send me NORVELL'S Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MY NAME IS

MY ADDRESS IS

CITY STATE

MY BIRTHDATE IS

PREVIEW Of Your FUTURE By NORVELL

Norvell's predictions for the movie stars came true this year! For 1939 Norvell predicted:

Joan Crawford's divorce from Franchot Tone. Robert Taylor's marriage to Barbara Stanwyck. Garbo's return to the screen. Dorothy Lamour's separation from Herbie Kay. Marriage for Tyrone Power. John Barrymore's separation and heart ailment. Clark Gable's marriage to Carole Lombard.

What will this man who advises the Hollywood stars predict for YOU?

WILL GARBO marry in 1939? Will Joan Blondell find happiness in her present marriage? What do the stars reveal for Martha Raye's future? Is Claudette Colbert happy in marriage? What does the future hold for Fred MacMurray? Will Fredric March return to the screen?

These are some of the questions that are being asked about these famous stars who have birthdates in August and September. Through the science of astrology let us pull aside the mystical veil to the future and take a preview peek at what will happen to these stars in the coming months and, incidentally, if YOUR own birthdate happens to fall between August 23 and September 22, you may get a little inside information about what to expect in your own life!

If you are a Virgo perhaps you have wondered why you have had so many discouraging experiences in the past, why it has seemed so difficult for you to attract success and happiness in your life. There is a reason for this according to astrology. Take the amazing career of Joan Blondell, whose birthdate is August 30. Years ago I first read her chart when she had just come to Hollywood and had not yet crashed the studios. Her chart revealed that there would be heart-breaking experiences, romantic unhappiness, all the severe penalties that the

This close-up of Norvell (left) proves that all the handsome men in Hollywood are not in movies. Opposite page, Norvell pictured with Claudette Colbert for whom he makes interesting predictions. In all his years of advising the screen stars, the famous astrologer says Claudette's chart is the most serene and fortunate one he has read.





Norvell's predictions for screen stars have come true. Find out what Hollywood's pet astrologer foretells for your future

The science of astrology is fascinating. Every day thousands are turning to astrology for a solution to their many problems

Sign of Virgo exacts from persons born under its expansive rays. However, I was able to interpret for Joan Blondell the reasons why these strange and trying events should try her strength and test her patience to the breaking point. It was to develop her mentally and spiritually, to teach her that life exacts a certain toll that must be paid for fame, fortune and success. This is the lesson that all Virgo persons must learn if they wish to progress and find happiness and success in life.

For Joan Blondell I predict continued success on the screen and that she will go on to even greater heights in dramatic rôles than she has so far attained as a comedienne. Joan has accepted success and riches gracefully like most Virgo-born do. Fame has left her unspoiled, and grateful for the blessings of life. Her chart reveals too that she will continue to find happiness in her marriage to Dick Powell. Although there are afflictions in her chart in the house ruling marriage, Joan is intelligent enough to overcome any and all such unfortunate afflictions, and to make a success of her present marriage.

In the Sign of Virgo there are, of course, many different characters, but all have their basis in similar characteristics, and their lives generally follow a certain plan. Martha Raye whose birthdate, August 27, also falls in the Sign of Virgo, has also had her early struggles, and her disappointments in love and marriage, but her chart shows better times for her in the future. Although her chart shows another marriage, perhaps Martha has learned her lesson through past mistakes, and she may be able to overcome these adverse influences. The most crucial time of her entire life comes in the

early part of 1940 for Martha Raye, and if she overcomes that period of disturbances she should be able to find happiness in marriage. As far as her career is concerned, I predict according to her chart, that Martha Raye will have greater success than ever in the future in the same type of rôles she now portrays on the screen.

Fred MacMurray, born on August 30, comes under the full influence of the earth Sign of Virgo. His chart shows fortunate aspects for career and marriage. It will be recalled that Fred also had very discouraging experiences when he first tried to gain recognition in Hollywood. This is so typical of those born in this Sign, that you should take heart in your own life if things do not seem to be going just right at the present time. During the remainder of 1939 Fred MacMurray will have an opportunity to make a picture for another studio that will be a pronounced success. It will follow the current trend of glorified westerns. Fred must watch his finances during November and December of this year and avoid investments that might be a bit shaky. Virgo persons often like to invest in gold and oil ventures, and very often such investments prove disastrous. Real estate ventures appear quite safe in the chart ruling Virgos for the next few years.

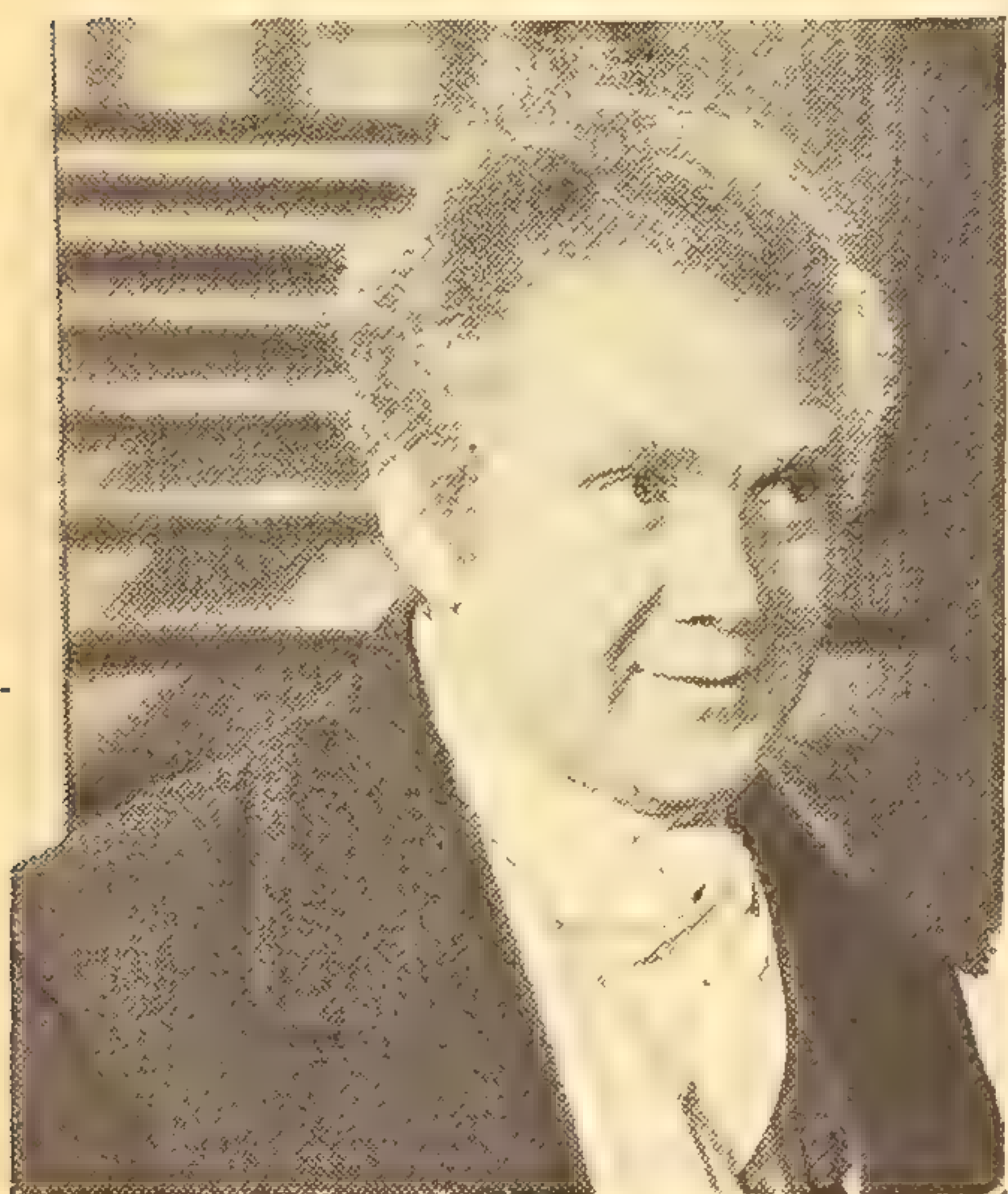
Of all charts I have read in my years of advising the screen stars Claudette Colbert's is the most serene and fortunate. Born on September 13, Miss Colbert was predestined by her chart to greatness as a movie star. Her chart shows however, that she will establish herself in the future in a new medium of entertainment, possibly radio and television. Her (*Please turn to page 96*)

"Who Is That Guy?"

You may not remember his name, but you won't be forgetting his magnificent performances. So here we give you a close-up of Thomas Mitchell, himself



By
Kay
Proctor



Tommy, the man, is as colorful as one of his own best performances. Right, as you saw him in "Only Angels Have Wings." Left, as he will appear in "Gone with the Wind," as GERALD O'HARA, father of SCARLETT.



ONE lulu of an earthquake was shaking up Los Angeles the first time Thomas Mitchell came to Hollywood. Concurrently the banks all over the country shut up tighter than Angus MacDonald's fist on Christmas eve.

Nothing momentous happened as far as the movies were concerned, however, so Tommy packed his bags, made a rude noise in Hollywood's direction, and promptly took himself back to New York where his name was some shakes on the stage as an actor-producer-playwright. He's the kind of an Irishman you don't push around if you want to stay healthy.

Three years ago he came back. He claims it was to "learn under that master movie-maker, Frank Capra." Maybe it was; Capra can make stars out of dead ducks, as other directors and studios have reason to know. My personal hunch, however, is that Tommy came back to make a smug town eat the words it had not been interested enough to say, if you know what I mean. If so, he has done one bang-up job of it. Producers are fighting to get him in their pictures. True, he is no glamor boy and women don't hide under his bed and fight for a snip of his hair, but the boys who count the shekels at the box-office will tell you he's worth ten of them in folding money. What "The Goldwyn Touch" is to producing, "The Mitchell Touch" is to acting. More important, the fans from coast to coast have discovered him and climbed right up on the Mitchell bandwagon. Quite frequently they cannot tag him with a name and come out of the theatre saying "Who is that guy?" But they remember his homely pan and magnificent work long after the rest of the cast and even the plot of the picture is forgotten.

Do you recall the absconding financier in "Lost Horizon" who wanted to put the idyllic Shangri-La on a modern plumbing basis? That was Tommy. So was the

happy-go-lucky French doctor who delivered the baby in a whale boat during the storm in "The Hurricane" and the bibulous old medic with a 24-hours thirst in "Stage Coach." You are seeing him around now in one of his greatest rôles, with Jean Arthur and Cary Grant in Columbia's "Only Angels Have Wings." In that he is a veteran pilot who loses his sight; and in playing it, incidentally, he does his first death scene on the stage or screen in 20 years. After that he will play the rambunctious *Gerald O'Hara* in "Gone with the Wind" and still later, a fat part in Columbia's "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington."

Aside from his vivid screen characterizations, I wish you could know Tommy Mitchell the person. It's a genuine treat. He's no young blade exactly. I'd say he is around 40 or 45 but only because I know his daughter, Anne, is 21 this year. He is one of those rare and blessed souls who go through life looking the same until they die of old age. He is stockily built and on the short side, just a bit pudgy here and there. A snub nose impudently dots the middle of his ruddy face and he has shaggy eyebrows, nondescript brown hair which grows every which-way and rarely is combed into any semblance of order, and the bluest of laughing eyes. They chuckle constantly with his vast amusement with this business of living. The only time I ever saw him wear a necktie it had slithered around under one ear in a dejected lump and his shirts inevitably look as if he deliberately had bought them three sizes too large. Being a lover of physical comfort, he probably had. By that you can gather it is just as well Tommy never had any desire to play young romantic rôles even as a kid of eighteen when he made his stage debut. He has about as much of the physical "oomph" necessary to a stylized hero as a wet mackerel.

"In one way my face proved (Please turn to page 74)

LOOK! The Women"



Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, gay girl stars of Metro's terrific new all-femme picture, look peaceful enough here—but watch them fight for first honors when you see their film!

Lombard as hand? Sure— loves it. Th exclusive graphs show rustivating family farm completing est film, th Radio op Cary Gra Kay Francis picture. righ ducky for



*Photos by
Alex Kahle,
RKO-Radio*





**"MA" GABLE
GOES RUSTIC!**

First pictures of Carole Lombard
in her favorite rôle of Mrs. Clark
Gable and boss of "Pappy's" ranch

"Thin
Man's"

Lady



Soon another in the popular
"Thin Man" series will hit the
screens, with the luscious
Myrna Loy again playing the
wife of William Powell

Dick Greene *Calling*

To your attention, that he
is appearing in "Stanley
and Livingstone," with
Spencer Tracy, Sir Cedric
Hardwicke, Nancy Kelly





Photos
by
Bert S. ...
Warner
Bros.



ERROL FLYNN AS ESSEX

History's most tragic romance, between the dashing young Earl of Essex and the brilliant but aging Queen Elizabeth, is masterfully re-enacted on the Warner Bros. stages in Hollywood.

No sugar-coated movie history, this!



BETTE DAVIS AS QUEEN ELIZABETH

Screen's greatest actress gives a daring portrayal of England's magnificent Queen Bess, submerging her natural good looks in realistic make-up you see in portrait above. "The Lady and the Knight" marks the finest flowering of the screen to date, artistically and technically. Davis and Flynn are no period puppets but superb performers of their rôles against a background of Elizabeth pomp and splendor



Lansing Brown

\$12,000,000

Man!

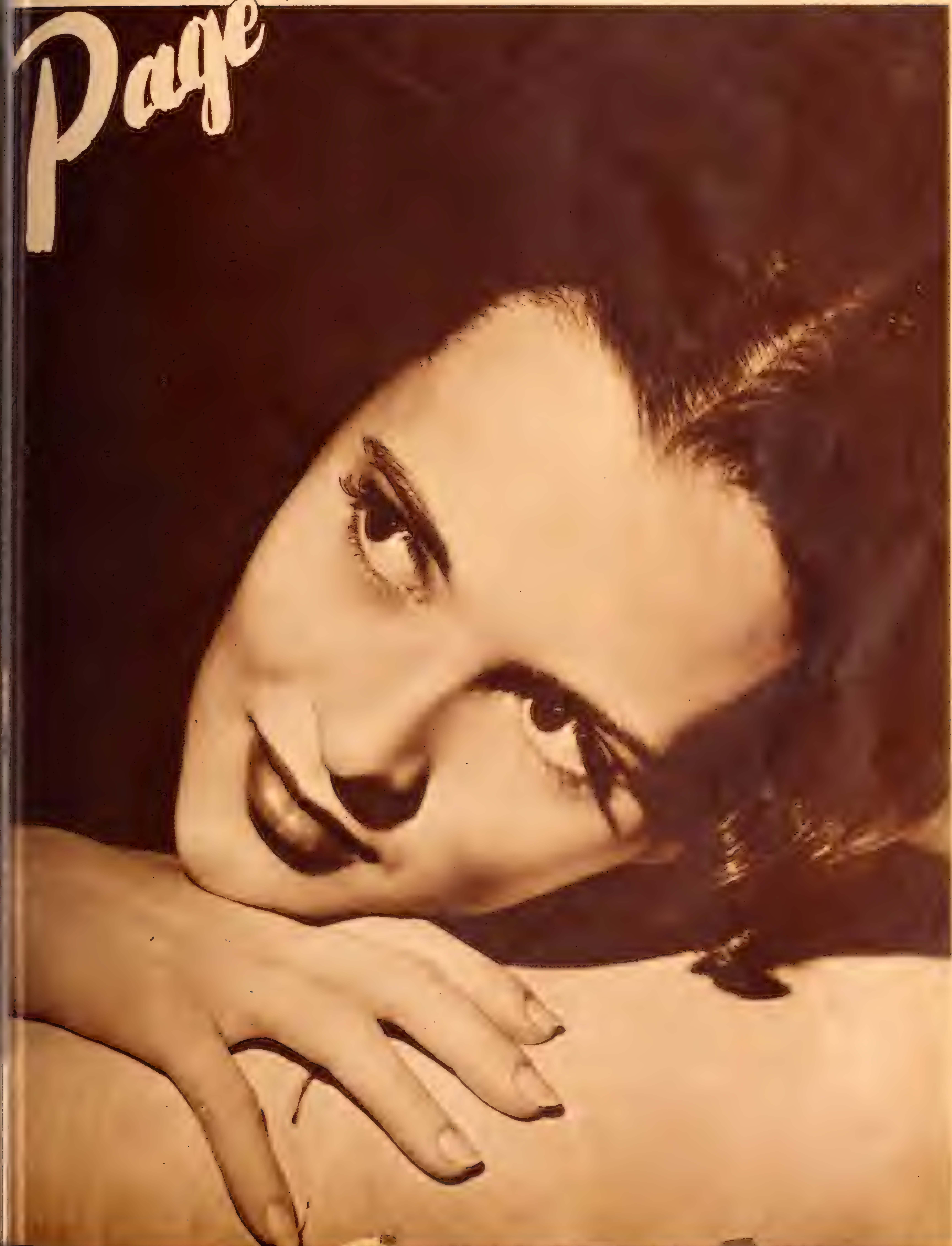
We call him that because: four Ronald Colman films established a new box office high for a series made by any star. "If I Were King," "Prisoner of Zenda," "Lost Horizon," "A Tale of Two Cities." Now he is making Kipling's "The Lie That Failed"—another hit!

Charm, poise, combined with wholesome attractiveness distinguish Gale Page, again seen as one of the "Four Daughters" with the Lane girls in "Daughters of the Gods." Her quiet sincerity is often equated to more flashy performers, but we think she has the makings of a brunette Bette Davis if she ever gets big roles.

Harriet

Page

—Gale!



Model

Girl Makes Good!

You've seen this smile before! It belongs to Brenda Joyce, who posed for innumerable pretty-girl advertisements before 20th Century-Fox "discovered" her for films and gave her the coveted rôle of Fern in "The Rains Came." So Brenda screen-débuts in such distinguished company as Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy, George Brent





England's
First
Lady
of Films

Anna Neagle, famed British star, whom you have applauded in her most notable rôle of Queen Victoria, recently completed her first made-in-Hollywood motion picture, "Nurse Edith Cavell," directed by Wilcox. Here's Anna, herself!

OLIVIA
DE HAVILLAND
as "Melanie"

The movie grapevine is whispering that little Livvy, in the poignantly sympathetic secondary rôle, delivers an astonishing performance, that beyond a doubt her work in "Gone with the Wind" will make her a really great star

VIVIEN LEIGH
as "Scarlett"

This decorative English girl is best known to American audiences for her sirenish performance with Robert Taylor in "A Yank at Oxford." She is said to capture the wild sweetness of the century's most talked-about heroine



WHICH
WILL
"THAT"

You, the Public, will decide which one of these four stars gives the best performance. Meanwhile we give you these "in character" new portraits of the principals



LESLIE HOWARD

as "Ashley"

Personification of Southern chivalry of Civil War days, the character of Ashley Wilkes as written by Margaret Mitchell had subtle charm and fine dignity. What actor better equipped to play such a rôle than Leslie Howard

CLARK GABLE

as "Rhett Butler"

From the first, American movie audiences could visualize no other actor in the leading male character of "Gone with the Wind." Clark Gable has his great chance to prove that his acting is as powerful as his personality

ONE

STEAL

PICTURE?

Now that "Gone with the Wind" is completed, at reputed cost of \$5,000,000, word is going around Hollywood that a certain somebody "steals" the big show





English epic of Empire, "Four Feathers" is a grand adventure film, crammed with color and action, and distinguished by the superb performance of Ralph Richardson, right and above, as an heroic Captain in Egypt, dauntless in battle but defeated in love—left, with June Duprez, the girl in the case. Alexander Korda produced "Four Feathers" in England and Egypt—see our Still of the Month, made on the River Nile



Korda-United Artists

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
FROM "FOUR FEATHERS"



LITTLE FRENCH GIRL

Lovely Olympe Bradna has the right rôle at last, in "Happy Ending," in which she plays the piquant daughter of Pat O'Brien

Another
"Love Affair"?



Ray Jones, Uni

Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne co-star in a new romantic comedy to be called "A Modern Cinderella"—until Universal thinks of a better title. The Boyer-Dunne screen team scored sensationally in Leo McCarey's "Love Affair," the picture that people are still discussing; and now, by popular demand, they appear together again, with Irene as a waitress, Charles as a heart-palpitating foreign invader. See our story on opposite page for a word picture of Irene

LOWDOWN ON A LADY!

Champagne - and - caviar Irene Dunne turns out to be as human as hamburger, in this gay story by the Hollywood writer who knows her best



**By
Elizabeth
Wilson**

WHY don't you write something about Irene Dunne?" someone is always asking me. "She's one of the best actresses on the screen. The most womanly woman of all the stars. Don't you like her?"

"Like her? Why, I saw 'Love Affair' three times! I _____"

"Well," someone always says, "why don't you write a piece about her?"

It's this-er way. I find it extremely difficult to write about people I like a lot. I had rather take a dose of arsenic with a strychnine chaser than write about friends, and strangely enough my friends feel that way about it, too. I didn't always have this complex. When I first started in this Hollywood writing business I laid bare the souls of the stars I knew intimately with the most delightful abandon and the most delicious grammar. I was getting along swimmingly—in fact, I was rapidly becoming the fair-haired child of the fan magazine industry—when suddenly I got the Complex.

It started the day I told Madge Evans that I had an assignment to do a story on her. "Why," asked Madge, "is it that you always write so much better about people you don't know than you do about people you *do* know?"

Later she said she was only kidding—but the seed was planted. It got off to a good sprout when Zasu Pitts out of the blue said one day, "Promise me, Elizabeth, you won't *ever* write about me," followed closely by Carole Lombard who assured me that she would crack my skull wide open, or do me in in some horrible manner, if I didn't *stop* writing about her. And then Claudette Colbert said, "Darling, I know you're a good writer. You're the best writer in Hollywood. You don't have to tell me *that*. But why don't you write about *somebody else*?"

I'm not awfully bright, but after that I did sort of get to wondering. It couldn't just be syntax, now could it? I wondered myself right into a beautiful Complex. But when the fifth person in one week asked me why I didn't write something about Irene Dunne I decided with a toss of my head that now was the time to stop pandering to my friends and do a little pandering to my readers, who after all pay my salary, though I don't feel I owe them very much for *that*. So—"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." William Shakespeare.

You have doubtless read in dozens of stories (other writers, it seems, are not harassed by an Amicus Complex, time and again, "In addition to her beauty, Irene is recognized as one of Hollywood's most intellectually brilliant women." And, "She's one of the loveliest and most worth-while women I have ever met." And "Miss Dunne is very poised and very, very much the lady." And, "Glamor at its best, charm at its best, romantic melody at its best—that's Irene Dunne." And, "Miss Dunne, charming and reserved in real life, has given to the screen the same kind of character."

All of which is quite true. I've known Irene rather well for several years now, and she *is* beautiful, she *is* intelligent, she *is* charming, she *is* reserved, she *is* poised, and she *is* a lady. (But don't let it throw you, she doesn't work at it.) Yes, she's all this, and heaven too. But why should I re-write what has been written so many times before? And far better than I can ever write it! So let's simply accept all this pretty talk and get down to a dandy bit of dishing.

My first personal contact with Irene was when I did a story on her (that was B. C., Before Complex) about the time "Show Boat" was (*Please turn to page 98*)



BACHELOR MOTHER—RKO-Radio



GINGER ROGERS' new picture-without-Astaire is the best movie buy of the month, a triumph for Ginger, a treat for her audience. I have only one fault to find with it—it's too funny. You have to see it twice to catch the laughs you missed the first time. But that's no hardship. Like "Love Affair," "Bachelor Mother" improves on second view. Thanks to the inspired direction of the new Hollywood wonder boy, Garson Kanin, a preposterous farce becomes enchanting entertainment; incredible characters assume engaging reality; and nonesuch situations seem perfectly plausible. Thanks, also, to Ginger's wholly captivating performance of *Polly Parrish*, a very nice shopgirl who finds herself with a baby on her hands through no fault of her own. The fun is on when David Niven, as the son of *Polly's* department store boss, believes she's the baby's mother; when Frank Albertson is convinced that Niven is the baby's father; when Charles Coburn thinks—but it isn't what happens in this picture; it's the guileless charm of the players, the disarming air of innocence pervading the most provocative scenes that makes it the most fun to be found anywhere, with the exception of the parachute jump at the N. Y. World's Fair.



JAMAICA INN—Mayflower-Paramount



SMUGGLERS! Shipwrecks! A sinister squire and a beautiful damsel in distress. And the wind and the rain on the Cornish coast—wow! Here's a melodrama to make your hair stand on end even though up coiffures are no longer what they were. It's an Alfred Hitchcock show, with Charles Laughton in his juiciest rôle since *Captain Bligh* in "Mutiny on the Bounty"—need I say more, or will you go quietly to the nearest theatre playing "Jamaica Inn"? You are sure to have a swell time. Daphne du Maurier—yes, the author of "Rebecca"—wrote a bold and blustering tale of the smugglers who infested the Cornish coast in the early 19th century; and created a grand character in *Sir Humphrey Pengallan*, the district squire who is the secret mastermind of the villainous desperadoes. A lovely Irish girl comes to the inn, all innocent of the nefarious goings-on, and soon she's up to her pretty neck in infamy, though luckily the best looking of the desperadoes turns out to be a young naval officer in disguise. The brilliance of Hitchcock's direction, the superb photography, Laughton's fine performance, and the flawless acting of a distinguished cast make "Jamaica Inn" a super-thriller. Maureen O'Hara is a girl to watch.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



MAISIE—M-G-M



NOT one of the "important" pictures of the month, perhaps—but a lot more fun than most; and a well-deserved field-day for one of our best little actresses, Ann Sothorn, who makes *Maisie* genuinely likeable even to the ladies in the audience, and downright lovable to the gentlemen. *Maisie*, a show-girl stranded in a small Western town, turns lady's maid on the ranch managed by Bob Young, owned by Ian Hunter, cowboy songs by Cliff Edwards. But if you think *Maisie* takes undue advantage of her opportunities you are very wrong. It's *Maisie* who has the heart of gold, and the uppity wife of rich Mr. Hunter who's not all she should be. The plot comes in about here and climaxes with a courtroom scene in which *Maisie*, bless her heart of gold, saves the day for everybody except the undeserving wife. Miss Sothorn does a grand job of sincere emoting in her "big scene," and in fact all through the film she gives adequate evidence that she possesses all the necessary equipment to step right in to a big-star spot any time now. While we're on the subject of star material, when will Metro get around to appreciating Robert Young and give him a picture to himself? And when will nice Ian Hunter get a real rôle?



FOUR FEATHERS—Korda-United Artists



BRILLIANT in every department—direction, acting, and vivid Technicolor—"Four Feathers," adapted from A. E. W. Mason's well-known novel, is spectacular cinema at its best. The adventures of intrepid Englishmen in Kitchener's army in the Sudan provide the rousing background for the personal drama of two officers in particular: *Harry Faversham* (John Clements) determined to redeem himself by incredible acts of bravery for his cowardice in resigning from his regiment on the eve of departure for Egypt; and *Durrance* (Ralph Richardson), his unsuccessful rival in love, whom he rescues from the Dervishes, thus earning the right to return the "white feathers" his cowardice had brought him. The fantastic feats performed by *Faversham* are super-serial stuff, though small-boy connoisseurs of American Westerns may find fault with *Faversham's* disguise; but not even the most blasé Lone Ranger fan can stay slouched in his seat when the battle of Omdurman occupies the screen—Dervishes whirling down on the doughty Coldstream Guards as they stand their ground. In the acting department "Four Feathers" definitely belongs to Ralph Richardson for his most skilful, restrained performance.



MAN ABOUT TOWN—Paramount



JACK BENNY'S best picture is not his picture at all, but Rochester's. You know Rochester if you're a Sunday radio fan of Mr. B.'s program—the cracked-voice valet never at loss for an answer. Well, here you'll meet Rochester face to face, and you'll find him even funnier. In fact, he turns out to be none other than the fine sepien entertainer Eddie Anderson, whom you may remember as the marvellous *Noah* of the film "Green Pastures." When I say "Man about Town" belongs to Rochester it doesn't mean Mr. Benny is not at his best. He is, and very ingratiating, too, as an American girl-show producer in a London fog—a nice guy, but a bit on the dull side, so that his own star, Dorothy Lamour, and even his own show-girls duck dates with him, practically hurling him into the friendly company of Binnie Barnes, a British *Lady*. Edward Arnold as a gruesomely jovial jealous husband, Betty Grable being decorative, "Play Phil" Harris doing just that, assorted "Petty" girls, and Miss Lamour pouting out a languishing love song contribute to the entertainment; but it is Rochester who steals the show with his restless rhythmic feet, rolling eyes, his authentically droll comedy—thanks to Jack Benny, good sport.



GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS—Columbia



MEET the dizziest screen heroine of the season, an incredible combination of *Dulcy* and *Zuleika Dobson* who, if played by any other actress than Joan Blondell, would have sent me screaming from the theatre. But Blondell plays her to such cockeyed perfection that she gets by both with the audience and the Will Hays office. Hers is a dazzling performance of the little waitress who wants to get to Paris the worst way but is prevented by her "flutter," as she calls her conscience. Melvyn Douglas is a great help as a humorous college professor who can't seem to break himself of the habit of giving fatherly advice to the would-be gold-digger, thereby becoming hopelessly involved in her amorous intrigues—and loving it. Alan Curtis also lends valuable aid as a susceptible scion. The inimitable Walter Connolly as the eldest of our gay heroine's conquests gives Miss Blondell a friendly tussle for first honors in their scenes together; there's no sight I enjoy more than two such grand troupers in an amiable scene-stealing contest. Thanks to director Alexander Hall's excellent taste, good girls may go to Paris or anywhere else and emerge with "flutter" intact and Melvyn Douglas as their exquisite reward. Ah, me.



DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS—Warners



"BY POPULAR demand" the family group of "Four Daughters" plays a return engagement. "Daughters Courageous" is no sequel, although the Lane sisters and Gale Page are still squired by Jeffry Lynn, Frank McHugh, and Dick Foran; it is an entirely new and fresh story in which Priscilla, Rosemary, Lola and Gale acquire a father, Claude Rains, a picturesque character who upsets their tranquil household by turning up after twenty years of vagabonding just as their mother, Fay Bainter—also newly acquired—is about to marry the dependable Donald Crisp; and in which John Garfield makes a miraculous recovery from that fatal accident in "Four Daughters" in order to break Priscilla Lane's heart again. Don't let the silly, coy antics of "the girls" in the opening scenes depress you; stick around, and you will enjoy the poignant picture of the four daughters being gradually won over by the charming stranger who is their father; the touching moments when Rains faces the realization that the family he had deserted would be better off without him; and the dynamic scenes in which Garfield, as the adventurous rebel who wants to see the world and take the littlest Lane along, burns up the screen again.



Hollywood

Only Abdullah could write this half-savage, half-tender fiction of life behind the scenes in the cinema lotus-land

THE STORY SO FAR:

GWEN MAPLESON, once a Broadway hit, is broke and out of a job, a failure in Hollywood, but still young and beautiful. She hopes to repeat the success she made on the stage under the guidance of Lester Donnelly, her discoverer and ex-husband, the man whose genius and ambition once made them New York's most talked of producer-star team. After a long separation, they meet again—she the actress Hollywood scorns, he the once-famous stage producer, selling newspapers! Lester's ambitions are rekindled and, on a park bench, they plot the future. While Lester outlines plans for a hold-up to get money with which to bluff someone into backing his new venture, which will start them on their comebacks, a man appears, tells him to forget the hold-up and promises to send Lester the money. In the morning a messenger delivers \$5,000, newspapers carry stories about Lester's plans, about the big party he's giving, and an agent calls to sell him a palatial residence. The man in the park is suspected. Lester develops the plot for his play, tells Gwen the heroine is an actress—a girl who fails because of selfishness, but in the end wins out, and love comes to her from the Hollywood pavement. Suddenly he takes her in his arms, kisses her and then pushes her away—saying, "Sorry, I was just trying to show you how to put it across—with emotion." The party arranged, Lester tells Gwen she's to come late—after the party's in full swing—dressed shabbily. Gwen objects. Lester says: "You will! You're my girl again—my star, obeying orders!" Now read on.

BY MONDAY—which was forty-eight hours later—Lester Donnelly had rented the Queen Anne mansion. Had moved in. Had tried the swimming pool.

By Tuesday he had acquired a number of ready-made, though fashionable suits of clothes, an automobile painted a bright robin's-egg blue, a chauffeur, a Filipino cook, a Japanese gardener, and a butler who claimed to be English. Had given three interviews to hard-boiled, but friendly reporters of the daily press and four to females connected with fan magazines.

By Wednesday he had turned down a couple of flattering motion picture offers. Had contributed generously to the Actor's Fund. Had hired a publicity agent. Had engaged a rather pontifical-looking and extremely efficient male private secretary who was busy until all hours sending out the telegraphed invitations for the coming Saturday night house-warming; answering a mass of begging and crank letters; forging his employer's signature so as to gladden the hearts of autograph-hunters; accepting, or refusing, requests for Lester's presence at breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, cocktails, supper here and there and everywhere; and endorsing, in his name, a variety of articles that included an after-shaving lotion, a collapsible typewriter, a new brand of prunes, and a slenderizing nostrum.

By Thursday, having worked ten hours at a stretch on "Hollywood Pavement," he had seriously considered toying with a quart of Scotch. Had recalled what the stranger in the park had told him: "The wonder-boy of Broadway—weren't you, Lester?—as long as you kept off the booze." Had, in consequence, contented himself with a single drink and ten grains of aspirin.

By Friday, having again worked on his script all day and until far past midnight, he had been in a dither. Had decided that he didn't know a damned thing about writing or producing. Had, in his mind, cursed Gwen roundly for having got him back into harness. Had seriously debated returning to his news-stand on Sunset Boulevard.

By Saturday morning—a brilliant idea anent the development of his drama having come to him while he was shaving—he had told Francis X. Toomey, his pri-



Pavement

by Achmed Abdullah

vate secretary, across the breakfast ham-and-eggs: "Boy, this is going to be the greatest screen play you've ever seen!"

By Saturday noon he had sent Gwen an enormous box of orchids, with a note saying: "Don't you wear them to my party. You come shabby—or not at all."

By Saturday night he was his old lean, swarthy, cheerful, slightly sardonic and supremely confident self, greeting his guests who arrived in droves and, soon, filled the large Beverly Hills house to overflowing.

Almost everybody who was anybody—here, in Hollywood, where nobody doubts that he is somebody—was there. A bizarre and picaresque medley. Writers. Composers. Producers. Directors. Yes-men. Yes-sir-men. Assistant-yes-sir-men. Also—and chiefly—Thespians, each of them playing a part; each, so desperately and so pathetically, endeavoring to appear like somebody which he—or she—or it—was not.

There was, for instance, a famous German actress who over-emphasized the ultra-chic of Paris in vogue and vice. A recently imported French ingénue who, a more or less natural blonde, aped old-fashioned Teutonic Lorelei innocence by wearing her hair in a naïve Gretchen braid cunningly interwoven with ribbons of baby-blue silk. A juvenile—a few months earlier, thanks to his classic profile, raised from extra to star and, by the same token, from seven and a half (*Please turn to page 88*)

ILLUSTRATED
BY
GEORGIA
WARREN

Men and women. Talking, drinking, flirting, gossiping. Making and unmaking reputations good and bad. The Hollywood party was in full swing.



"Your Pal TARZAN"



**By
Malcolm H.
Oettinger**

Johnny's liking for kids is the real thing. Above, the big fellow holds in his arms one of the crippled children invited to hear TARZAN yodel for New York charity. Across the page, Weissmuller signs photographs for his best fans. Lower right, Johnny and little John Sheffield in "Tarzan Finds A Son," latest in Metro's "Tarzan" series.

THE greatest swimmer in the world is a broad-shouldered, good-natured young giant named Johnny Weissmuller, who attributes his success to the fact that he always liked to go fast. To movie millions he is *Tarzan*, visual version of Edgar Rice Burroughs' talented ape-man, tree-climber par excellence, yodeler extraordinary. To women the world over he is a dream of male perfection, six feet four, broad at the shoulder, tapering at the hips, 200 pounds of sinew and muscle, without a pound that could be liquidated.

When you penetrate the streamlined fastnesses backstage at the Aquacade where Johnny contributes his skill to the New York World's Fair, you find him diffident but poised, pleasant, smiling, and affable in a subdued way. A young admirer of some six years was waiting to shake hands with his hero, and in the hurrying bustle of exciting chorus girls and aquabats, Weissmuller leaned over solicitously to inquire how the moppet had enjoyed the Aquacade. There is a lot of the small boy in Johnny,

despite his grownup salary, which Broadway reports to be \$2000 a week and all the water he can drink.

"Of course Metro gets that," Johnny explains. "I've been on the M-G-M payroll ever since I started doing *Tarzan* six years ago. They pay me every week whether I work or not. For months I did nothing between pictures but loaf around and swim. But last year they farmed me out to Billy Rose for his Aquacade in Cleveland. That was a big hit, so he wanted me to repeat for him in his show here at the New York World's Fair. I don't mind, since they have some method of purifying the water and keeping it nice and clean. It's heated to stay at an even temperature regardless of the weather."

It means four strenuous shows a day, during each of which Johnny does two rhythmic swimming routines with the talented Eleanor Holm, and a sensational dash to the rescue of his comic partner, Stubby Krueger. While we were talking, Krueger just happened along, and his reminiscences of fifteen years swimming with



Johnny Weissmuller is big news again as hero of new "Tarzan" film and the star of New York World's Fair Aquacade. Here's a good story about this genuine guy who's idol of small boys everywhere

Johnny provided many intimate details that the reticent merman never would have yielded.

Although Johnny was born in Windbar, Pa., a stone's throw from Johnstown, he was taken to Chicago at an early age, where he started his aquatic career.

"I always loved swimming better than anything, 'cept sleeping," says Weissmuller. "Because I like to go fast. I'd swim every day, when I was a kid. Gee, four—five hours, I guess. In the summer, in Lake Michigan. In the winter, at the Y. I always wanted to go faster than the other fella. And if I couldn't the first time, I'd keep practicing until I could."

Johnny rigged up an inner tube from his dad's car and sticking both feet through the tube, he practiced arm strokes. Then he put the tube over his arms in the water and propelled himself solely by kicking. This strengthened his stroke and perfected his kick, giving his body a perfect arch when swimming.

Johnny never cared about school. It interfered with his swimming. Before high school he quit. One reason was that he had just captured his first world's title in the 500-yard swim at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. William Bachrach, veteran coach at the (Please turn to page 87)



Clothes for a lovely lady, posed by the charming cinema aristocrat, Connie Bennett, in her own home

Bennett likes blue! She chooses vivid blue sheer chiffon wool for the trim frock at left, with white handkerchief linen ruffle. Her lizard bag and suede gloves are snowy white, her hat trimmed in white azalias. Below, dusty rose and black crepe make a stunning combination for Fall chic. For the cocktail hour Miss Bennett selects the arresting costume on opposite page; combining sheerest wool chiffon in a deep shade of blue with the rich contrast of sand accessories. Her high hat in shiny sand straw with navy blue and sand dotted long veil amuses Connie so much she is having it copied in felt for Fall.



**SCREENLAND
Glamor School**



Edited by *Pauline & Baur*



Bennett Glamor for Evening

The handsome fireplace in the drawing-room of her own home provides a picturesque setting for Miss Bennett and her most beautiful dinner gown. (Opposite page). Massive white flowers are splashed against the black skirt background and black against white in the bodice. Constance Bennett always selects her personal wardrobe with an eye to harmony with her home surroundings.

Below, a study in sophisticated simplicity! Constance Bennett's favorite evening gown is this brilliant magenta chiffon with many yards of fullness in the skirt and a soft crushed chiffon belt blending a rainbow of colors from magenta to purple to blue. Miss Bennett wears velvet magenta sandals with this gown. Rich accents: priceless diamond necklace and bracelet in bold modern design.

Her own gracious, beautifully appointed Beverly Hills home serves as the luxurious background for these fashion pictures posed by Constance Bennett



Beginning All Over Again



Two great screen campus favorites: Above, Anne Shirley, typical college girl, knows that powder's place is on the nose, but urges you to keep that puff fresh. Opposite, blonde Betty Grable, scintillating skyrocket of pep, all done up for a big date. "Good health is one secret of pep," says Betty.



Good-bye to casual days and ways! Back to college, business or home, with a new plan of beauty habits

**By
Courtenay
Marvin**

AFTER Labor Day, our world takes on a new tempo. Gone, along with lazing on sunny beaches, dancing in organdie under the stars, and sun-tans and vacations, are those happy-go-lucky, casual days, and many of us must begin a more regimented plan of living. College, career, or home remind us that play days are over and it's time to get down to our respective business. And because we have to begin again to live by a plan, this is also a wonderful time to begin to get better looking by a plan.

To you who are about to enter or return to college, here are words based somewhat on a study of college girls' beauty habits and their biggest concerns. But these words also apply to all girls within the younger age group, because study hall, office or home do not change human nature entirely.

First, you are at college or school primarily to work and learn—and play, if and when you can. Dates are terrifically important, because you can't have too many. They are big moments and you have to meet them with all you have. Not one of you will have too much time on your hands to devote to appearance, and plenty of you will have a limited budget, what with the large number of girls working for part or all of their tuition. Thus, you are minus one of two things—time or money, or maybe both. So our idea is that you must economize in both time and outlay.

Perc Westmore says, "The rudiments of beauty should be taught in the cradle!" And here was the equipment ordered for the dressing-room of a little six-year-old player, Janet Chapman—brush, comb, tooth brush, tooth

cleanser, soap, water softener (this, because Hollywood water is hard and needs it), and talcum. This second-grade list is also a good basic beginning for you, and to it you add a good cleansing cream, preferably one of the dual purpose kind that may be used for cleansing and also softening. You add make-up, a manicure set, perfume or a perfumed eau de Cologne, a shampoo, perhaps some gadgets for making curls, and you have at hand the means to look lovely. Of course, there are a dozen and one little extras that have a good place in your plan, but these I leave to you.

At your age, you should find soap and water cleansing ideal for daily use, saving your cream for the moments

you have time to apply it thoroughly and take real pains with your face. Applying it first to take off soil, then applying some fresh cream and leaving it on while you set your hair or bathe gives an extra clean, nice, soft effect. Then dash on plenty of very cold water. Now Anita Louise and Betty Grable, whose blonde skins are like rose petals, will never apply fresh powder, rouge or lipstick during the day without removing as much of the old as circumstances permit. This is a good rule for everybody.

Two of your most serious skin problems will probably be oiliness and blemishes. Here's a simple treatment for the oil. Wash with warm water and soap, rinse thoroughly, then work up a fresh lather and apply. Let it remain on until you feel a drying, pulling sensation, then rinse off in plenty of (Please turn to page 86)



Young, care-free, and comfortable is this Jolene Hollywood-styled stepper that trips lightly over campus or street. This is the Zuyder Zee Pump, in black suede, instep studded with brass rivets. Tiny perforations for a forward touch, and a junior wedge heel for a back accent. World's Fair-goers, note: wonderful for walking. Price, \$3.

Designed especially for the active college girl figure, this Flexees pantie girdle. Lace Lastique sides with satin Lastique back and front, up-and-down stretch. FlexZip side closing. A smoother, a comfort, and luxurious-looking support. Priced at \$5.



Screenland's Glamour Guides

Smart, young, practical fashions! For college, careers, or just pleasure. You can buy them in your city in stores listed on Page 92

By Marina



Date dress! A Deanna Durbin frock on a singing D. D. mannikin. You'll sing when you see it, too, because it's so perfectly done in velveteen with beautiful detail. A slimming princess silhouette with new back fullness through goring. Panel outlining in wool fringe. The frock buttons down the front and the Peter Pan collar is of white pique. The fine quality of velveteen gives it a lush richness in black, green, royal or wine. A wardrobe "must" to see you through the day on to dinner dates. About \$16.75.

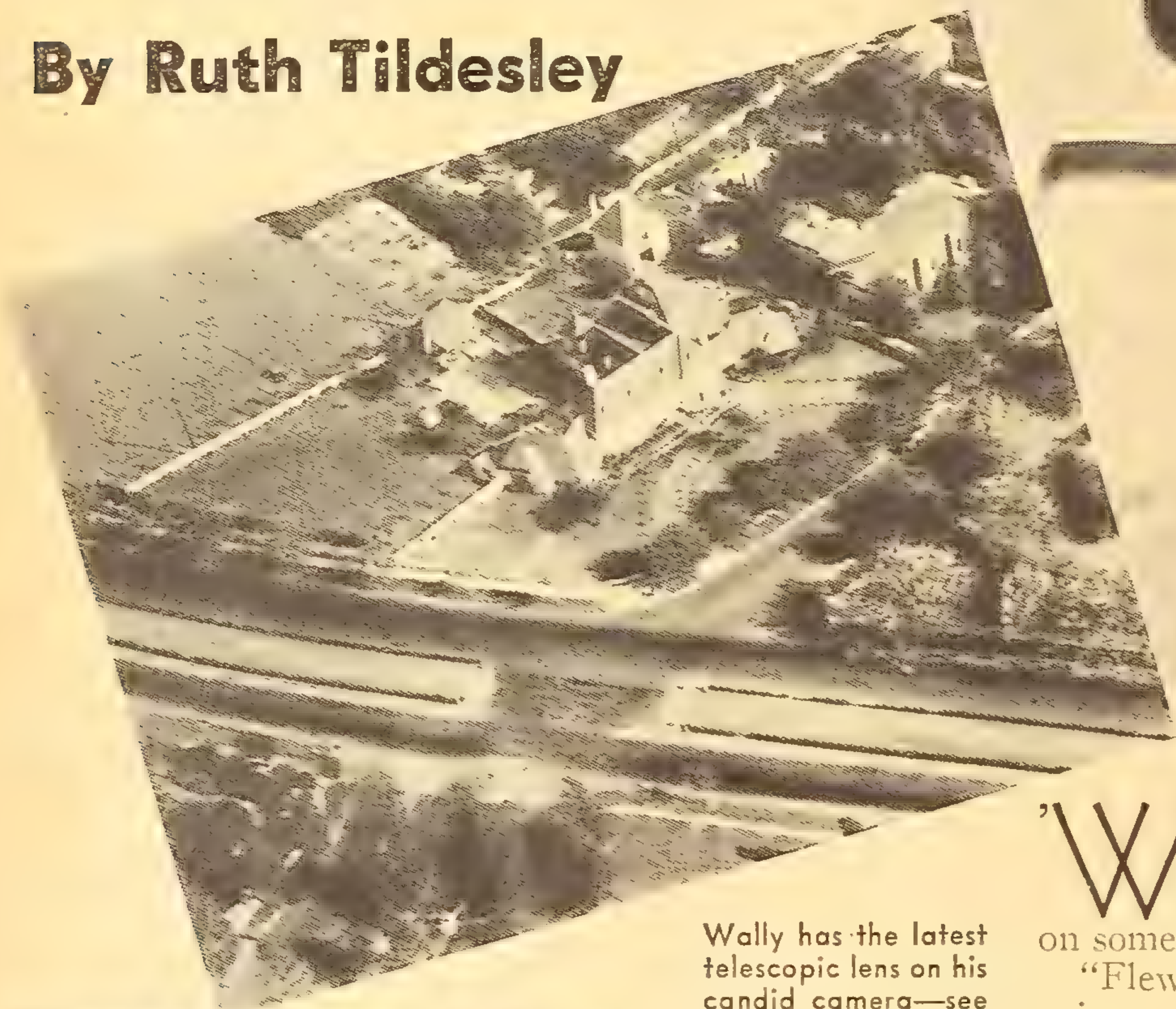
An example of the highly styled Kayser gloves for Fall. A palm of American leatherette or double woven fabric, and a back of cape-skin. A combination both exceedingly smart and wear resisting. That Creed stitching gives a slimming, modern design. Here are gloves for all-day, all-purpose wear. They come in black, white, port brown or chocolate. These gloves are \$1.95. The whole Kayser Fall collection is smartly designed with many styles selling from \$1 to \$1.95.



Cameraman Beery

Since 'way back in 1915, Wally Beery has been camera-crazy, and now he takes 1500 shots a year. How many readers can match that record?

By Ruth Tildesley



Wally has the latest telescopic lens on his candid camera—see above, right. Airplane view of the big Beery home in Beverly Hills was made by the actor himself, flying his own plane and working his own camera.

WAY back in 1915, there was a picture studio at Niles, California. Wallace Beery was production manager, director, actor and cameraman on some of the movies made there. It lasted three months.

"Flew over the place a month or two ago and the ruins are still standing," commented Wally, recalling those old days. "That was when people thought they could have a studio anywhere so long as it was in California. They had them in Santa Barbara and San Diego and out there on the coast near Santa Monica. Anybody that could grind a camera got behind one and ground.

"Can't say I ever set my heart on being a cameraman,



Above, Wallace Beery in his den, surrounded by enlargements of his own photographs, mostly of his little daughter, Carol Ann, shown at right in an interesting and artistic camera study. Far right, one of the star's pets, by cameraman Beery. Next to Carol, his dogs are his favorite subjects.



except as a hobby. It's a swell hobby. I was a cameraman at Niles because that was part of being in pictures. I directed a few pictures out at Universal later on, but I don't think I want to be a director, either. Takes brains to direct. I'm an actor—that don't take any brains!"

He smiled his wide smile and his eyes crinkled. "In those days they didn't have the sort of cameras they have now, and nobody really knew what to do with the ones they had. It was a great event when the close-up was invented—one great big head on a screen. But I can't remember bothering much about the arty side of cameras then—I was with Broncho Billy and our pictures were all action stuff.

"Twelve-thirteen years ago, home movies began to come in—maybe they came in earlier, but that was about the time I noticed them. I got me an outfit. Now I've got three—four of them. Kind of fun. 'Bout same time I got me a still camera. Began to fool around with pictures and dark rooms and different kinds of printing.

"I bought me a plane around about then, I think it was, and got a lot of fun making pictures from the air. I still do that. I've got a special rack on my plane for my cameras and equipment. But I'll tell you what's a honey for making pictures from the air—this new telescopic lens for my candid camera! Bought it last year over in Vienna."

He brought out the lens, a formidable looking affair glinting with metal, and attached to the little Leica. "I make portraits with it," he explained, "that's really what I got it for. But it can be used excellently for air shots or for distance shots. I think it was invented to make pictures of the Olympics events. I saw the telescopic lenses over there in Austria and Germany, used to shoot sports affairs. The cameramen were all armed with the things—they looked like so many guns and they used them like that, aiming at what they wanted, pulling triggers, then up and at 'em again."

But the real reason that cameras held a strong fascination for the actor arrived a little more than six years ago, when Carol Ann, aged twelve months, was adopted by an adoring Wally. He took pictures of Carol Ann, either with the home movie cameras or with the various still cameras he owned, at least three times a week. He always takes a dozen shots at a time. There are thirty exposures to a reel of film, so he probably takes fifteen hundred shots a year. He showed me the enlarged pictures on the knotty pine walls of his den—Carol crying, Carol laughing, Carol drowsing in Wally's chair, his coat protectively around her, Carol as a baby. The child always visits him on the sets of his pictures, and he takes shots of her with stars and leading players. Once when she worked with him in "China Seas," he had someone else hold his camera and record the scenes. He wants to make a record of Carol's life.

When he took Carol to Europe, he made pictures of her throughout the trip, getting in and out of planes, at historic places. Together they flew across the Mediterranean, down into Egypt. Traveling abroad isn't as easy as traveling over here. More than once at the borders of a new country, Wally's cameras caused delay. Officials felt the cameras might be better left behind; Wally refused to move without them; the officials gave in, and the actor went triumphantly on. Sometimes authorities went to the trouble of sending guides with him to *(Please turn to page 85)*



Here is Wally, left, at his favorite camera, with the telescopic lens that is one of his proudest possessions. Two more charming studies of little Carol Ann, a close-up of another Beery pet, and a scenic shot made on the way to Beery's Idaho "hide-out" are included here, from Wally's collection.



Hollywood's

INDIA is not the only spot on earth to boast of a group of men and women whose beliefs prohibit them from coming in physical contact with anyone from another social strata. Until very recently Hollywood too had such a sect. But in the case of the film colony, those designated as "untouchable" were religiously avoided by the very group whose favor they ardently courted.

Ever since the psychologists made the world conscious of such phrases as *complexes*, *libidos*, and *suppressions*, they have instilled the fear and dread of adolescence in almost every parent who took the trouble to study the new science.

"Beware of the growing boy or girl!" they warned.

"Handle these embryonic men and women with care if you want them to grow into healthy, normal adults." Or, "The adolescent age is the dangerous age!" These and similar other direful forebodings were shouted from the housetops by the school of social scientists. Educators and physicians throughout the world sat down and formulated rigid laws for the feeding, educating and upbringing of the future men and women. As a result, more care is taken with the period of adolescence these days than with that of infants. But because of these stringent precautions, the group of youngsters from ten to sixteen have finally

India is not the only spot on earth to boast of "Untouchables." Hollywood, too, has had such a sect. On this page, Deanna Durbin, top; Judy Garland, left; bottom row, reading from left, Jackie Cooper, Jane Withers and Mickey Rooney.



Untouchables

Who are they? Why are they "untouchable"? This strange story tells

By Gene Schrott

become the "untouchables" of our own civilization.

When the edict hit Hollywood, the film mart merely raised a supercilious eyebrow and disdainfully pooh-poohed the dolorous admonition. "You don't have to tell us," it answered. "We knew about it all along. We never took chances with youngsters. After they reached the age of ten, we dropped them in a hurry. We put them away to mature, and nine times out of ten, they never came back. Something in the process of maturity went haywire and they were out for good."

And then as if to back up their statements, the monarchs of moviedom rattled off an impressive list of child stars who were never heard of after they grew up. And in their number, they were sure to include Jackie Coogan as the outstanding example of what they meant. As a sweet, adorable youngster, he took the world by storm when he co-starred with Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid." But today, as a box-office attraction, his stock has dropped down to the very bottom.

Until now, the risk of signing up a child star involved considerable headaches and heartaches, to say nothing of the huge sums of money which invariably went to waste. After grooming a child to the point where he could emote unflinchingly before the cameras, he would suddenly start sprouting gangly arms and legs. A sense of shyness would overcome him and sometimes even an unexpected falsetto would creep into his voice.

Even at this time, the problem has not been completely solved. Though Shirley Temple is a fetching little gosling who goes consistently on laying golden eggs for her employers, she has yet to go through the stage of life that brings trepidation and heartbreak with it. She still has to get through the years when her legs begin to look like stilts and she finds her arms uselessly long and her dimpled hands always getting in her way. Who knows but that the famed dimples may even disappear and the cherubic little face lose every vestige of its winsome appeal?

But Hollywood says that no child star can remain in films through adolescence. Today, when the first lady of films suffers from a tummyache or head cold, the news is headlined and front-paged. Every time she frowns, her employers acquire a few more strands of gray in their hair for fear a permanent wrinkle might encrust itself on her angelic face. Around the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, the thought of Shirley going through her adolescence is a forbidden topic. The subject is *verboden*—taboo—and should you ever commit the error of broaching it, your welcome is bound to be surprisingly short-lived. (Please turn to page 72)



Our Cinema Town Reporter Brings You the Latest Star and Studio News in Brief

REVIVED star-of-the-month is Robert Montgomery, who's over in London now to effect his return to the ranks of the important. After a ten-year stretch at Metro, where he ultimately lost out to Robert Taylor and Spencer Tracy and his original rival Gable, Bob has suppressed his revolting instinct, cultivated diplomacy, and today he's certainly sitting pretty. He is to star in Metro's next three British-made productions, and they have even allowed him to work on the scripts to be sure he'll be advantageously presented. Mrs. M. and the two children are settled in Mayfair with Bob, and they won't be greeting Hollywood until Christmas. Incidentally, much as Bob has battled for the underdogs in Hollywood he doesn't disdain money. "Anyone who says he doesn't like to make a lot of money is crazy!" he exclaimed just before exiting smiling. "I do! It enables me to buy the things I've always wanted." Do you suppose he'll run into that "crazy" Luise Rainer over there? She's been doing a play in the West End, and telling English reporters how much happier she is without Hollywood's dough.

So this is Hollywood, the land of beautiful women, eh? See what they do to them! It's Alice Faye doing "she who gets slapped with a custard pie" for her rôle in "Hollywood Cavalcade."



Here's

By
Weston East

Hollywood

HEDY LAMARR has inherited the Harlow dressing-room suite at Metro, and the Harlow maid, and perhaps she will inherit some of the eyebrow-raising that poor Jean got by being too good-natured. To be explicit, Hedy had her music boy—she'd taken him over from Joan Crawford—put on a hot Artie Shaw swing number while they were between scenes. She was gayly improvising steps. Hedy couldn't see anyone to dance with until she glanced up in the catwalks above the stage at an electrician who was a swing fan. She asked him to come down and cut a carpet with her, but he cried, "I can't, lady, 'cause I'm a married man!"

NIGHT baseball is almost as popular as a day at the Del Mar race track now. Gail Patrick is the most enthusiastic baseball fan; her husband is vice-president of the local club. But a Hollywood actress just has to rustle up an obvious concern over these diversions if she wants to be popular with the men. Virginia Peine, George Raft's favorite person, is an example—she agrees with George whenever he wants to go out to the ball park of an evening. Virginia, who was Chicago society, has made her movie début in a bit rôle at Metro. She has a little daughter whom George adores.

RANDY SCOTT, who is by no means free to propose marriage since he is only separated from his society wife, calls Chicago often now that he's intrigued with socialite Eleanor Thompson there. . . . Woolie Donahue, of Park Avenue, feels that Joan Bennett is definitely terrific and will Connie Bennett invite him West to be her house guest once more so as to promote this romancing? . . . Both Norma and Constance Talmadge have returned to Hollywood—they're rich from their fame of the good old silent days, but they've each had another unhappy marriage. . . . Marjorie Weaver, who belonged to the snooty college sorority (Kappa Kappa Gamma) is this month dating Mack Gray, George Raft's buddy-bodyguard who's long been kiddingly tagged "The Killer". . . . Clark Gable has personally paid for the week-end trip the Westwood Boy Scout Troop took recently, and he personally took time off from Carole to visit them on their location. . . . Ann Sheridan can't take her *oomph* straight—she went whirling down the street the other day on one of the Dead End Kids' motorcycle, and looked far too tomboyish to be a fatal lady. . . . George Brent would have had the registration certificate stolen from his car by one of his ardent lady fans if her husband hadn't been there to slap her down.

IT'S a lie that Sonja Henie's fallen for Robert Kellard, a new juvenile at her studio. She enjoys his flattering attentions, but equal, in her estimation, are the others in her Hollywood date book. Weston East knows Sonja well enough to have peeked into it, and just before she left for the Norwegian vacation she's now ending she also stepped out with Lee Bowman, Robert Shaw and Eddie Norris.

MOST exciting of the new girls is Lana Turner, who is full of old-fashioned "It." She's a real beauty, and she loves a good time. While the other newcomers are seriously studying diction and acting, Lana's relaxing so she'll be ready to step out with the very good-looking, successful young attorney she has copped. He sends her a whole basket of flowers every morning she has to work, and every day without fail. Lana won this gesture after putting him on the anxious seat by a few dates with Tom Brown. She confesses there's nothing like making a man guess once in a while—to keep him in line. Whenever romance is too smooth Lana does something rash that drives her "steady" wild. They've often contemplated eloping, but it's not her mother or her studio's advice against marrying so young that stops her. She merely lets an impulse be her guide.

HERE'S what Mrs. Jimmy Cagney has in her new Hollywood estate. Jimmy earned \$234,000 last year, which classed him as Warners' highest-paid star. (Was he glad he listened to those arguments that he return to the fold and play the rôles they'd hand him!) And so, being able to indulge himself in a whim, James has built a bit of the East Side in one of his courtyards. It's cobble-stoned, there are two gas street lights, and it's a replica of the street wherein he used to tackle the toughs. You've heard of movie-rich folks going on antique jags, of them indulging in jools and furs and the trimmings of bluebookers, but did you ever hear of any sentiment of this sort? If a snob drifts in Jimmy can show off the Cagney ancestral background.

BY HER own request Jean Arthur continues to be a fugitive from all gossip chatterers, including your own Weston East, who has been to her home a dozen times but won't break up a beautiful friendship by writing anything about her. If you don't think Jean is different, listen to this: ever hear of a woman who wouldn't brag about her husband? Jean's husband has risen to the vice-presidency of the Hal Roach Studios. She proudly interior-decorated his office, but she's doing her part to keep it a secret that her husband is so prominent. A writer mentioned his job, and she axed the reference. He's a handsome Princeton graduate, in case you're curious—which, if you want to be on Jean's list, you'll never, never be!

THE foremost Bette—Bette Davis—Louella Parsons, who says the two stars will marry as a mutual Christmas present. Bette's divorce from Hamilton O. Nelson, Jr. had better wait until Mrs. George Cagney and Jean Arthur are wrong. The two stars are so temperamental they are, how difficult they've been in the past as room companions. They kid a lot. George loves to rib Bette about her "great acting." When she was asked to discuss Academy Award possibilities for 1939, Bette said she hoped she wouldn't see the story or he'd laugh at her. She is very grateful for the recognition voted her. Both of Louella's "lovebirds" have been battling for better health. Bette had to quit work because of laryngitis. She is dickering for a new contract providing for but two films a year, so she can have time off to gain more weight and strength. George was out of commission three times on his last picture, because of colds caught during rain sequences. He's also been suffering from a spinal injury he got when he was a child. So if they really care the courtship is not an uncomplicated one.

THERE'S a possibility Robert Donat may be persuaded to get before a camera before Christmas. His next professional engagement can be chalked up to Art; he's doing *Romeo* in a dignified presentation of "Romeo and Juliet," at the venerable Old Vic theatre in London. He's insisted he won't do another picture until January, preferring the stage. But Norma Shearer will be dropping in on him any minute now, and in her mind is the idea of co-starring with Donat in a British-made film. It would be a new thrill for her. And, being charming and influential, Norma generally gets what she wants. It would have been something, wouldn't it, if she'd essayed *Juliet* on the stage with him?



This scene from "Hollywood Cavalcade," historical drama of motion pictures—1913 to 1927, shows Alan Curtis, Alice Faye (minus the custard pie make-up of picture opposite), and Don Ameche.

RENE DUNNE switches on and off her "systematic" schedule with an abruptness that's positively startling. The moment she arrives at a studio everything has to be accomplished in a specific way, and at a certain time. She's never having to stick around town for retakes, because she invariably sees to it that her contract says she is to be absolutely finished with a picture on such-and-such a day. "I have to have everything just so at the studio," she admits. "I want people around me who have orderly minds, and who can get things done without confusion. I like to have each day mapped out and then go through as I've planned. Confusion and haphazard methods distract me, and keep me from doing my best work." Yet at home she's the exact opposite. She has a whiz of a personal secretary, who presides at a desk in the library, and she has a cook, a maid, a gardener, and a nurse for her child. They function superbly—so that: "At home I'm just the opposite. I do things as the mood strikes me, and don't ever bother about set routines or precise methods." She's apt to toss her raincoat on her drawing-room table, or cross up the cook by following a sudden whim to dine out. Before you crack that one about nice-if-you-can-afford-it, realize that Irene deliberately studied and worked so she'd eventually be sitting pretty. She never let her heart rule her head until she had provided herself with what she wished in the little matter of environment. There's a really smart gal for you!



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Margaret Lockwood make this romantic team for "Ruler of the Seas," which has to do with the steam vs. sail era in transatlantic shipping. Doug had to shave off his mustache for rôle, but he's just as handsome without it.

IDA LUPINO and husband Louis Hayward went driving to look at the flowers a few Sundays ago. A real estate salesman hailed them, and in twenty minutes had sold them a home in Brentwood. A week later Ida got time off from work to go examine it. She was horror-stricken to discover she'd bought a place without a dining-room. She didn't know whether to sell it, or build on. They decided on the latter course, and are adding a playroom in the guise of an old English pub. Someday that Ida is going to crash through in the big way. Teaming with Ronald Colman is her present break, but what do you suppose she's up to in her spare hours? She's taking dancing lessons so that she can campaign to team with Fred Astaire! This is a secret; she won't let anyone come to the house when her dancing coach has her tapping and gliding to the full blast of her phonograph.

Frances Dee, who is Mrs. Joel McCrea, seems as content as a kitten in the arms of Randy Scott in this scene from "Coast Guard," but Ralph Bellamy doesn't like being left out in the cold. Now see picture opposite of Frances' husband, Joel.



MR. SMITH, also known as Mr. Stewart, knows how to deal with reporters. Jimmy serves them doughnuts in this scene from "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington."

But MR. SMITH, where's the coffee?



It's no wonder that most of the Gary Cooper fans are women. Scenes like this one with Andrea Leeds from "The Real Glory," saga of the Philippines, are meant to make feminine hearts flutter.



Lovely Olivia de Havilland as LADY PENELOPE GRAY in "The Lady and the Knight," the film in which QUEEN ELIZABETH is played by Bette Davis and Errol Flynn plays the rôle of the EARL OF ESSEX.

THE unfortunate fate of Fay Wray is something to think about, if you want to turn serious for a second. Remember a couple of seasons ago when Fay was so much in demand that she starred in thirteen films in one year? At present she's starring in summer stock in New England—and she's only done one picture in the past year. Such a short time ago she was earning a big salary regularly. What happened? Too much of an emotional strain between Fay and her brilliant writer husband, John Monk Saunders. She secretly went through one crisis after another trying to salvage their happiness. But they were defeated. Fay's beautiful home now belongs to the Dick Powells. She has a three-year-old daughter, for whom she had to fight John in court. This past winter she co-authored a play with Sinclair Lewis, no less. Still lovely, but determinedly serene these days, Fay only needs the luck she lost to get in the swim again. She played so many successful career women, but after a grand send-off her own story fell flat.

THE father-daughter relationship between Wally Beery and Carol Ann is even more touching now that Wally's carrying on his fatherly duties solo. Since his wife divorced him and remarried quickly he's bought Carol Ann "gob" navy suits. He himself is a lieutenant-commander in the United States Naval Reserve, and he recently had to buy five brand new uniforms, tailored according to new regulations. He couldn't say no when Carol Ann ah'd over them. He took her shopping and bought her three small-size navy suits for her summer wardrobe. She's been visiting him at the studio, arrayed in a freshly pressed uniform of her own. Chester Morris is another devoted dad, even though he's got to conform to picture schedules. He sent his son Brooks to a summer camp over at Catalina. Chet has chartered a small boat to take him over to the island every week-end, and three times a week if he isn't on call. The movie pops are emotional enough to assume a personal responsibility for their children's proper guidance and welfare.

FIRST thing Mrs. Tyrone Power scribbled back to Hollywood friends from her honeymoon tour was how glad she was she'd had Irene, popular Los Angeles designer, do her wardrobe for her return to Paris. It's caused many a "second take" in the smartest spots on the continent. The Power honeymoon tour is in the grand manner. Tyrone planned it all: first a flight to New York, then the Rex for a Lido crossing to Naples, even timing the sailing so they'd be at sea during full moon. They found the Isle of Capri all it's cooked up to be—this was Tyrone's first trip abroad. The Powers kept their servants on at home with full pay, their Boy Scout deed. And with the addition of the exquisite pieces of furniture Annabella had shipped across they'll no longer have to feel like squatters in their California mansion. Annabella is resuming her special coaching to get rid of her native accent, because Darryl Zanuck, production chief at 20th Century-Fox, has personally promised to give her another big chance to click on the screen.



AND now who's going to team in the filming of "Rebecca"? If you've been reading your casting columns you know that Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier are to be man and wife, photographically speaking. Laurence was East impressing Broadway as Katharine Cornell's leading man all the time Vivien was characterizing the Southern siren in "Gone with the Wind," which meant heavy business for the phone and telegraph companies.

BRIAN AHERNE continues to be a catch, from any Hollywood slant. Now that he's stolen a Muni picture, a rare feat, he wants to go back on the stage for a while. He once amazed Irving Thalberg, you may remember, by turning down a long-term contract at M-G-M; he's never wanted to be held down. Lately he has taken Natalie Draper, divorced wife of Tom Brown, La Conga-ing.

It can only happen in Hollywood! Here's Joel McCrea, who's happily married to Frances Dee (opposite page) squiring two lovely ladies. Wifey has nothing on him, but it's only a scene from "Career Man," with Nana Bryant, Brenda Marshall.



And handsome Vincent Price is SIR WALTER RALEIGH in "The Lady and Knight." SIR WALTER's the boy of history who gallantly laid his coat over a mud puddle so QUEEN BESS wouldn't soil her pretty slippers.



The rôle of JOE LOURIK in "I Stole a Million," a man who ruined his life because he refused to pay penalty for his first slip, seems tailor-made for George Raft. Claire Trevor is in it, too.



It's hard to imagine Mischa Auer as a father. Above, telling son Tony that the Stradivarius belonged to grandfather Leopold Auer. Mischa is Baby Sandy's co-star in "Unexpected Father."

NO ONE seems to know what happened to that marriage Joe E. Brown sponsored so enthusiastically. He practically adopted husky Mike Frankovitch; Mike lived in the Brown home all during his college football years. Then the Browns gave Mike a marital send-off. After the crucial first year Mike, a radio sports announcer since graduating, was out of love. He is rushing older women—mostly Binnie Barnes, but sometimes Ria (the former Mrs. Clark) Gable. Speaking of Binnie, she is an amusing realist. She lives in a beautiful home in Brentwood, surrounded by lovely old trees and furnished with fine antiques, paintings, and sculptures. Binnie, herself, is a whirlwind of energy. She gave a tennis tournament, inviting many professional players, and she won her own trophy; she played fourteen sets in one day. She had a husband in England, but since her divorce she has been going in for mass formation on dates. She usually turns up with a trio of six-footers—Mike, Ted Rogers, and Cesar Romero.

EVEN if Gloria Swanson held onto very little of the big money she made in the movies you must admit she's done well by her oldest daughter. Gloria's own marriages were not successes, but young Gloria started off from the altar with all the odds in her favor. Gloria, Jr., was sent to excellent private schools, and then enrolled at Stanford University. The girls there are on the conservative side, and it was a credit to vivid Gloria, Sr., that her namesake was accepted as a regular Stanford woman. Gloria, Sr., had no such polishing; she married Wally Beery at sixteen. But Gloria, Jr., met a twenty-year-old student at U. S. C., the son of a wealthy contractor. There was a shower for the bride in the Colonial Room at the Brown Derby, given by Gail Patrick whose husband, Bob Cobb, took over the Derbies from Gloria, Jr.'s, dad—now dead. Then there was the formal church wedding. The newlyweds will reside in Beverly, where mama Gloria once splurged a quarter-of-a-million on one house, and Gloria, the second, will be only a wife.

IT-HAPPENS-IN-HOLLYWOOD memo: Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck went strolling down the crowded Boulevard the other night, window-shopping hand-in-hand; not one soul stopped them for an autograph. . . . Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald were having breakfast on their terrace when they sighted two peeping kids perched in a tree above them; Gene, immaculate in white flannels, climbed up and helped them down—whereupon Jeanette served them hot waffles. . . . Otto Kruger met his most trustful fan when he opened his front door and was handed a baby; the woman said she couldn't afford it and knew he'd raise it grandly—he got her a job. . . . Hedy Lamarr does not use a heavy clinging perfume, but a light scent contrary to her type. . . . Nan Grey is more than content with her jockey husband, even if some folks think such a match was a social error. . . . Summer skiing, on the new ski slope near Universal City, is the new rage—with Henry Fonda leading the "sheing."



From a perilous perch atop the General Motors Building at the New York World's Fair, Fred Astaire taps out a salute to the Tylon and Perisphere to the delight of Fair visitors, who strained their necks for a glimpse of Fred, and gasped for fear their favorite star might fall and injure those million dollar dancing feet.

Hollywood Untouchables Continued from page 67

But Twentieth Century-Fox is not the only studio to be confronted with so unpleasant a situation. Warners went through it when it had Mickey Rooney on its hands. After the impish Mickey had turned out a loudly-lauded performance in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the studio became panicky and disclaimed further interest in him because he was rapidly approaching the dangerous age. They felt themselves facing too great a problem to be tackled by anyone who was not an authority on the psychology of adolescents. Any day they expected his voice to break or his skin to start erupting like a miniature Vesuvius. Never confronted with so dangerous and touchy a problem, they were glad to relinquish him to M-G-M.

What happened afterward, not only astounded the world but even shocked young Mickey Rooney himself. Before his youthful cocksureness could be mustered into sight, he found himself a world-wide hero, a universal champion of that vast horde of forgotten youth who find the years between ten and sixteen unbearable. It is their undying gratitude that Mickey earned. For them he brought the dangerous age out into the open and showed the rest of the world how interesting and complex it could really be. There was enough appeal in its problems and adventures to provide a new note in screen entertainment. But what was even more significant, he proved that even an adolescent could cure the ailments of the languishing box-offices.

Starved for film fare of this very kind, the public threw out its welcoming arms to this snub-nosed urchin with his impudent face and slovenly speech. Here was a lovable young scamp who brought to the screen the human heartaches and homey realism of everyday life—who made us think of the young scamp living next door to us or the kid brother who was always getting under our feet. Something about

him—something unaffected—the way he walks, the way he thrusts his hands into his pockets, his funny face grimaces, his glib tongue and his laugh-provoking seriousness, all belie the slightest suspicion of make-believe. In championing "the forgotten age" Mickey merely resorted to the good old standby—he proved himself a "natural."

When Metro decided to cash in on adolescence and raise it from the ranks of the scorned, it was unconsciously setting a precedent. Perhaps in doing so, it has even insured the future of Shirley Temple and the inevitable child stars that will follow her. For the first of the Hardy pictures, "You're Only Young Once," struck so responsive a chord in the hearts of film audiences, it was decided to incorporate it in a series of pictures based on the doings of the Hardy family. What had started out to be another casual film resulted in an unforeseen hit that keeps repeating itself. But more important than the actual dollar and cents consideration of the series is the fact that it served as the solution for the long puzzling and distressing problem of adolescence. The vogue quickly caught on—as vagues do—and before long every other company in the business was busily wooing the adolescents they had heretofore scorned. Thus the success of Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, Jackie Cooper and even the young East Indian lad, Sabu, is partially due to the pioneering efforts of Mickey Rooney and his employers.

Deanna Durbin loves the glamor and excitement that accompanies picture making. Even before she ever appeared in motion pictures, she was the singing sensation of Hollywood and had a ready eye cocked in the direction of the studios. In spite of her talent, it is not as another singer that she has won her laurels; rather because of her fresh vital charm and wholesome personality. Because she makes no overtures at wanting to be glamorized and

is contented to be a growing girl who likes to sing and act before the cameras, who likes to ride her bicycle and to swim, she is to be given more credit than is meted out in her direction. Getting out of life the share of enjoyment and pleasure that is normally due her and living simply and unostentatiously makes her more real than if she indulged in the weird extravagances one associates with the lives of stars.

Right smack in the most trying years of her adolescence, Deanna is a graceful, dainty young lady who gives no outward indication of being disturbed by the physical changes that are transpiring within her. Though there have been rumors of her matured voice, this physical advancement in no way has effected her otherwise normal development. In every other respect she is a typical girl who is greatly concerned about her music and lessons and the career she is building for herself, and whose thoughts may dwell on the handsome boys who are vying for her attention, although her preference for Vaughn Paul, Universal's young assistant director, has been noted.

Psychologists point her out as one of the finest examples of what can be done to aid the adolescent during the troublesome period. Concentrating on an outside interest with such complete thoroughness makes better adults of the embryonic men and women. At the same time, Deanna is too engrossed in her countless activities to "go Hollywood."

Because of this, Deanna is to every girl what Ginger Rogers is to their older sisters. When she made a cross country trip, girls by the hundreds played hookey from school just to get a glimpse of her and to pay homage to one who has championed their age. To her too, the adolescents of the world owe a debt of gratitude. She is responsible for having made the couturiers of the world aware of the need for better fashions for her age. And because of her, the trend in clothes has not only been revolutionized but department stores and shops have installed special departments to cater to the horde of heretofore forgotten youngsters. Though thirteen may be unlucky to most people, Deanna says: "It will always be my lucky number. I shall always remember that when I was thirteen the world completely changed for me."

To Jackie Cooper belongs the distinction



Bing Crosby and Louise Campbell engage in a bit of romancing as 'twas done in the good old days—1915 to be exact—for their rôles in Paramount's "The Star Maker."

for achieving what, in motion picture circles, has for years been considered the impossible. For years, he successfully played child rôles and even when he approached the dangerous age, he was untroubled by what was to come. For this, he has his mother, Mrs. Mabel Cooper Bigelow, to thank. Because of her guidance and intelligence, he was able to hurdle the obstacles of the youngster who strives to make this almost impossible transition. When she came face to face with the problem, she used good common sense and wisdom.

"The Hollywood theory," she says, "is that a child star should retire for at least four or five years while growing through the difficult age. But I have a firm belief that the years between fourteen and twenty are psychologically the most important ones of the lifetime. I know that if Jackie did not go on with his career during these years, he would lose his self-confidence. He would be forced to begin all over again. And he might not even want to resume his career."

"In order to keep his efforts directed on pictures, he was offered small parts," she goes on to say, "but I was afraid that this would prove detrimental rather than helpful. He might begin to doubt his ability. The subconscious reaction after playing important rôles for years might even prove harmful."

"For an entire year, after doing 'The Devil Is a Sissy,' Jackie made no pictures. We were holding out and when Monogram came along and offered him the part of 'Chuck' in 'Boy of the Streets,' I felt that my theory was proven—that there were parts for the youngsters in their formative years and that there was no need to entirely abandon them."

There is a chapter in Jackie's life that has not been divulged up until now. Most people are apt to think that everything was smooth sailing for the young lad, but even as an actor of established reputation, he found himself on the verge of adolescence with no takers for his services. Metro had no immediate need for him. The other companies didn't make a mad rush to bid for his services. There was even an interval when it looked as though he might write finis to his career. When Monogram Pictures flung all contrary advice to the winds and signed him up, they earned the secret scorn of their business competitors for the risk they took. It was a known fact that it was difficult for Jackie to get decent assignments. He was no longer in great demand. But the lad who created "Skipper" on the screen and whose performance in "The Champ" was unforgettable was not destined to go tumbling into obscurity. His stars were kind. As soon as he was taken up by Monogram, there was the inevitable rush of bids for his talent. And after making "Boy of the Streets" his services were once more at a premium.

Recently, I met him at a party and found him slightly embarrassed by all the attention he was attracting. Those who flocked about him to detect any outward changes came away amazed at his *realness*. The charm and simplicity of this youngster was not changed one bit by the public adulation meted out to him. Everyone marvelled at his authentic boyishness and even at his good-natured submission to hundreds of silly questions and remarks he was obliged to withstand. But these very qualities make Jackie Cooper better liked and show that his lack of affectation is a result of proper guidance through his hazardous years.

On the threshold of manhood, young Cooper has nothing to fear. He already is firmly settled with both feet sanely planted on the path he is to follow. Watching his progress, now that he has weathered the

process of maturity, will be interesting—perhaps, even more so than his emergence from childhood.

Another adolescent to plop into popularity right smack in the midst of the dangerous age is Judy Garland, the lovable, charming youngster whose singing and comedy antics have won her acclaim. What Deanna Durbin is to grand opera, Judy Garland is to swing. With a vibrant personality that is both sympathetic and amusing, she has discovered the unknown quantity that spells success. She has a simple philosophy which she sums up briefly by saying "I give them what they want."

But the breaks were not as simple as one expects of a youngster imbued with a magnetic personality and a gifted talent that swung her to the top. On the contrary, it was a series of crises from the very beginning. One unhappy incident followed upon another in rapid succession. Finally, at the grand old age of twelve, the long-awaited break came along—but so did another problem, adolescence, the boogey man of the producers.

Judy herself regards life beyond thirteen as something very strenuous and tiring. She has no desires to grow older and would like to remain just as she is for the rest of her life. "There's no fun in growing up," she explains, "because you can't do all the things you do when you're a kid. You have to be careful what you do and how you act; but if you're a kid, people just let you get away with everything. And most important, you can't ride a bike in high heels and long skirts. I know. I tried it!"

While most people are apt to regard them as serious rivals, Judy is the first person to offer her allegiance to Deanna Durbin. She looks upon her as her own special champion and says, "If it were not for Deanna, I guess all we in-betweeners would still be going along waiting for our big chance. But when Deanna showed that even the awkward age had talent, she did her best deed. Until then, nobody paid us any attention. Whenever anything happened, we were always left out. But now we are getting the chance to show our stuff. And judging from the letters I get, thousands of kids all over the world are glad. Even though adolescence is a confusing age, I

wouldn't want to miss it. Sometimes, I don't know what's the matter with me. One minute I feel like playing with dolls and the next, I start thinking about grown-up clothes and parties and dances. But there's so little time to play with mud pies and have fun, I'm really taking it all in now."

Not quite as fortunate in overcoming the pitfalls of maturing as his contemporaries, Freddie Bartholomew has decidedly undergone a change. Today, he is no longer the adorable youngster of the gentlemanly school whose perfectly clipped speech and British accent proved so entertaining. His arms and legs have sprouted. His voice definitely shows signs of changing. He has become Americanized in his speech and characteristics. No longer is he the youngster of "David Copperfield" or "Captains Courageous."

Over in his native England, Alexander Korda is grooming his precious adolescent find, Sabu. Discovered in the jungles of India, he is developing into a personality whose charm and acting ability scores another point in favor of the in-between age. With a perfect body and a naïvete that is refreshing, he has successfully shown his worth in "Elephant Boy" and "Drums." Currently, he is at work in England making "The Thief of Bagdad."

Perhaps indirectly responsible also for the vogue of juvenile youngsters in pictures these days are the young roughnecks who precipitated themselves at us in "Dead End." With their crude, brusque interpretations of the "other half," they are credited with bringing to the screen some of the most realistic portrayals of slum children that the stage or screen has ever seen. To them is due the credit for adding a relished sharpness to the "lost" generation of youngsters.

From all these kids, the screen has learned a great lesson. No longer will it entirely ignore adolescence and shun it as the dangerous age. By experimenting, it has discovered that the awkward years can be justified and prove entertaining. And now, the children of the screen may go along unmolested by the thought of the approach of the awful years between ten and sixteen. No longer the untouchables of Hollywood, today they are the champions who have paved the way for those to come.



What the well-dressed man wore in 1915. Bing Crosby decked out for his rôle in "The Star Maker," which was inspired by the life and songs of Gus Edwards, and recalls the days when Broadway was the world's most glamorous avenue.



When Madge Evans arrived in New York to appear in *Summer stock*, and to prepare for a September wedding, she was met at train by her husband-to-be Sidney Kingsley, playwright and winner of the Pulitzer Prize.

International

"Who Is That Guy?" Continued from page 34

to be a definite handicap," Tommy said. "I had a terrific time becoming known because I had no physical feature by which I could be identified. God knows I'm no shrinking violet and I tried hard enough to be remembered and identified as Thomas Mitchell but there just wasn't anything about my face that made it stand out from thousands of other faces. I'll never forget a certain gentleman in the Lamb's Club in New York. I used to meet him there occasionally and he always would speak pleasantly although I noticed that he never called me by name. At that time I was starring in 'The Little Accident' which I also had written and was producing. One day this gentleman asked me casually what I was doing. I said I was in 'The Little Accident' at such and such a theatre.

"'Oh yes,' he said, 'Tommy Mitchell's play. Say hello to him for me when you see him!'"

For a long time producers didn't seem to think the characters looked like Mitchell, Tommy went on. Now, fortunately, they realize Mitchell looks like the character he is playing. And he for one is satisfied, because he doesn't think an actor should be remembered by an audience as a personality so much as the character he is playing.

"If the illusion is complete, the audience forgets the actor as an actor," he said. "And if the play or picture has to trail along after the actor, it misses its goal entirely. That is why I've always pleaded with producers to let me *be* the character I am playing, not Thomas Mitchell *as* the character."

But if Tommy hasn't got physical "oomph," he has something you cannot create with a little make-up and a lot of high-powered publicity. It's something that doesn't depend upon broad shoulders, thick wavy hair, and a Grecian nose. It's something the years cannot touch. It's *personality plus!* A quick warm friendliness and charm flows from him as naturally and steadily as cheer and comfort from an open hearth. He likes people for themselves, not for their possessions or importance. He is as devoid of guile as a newborn babe and as big-hearted as all outdoors. An innate kindness rules his feelings for his fellow men and his gallantry is born of affection, not affectation. A grand spinner of yarns, he also possesses the knack of listening well, and the quizzical eagerness in his eyes somehow adds importance to the unim-

portant thing you may be saying. He has the quick wit of the Irish which masks a sensitive capacity for understanding and sympathy. Men are drawn to him by his strength and women by his gentleness.

There is a funny streak of shyness in him that halts his glib tongue when talking about himself, and the studio biography he filled out under orders is a classic in brevity. In the proper places he dutifully recorded that his pet peeve is inquisitive people and that he can speak Gaelic; that he likes children and ice cream cones but abhors bath salts and carrying an umbrella; that he thinks reading in bed is a pleasant occupation and riding street cars an odious one; that modern architecture has a good deal in its favor but he wouldn't be caught dead wearing silk underwear. In the ample blank space in which he was supposed to write at length concerning himself he exploded with: "Good heavens, what *else* is there to say?"

He might have mentioned the utter futility of his family trying to make a newspaper man out of him back in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where he was born. He worked at it three or four years, to be sure, but under protest. From the beginning he was—and still is—the most consistently stage-struck person he's ever known. In school they didn't have to urge him to act; they couldn't keep him from it! At the drop of a hat he'd be up on the platform reciting "The Chambered Nautilus" or some other dramatic tid-bit he could really get his teeth into with a vengeance.

It was some satisfaction to learn later in his life that he had come by his love of the theatre honestly. Quite by accident he discovered that members of his mother's side of the family had been thespians in Ireland and Scotland for generations with what he called notorious lack of success. Too, the family home in Elizabeth once upon a time had been part of the old Elizabeth Opera House. His father, a furniture dealer, had converted half of it into a home and half into a warehouse for his stock in trade. There the Mitchells, mother, father, five boys and two girls, had plenty of room to rattle around in and eventually grow up to become successes in their various lines of work. The Irish in the family, incidentally, came straight from County Tyrone and County Roscommon where the elder Mitchells were born.

After a false start as the star of a

vaudeville sketch which he wrote when he was 17 and which he admits was pretty awful, Tommy eventually hit his stride as a triple-threat man on Broadway. He wrote plays, produced them, and starred in them with equal ease. At one time, he remembers, he was starring in "The Wisdom Tooth" while "Glory Halleluja," a play he had authored, was being presented directly across the street. Among his successful appearances were those in "Kiki," "Stick in the Mud," "Riddle Me This," "The Little Accident" and "Cloudy with Showers." It was that latter play which first brought him to Hollywood to write the screen version. He has given up his writing entirely now; says he is having too much fun (and making too much money!) sticking to acting.

At heart Tommy is a worrier. The more he has to fret about, or thinks he has, the happier he is. He stews when he is not working and stews when he's doing two parts at the same time. It keeps his house in a genteel sort of an uproar the whole time. For the most part he has the good nature of a puppy and never has been known to indulge in a fit of temperament. To be sure, he gets in a good Irish temper now and then but it's only when he goes on a reducing diet for a waistline that seems to go on expansion binges every so often. Nobody else seems to mind the added inch but Tommy takes it as a personal affront and brews up quite an annoyance about it.

Anne, his tall, slender daughter, is the alpha and omega of his life. You know that, five minutes after meeting him. He no more can keep her out of a conversation than say no to someone who asks him for a favor. He admits her social education has been somewhat unorthodox—she is technically proficient in the manly art of self-defense, for instance, and knew her way around cocktail rooms at a younger age than Emily Post recommends—but they are the greater pals for it. And, as he pointed out, it makes her orthodox social activities the more fun by contrast. Half of each year Anne spends with her mother in New York, the other half with Tommy and the dark-eyed, charming Rachel Hartzell, well-known stage actress who is his wife. Fortunately both Anne and "Racky" share Tommy's love of having people around so some sort of merriment always is on the fire in their attractive French Provincial home near the Pacific.

As you would expect, it is not a "movieish" house in any sense. There is no splurge in decorating or fancy trimmings in furnishing. Tommy's pet place is his "picking" garden in the back, a small plot of ground profusely and informally planted in flowers to be picked and enjoyed. There is no more pretense or sham about the place than about Tommy himself. I learned how little there was of that when I asked about his famous ancestor, Dion Bouccicault, the great Irish dramatist and actor of the 1800's. The studio biography on Tommy, you see, had made quite a point of it.

"He's no ancestor," said Tommy. "I made him up!"

The flowing bowl was flowing a bit freely one night, it seems, when some snob archly inquired of Tommy if he had any famous relations. Doing a little quick thinking, Tommy archly had replied "Dion Bouccicault"—and the legend has persisted to this day.

"How did you happen to pick on him?" I asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," Tommy answered. "The first three names that flashed in my mind were Shakespeare, Moliere, and good old Dion. Moliere was French, so that was out. Shakespeare was going it a bit thick. I thought, and so that left Bouccicault. And as one Irishman to another, I didn't think he'd mind!"

In the Social Whirl

—IN THE

BUSINESS WORLD

*Both thrilled over the
NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN"
care* they can give
their skin today*

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:

Do you have to spend a lot of time and money on your complexion, Blanche?

ANSWER:

"No, I can't! I haven't much of either. But thanks to Pond's two creams, it isn't necessary. I cream my skin with their cold cream night and morning and when I freshen up at lunch hour. After this cleansing, I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:

Mrs. Drexel, how do you ever find time to keep your skin so smooth and glowing?

ANSWER:

"It takes no time at all. To get my skin really clean and fresh, I just cream it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Now that it contains Vitamin A, I have an added reason for using it! Then to smooth little roughnesses away, I pat on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—one application does it."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:

Don't sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:

"Not when I protect it with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just one application smooths little roughnesses right away."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:

Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your cold cream?

ANSWER:

"Because it's the 'skin-vitamin'—skin without enough Vitamin A gets rough and dry. So I'm glad I can give my skin an extra supply of this important 'skin-vitamin' with each Pond's creaming."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:

What steps do you take to keep your make-up glamorous all evening?

ANSWER:

"Before I go out on a date, I get my skin good and clean with Pond's Cold Cream. That makes it soft, too. Then I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream so my skin takes make-up evenly—holds powder longer."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.



Before Her Guests Arrive—Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III, a member of Philadelphia's young married set, takes a moment for an interview.



Sailing Enthusiast—Mrs. Drexel enjoys cruising southern waters off Nassau. The family's palatial yacht is known around the world.



Queen of Masquerade—Mrs. Drexel's regal costume holds every eye. After hours of dancing, she still looks fresh and charming.



Landed Gov't Job—Blanche Brewer of Clarksdale, Miss., keeps books. Starred in recent beauty "survey" among capital employees.



Sunday Afternoon Canoe Trip—Blanche flashes a winning smile at her admiring escort as he talks to her across the paddle.



After the Movies—Blanche says a lingering "good night" on the front steps. She and her sister share small apartment in Washington.



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Pond's, Dept. 7S-CVJ, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

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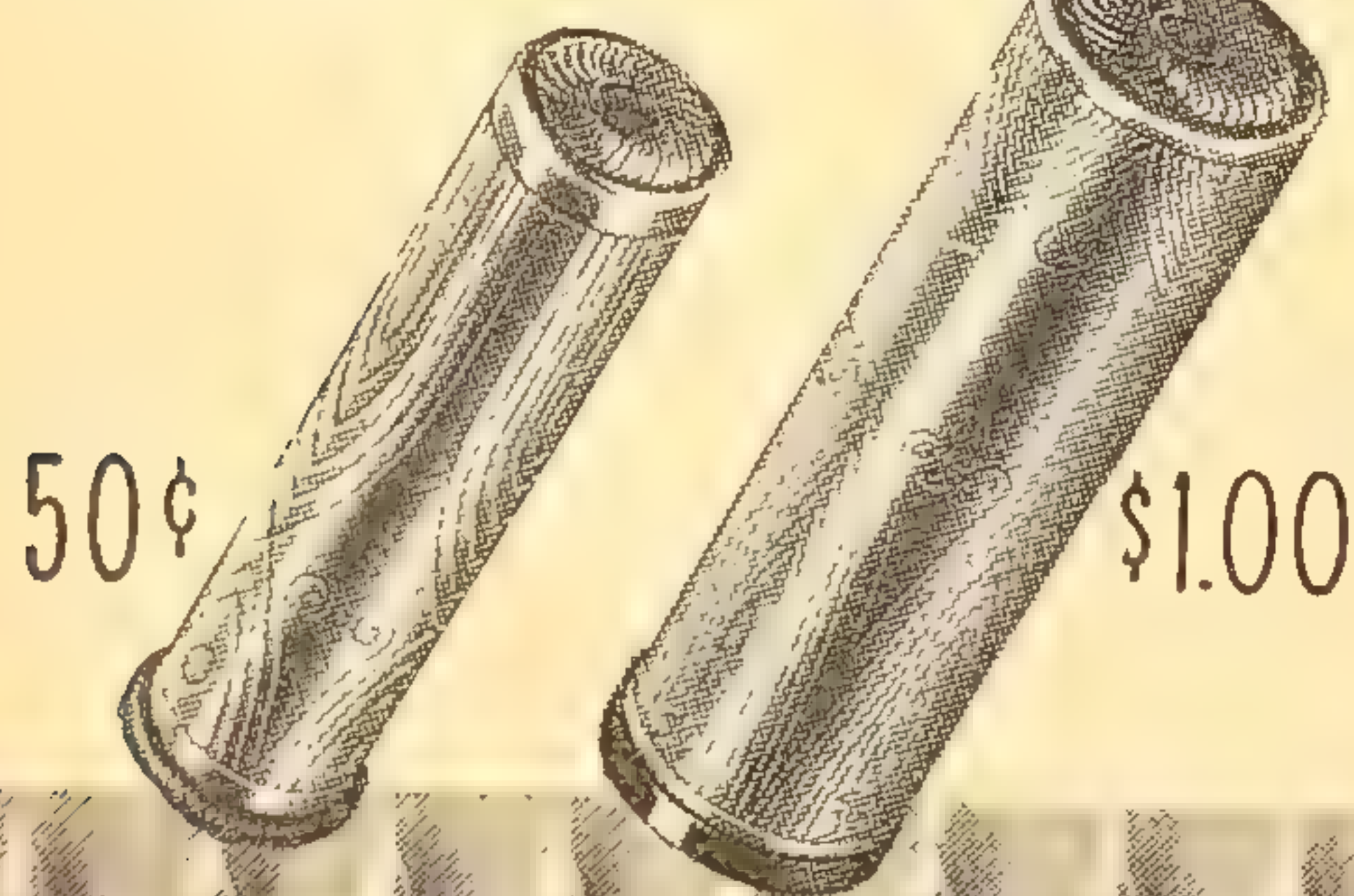
Coty "Sub-Deb" does *double duty*. It gives your lips ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching. It helps lips to look moist and lustrous.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades; 50¢ or \$1.00.

"Air-Spun" Rouge in matching shades, 50¢.

COTY

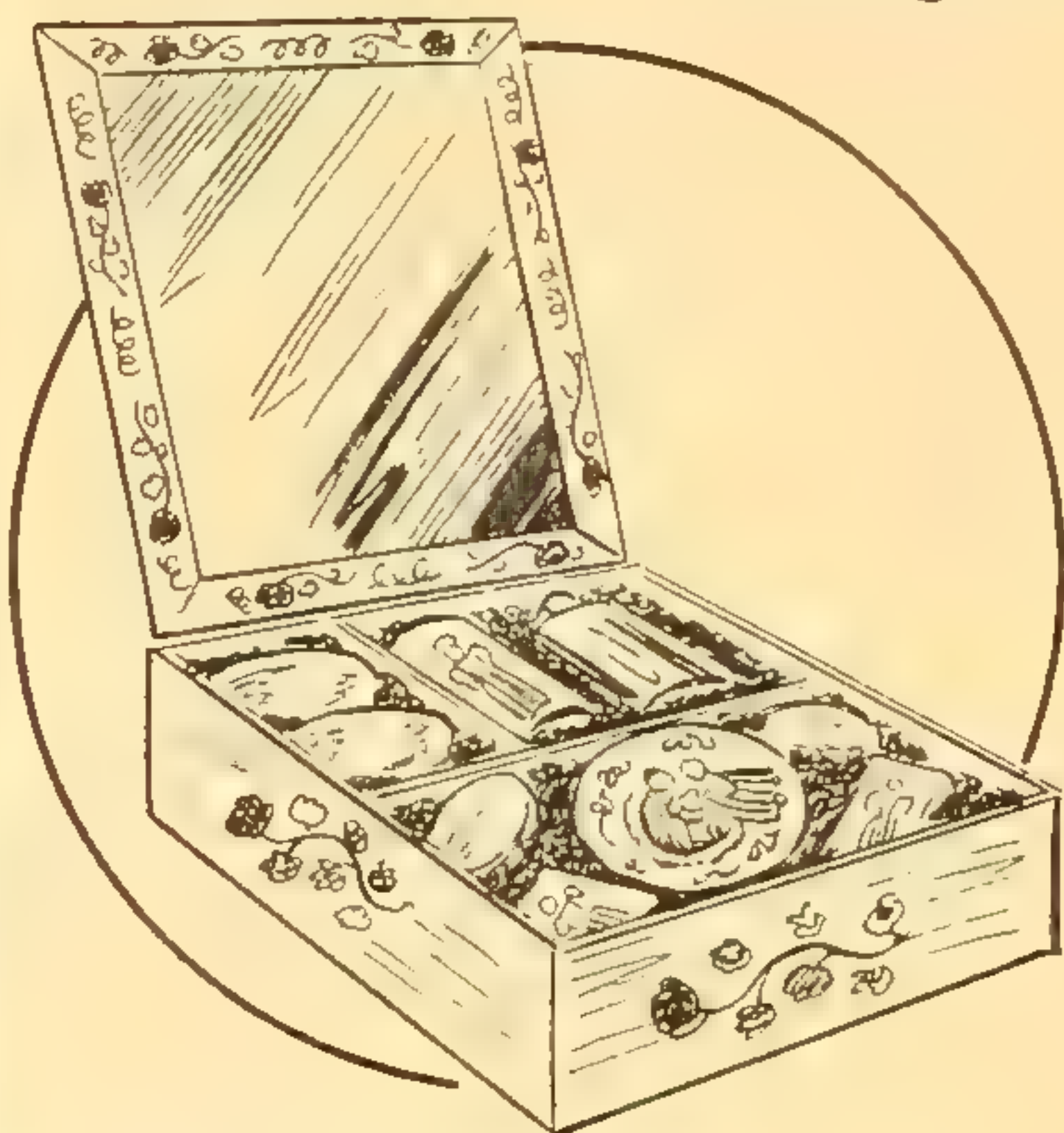
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

Yours for Loveliness

Beauty that sees you efficiently
through college, career or home days



These Early American Old Spice body-grooming aids are most elegantly boxed.

"OH, FOR a lipstick that stays on," chorus the college girls, and they don't want to pay dollars for it either. So let me introduce again, a little prize, Coty's Sub-Deb Lipstick. It gives warm, glowing beauty to lips, stays put a long time, and does a beauty job of softening, besides, because it contains an ingredient to guard against parching or roughening. It is a handy size to carry; you can slip it into a pocket or bag without a bulge. The case is good-looking, and the colors do something grand for you, including the newer tone, Dahlia.

A GOOD-BYE gift college girls cry for, I am told, is a La Cross slide fastener manicure set. But the college girls are not the only ones, and for a good reason. These sets are so completely equipped with just what you need, implements and preparations, including two shades of polish—a party color, for fun, and a class-room color, for work—or, for graduates, a day and night tone. The cases are faultlessly done in beautiful dark leather, soil-resistant tones, and they slide closed for easy packing or open for easy use. Priced to please.



Kleinert's dress shields are insurance for your most cherished clothing.

THE first Harriet Hubbard Ayer Carryall was dedicated to collegiennes of '37. The new edition, sketched, is dedicated to collegiennes of '39, a triangular case of fabrikoid in patent leather or alligator grain, with a sparkling buckle for accent and security. It comes in black or rose-brown, with inside of apricot washable material. Fitted into a removable compartment is a complete beauty routine, all you need for care and make-up, that you can lift out and set anywhere. There's also room for personal gadgets. Grand for all of us. Travelers will love it. C. M.

HERE is a treasure box that performs a dual purpose. Within is a gay and lovely array of Early American Old Spice toiletries, by Shulton. Everywhere you look is another delight in the form of hand soap, guest soap, sachets, dusting powder, bath salts and toilet water, with that rich, deep, refreshing scent of old spice, as past generations knew it. The containers have a hand-painted look with their very old-fashioned motifs in bright colors. You'll cherish them for odd uses, but that's not all. The mirrored box, about eight by eleven inches, makes a charming beauty box. Atop a dressing table, it furnishes mirror and compartments. All girls will adore it—and rightly!



For a lipstick that glamorizes and stays on, try the Coty Sub-Deb.

A TOOTHBRUSH is something to be reckoned with seriously, concerning mouth health and beauty. Its bristles must resist softening and loss of resiliency through daily wetting, and splitting or breaking through daily action. Johnson & Johnson announce an important development in treatment of natural bristles in Tek brushes that assures *six times longer life!* Distinctive shaping means better cleaning, too. Tek Double is a smart idea, two brushes packaged together, one for morning, one for night, distinguished by different colors.

WORDS on that painful subject of perspiration—for it is most painful when it ruins a new garment or leaves an embarrassing reminder in woollens that dry cleaning doesn't seem to remove. Use your deodorants and use your non-perspirants, but for those frocks, blouses and sweaters you cherish, use also Kleinert's dress shields for double protection against the time you forget to use your preparation or when you over-do to the extent that nothing seems to stop nature under your arms. Sketched, are frosty, lace-edged Kleinert "aristocrats," with no rubber but guaranteed perspiration-proof. Dainty, airy-light, they belong with lovely lingerie and perfect grooming. They come in white, and are easy to adjust.



Ayer Carryall goes anywhere you want beauty, style and convenience.



Anne Shirley (Mrs. John Payne) on opposite page whips up a special dish. Left, planning table decorations. Above, ready to welcome her guests.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 12

Sunday and have our friends drop in as they please, any time from one o'clock on. The boys play badminton on the court, and I'm sure the play that goes on ought to win championships. They're really *good*. The girls and I usually sit around and talk or listen to one of the radio programs. Anyone who feels hungry goes to the kitchen and gets a Coca-Cola or ginger ale out of

the ice-box and fixes himself a sandwich. "Tell you a good way to do when your guests want to fix their own food: Lay out slices of different kinds of bread, and plates of good crisp crackers like Educators' cheese thins or Crax butter wafers. Then have a platter with slices of tomato, cold cuts of meat, pickles, olives, celery and Kraft's cream cheese. You can have paper cups—those tiny ones—with Kraft's mayonnaise in them, if you want to go to the trouble. People love to try different things.

"Florence Lake, Marsha Hunt and her

husband, Phyllis Fraser, Dan Barry, sometimes Margaret Lindsay and Eddie Norris, come in and we all play poker for fun. If anybody wins as much as a dollar and a half in one evening, it's a big night. Because we both work, we seldom ask a crowd to dinner, but now and then we get ambitious and ask an extra couple in to eat with us.

"You ought to have one of our sample menus for four. We don't care for soup, so we don't serve it, thus we usually start off,

TIME FOR A *SHOWDOWN!*



(AND MARY TOLD HIM THE TRUTH!)

LOOK HERE, MARY! I DON'T HAVE TO WAIT AROUND FOR YOU LIKE THIS! WHAT'S MORE, ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'M NOT GOING TO!

JUST AS YOU LIKE, PHIL!



AND WHILE WE'RE BEING SO FRANK, I HAVE A SUGGESTION FOR YOU! SUPPOSE BEFORE WE GO OUT AGAIN YOU TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT-- ABOUT BAD BREATH!



PHIL SEES HIS DENTIST...

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!



"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth ... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop

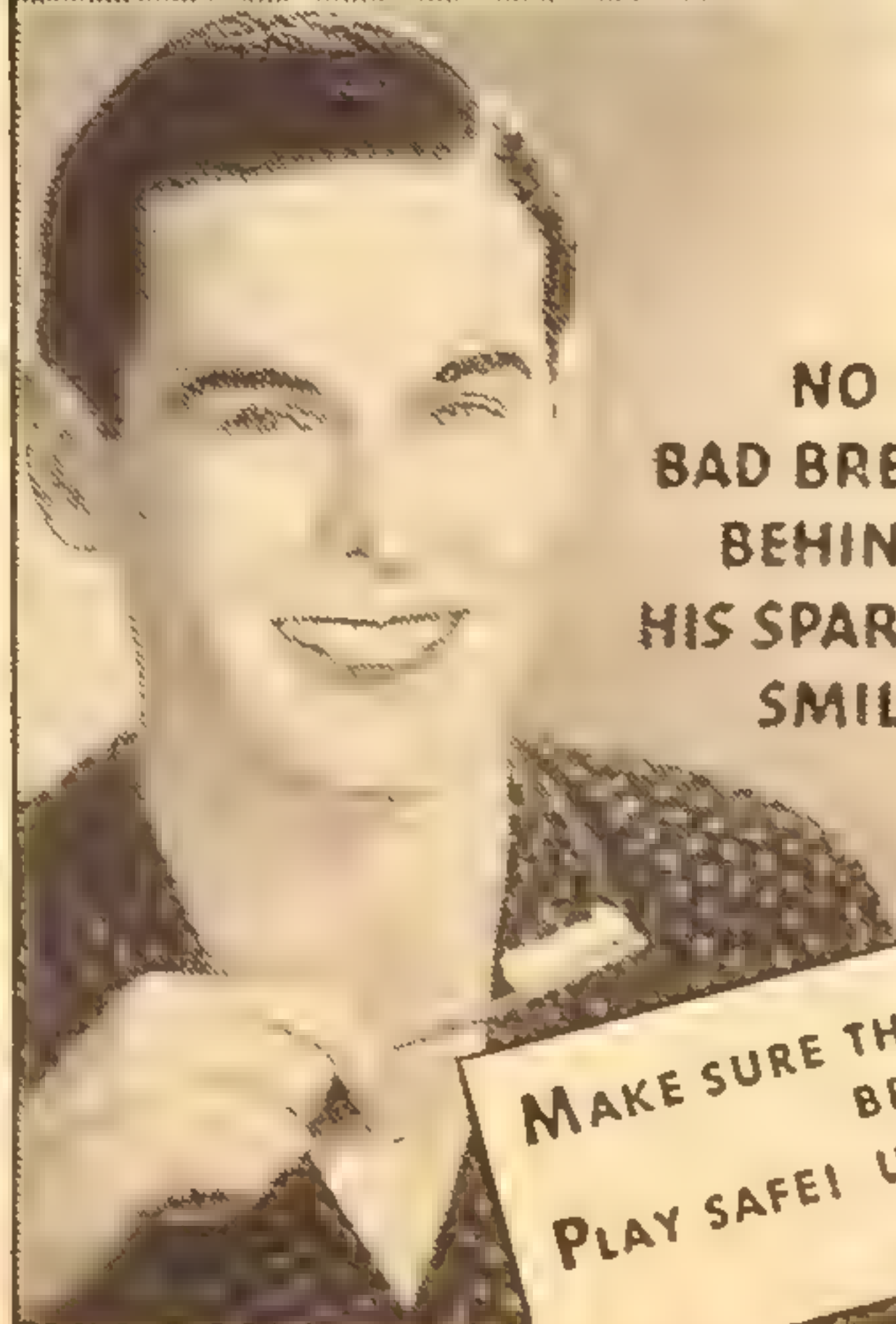
the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE'S

I'M NOT LATE, AM I, MARY?



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California fashion, with a salad. I adore shredded carrot and raisin salad with heavy French dressing, but we had avocado and grapefruit with French dressing last time, and everyone liked it.

"I may repeat that this week, if Phyllis and whoever she brings can manage to come. Then we'll have squab and wild rice. Our cook is simply marvelous with squab. She'll tell you how she does it. We'll have string beans, sliced and served green, new potatoes with little specks of parsley on them, and boiled onions in cream. My favorite vegetable! And then we'll have a strawberry dessert.

"Everyone knows me when it comes to strawberry—pie, tart, shortcake, ice cream or parfait, so long as it's strawberry. And did you ever try a strawberry custard? Then you haven't lived!"

SQUAB WITH WILD RICE

Before roasting the squab, "butter" with a paste made of 1 tablespoon butter and 2 tablespoons flour; then dust with 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon pepper.

WILD RICE DRESSING

- 1 cup wild rice
- 4 cups boiling water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons chopped celery
- ½ cup sliced mushrooms
- ½ cup pecans
- ½ teaspoon salt

Put rice in a colander and run cold water over it. Cover with boiling water and let stand twenty minutes. Drain. Repeat this process four times, using fresh boiling water each time. Add salt during the last soaking. Drain. Sauté onions and celery and mushrooms in butter. Add salt and pecans and combine mixtures.

STRAWBERRY CUSTARDS

- 5 eggs
- ½ lemon
- 1 cup ripe strawberries or strawberry jam
- 1 teaspoon strawberry extract
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- Few drops of red coloring

Remove the hulls from the berries, place them in a bowl and beat until liquid, then add the yolk of the eggs well beaten, sugar, strained lemon juice and strawberry extract.

Pour the mixture into a fireproof dish, stand it in a saucepan of boiling water, and stir it over the fire till it thickens; it must not boil. Allow to get cold, then add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, stir lightly till all are mixed.

Pour into earthenware custard cups and serve cold decorated with a ripe strawberry on top of each custard.

"Whenever I go to the Brown Derby, they bring me one of their strawberry tarts. I think the recipe is a secret, but my cook says that the way to make them is to take a patty shell and fill it with a good custard, then put fresh strawberries together lightly with a thin jello and place half a dozen on top of the custard. They serve them cold. Oh yes, don't forget to put whipped cream on top."

Anne's cook makes her custard like this: Mix ½ cup sugar with ⅓ cup flour and a few grains of salt; place in top of double boiler, stir in 2 cups of milk and cook, still stirring, until thick and smooth. Add beaten yolks of 2 eggs, cook one minute, remove from fire and pour in baked pie-shell. If not using strawberries, cover with meringue and brown in a slow oven.

"I can't cook very expertly, because I

have no time to practice, but Phyllis and I used to get up dinners by ourselves when we lived with my mother before I married," said Anne, her brown eyes bright, "and there's one thing I really learned to make—biscuits! You know Johnny is from Virginia and he surely likes hot biscuits. To make biscuits for four people, I take:

- 2 cups flour
- 4 level teaspoons Royal baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons Crisco
- ¾ cup milk

Sift the flour and baking powder into a mixing bowl. Rub in shortening with finger tips (or cut it with two silver knives). Add enough milk to make a smooth, firm dough. ¾ cup usually does with this amount of flour, but you may need more. Lightly pat out the dough until about ¾ inch thick. Cut with a biscuit cutter. Bake ten minutes in a hot oven at 450 degrees F.

"If I'm making biscuits for girls, I use a thimble-size cutter, but Johnny takes his as big as he can get them. Sometimes I add more milk and make a softer dough and drop the biscuits from a teaspoon onto a biscuit sheet. That way, they bake faster. Johnny likes these biscuits with blueberries, too.

"When I want to be really fancy, I dip a cube of sugar into orange juice that has grated orange peel in it, and press it onto the top of each biscuit just before I put it in the oven. Sometimes I use orange marmalade or strawberry jam—but never use jelly. I tried it once, and it ruined the biscuits.

You can use the same recipe for making cobbler or shortcake, too, by adding a tablespoon of sugar to the dry ingredients. And if I want to make meat or chicken pies, I don't use the sugar but I add an extra tablespoon of shortening."

We went through the white swinging doors of the dining-room back through the living-room to the master bedroom, all done in soft blues. "So much I like about this room!" sighed Anne, looking lovely in her pale blue housecoat. "The color is perfect—I adore blues and greens—and the way the dressing-table is set back into the wall with the windows throwing good daylight on the mirror is such a help for daytime make-up. But yesterday, on one of our periodic house-hunts, we came on a peach of a place, up the hill from the Trocadero, up and up that winding road. There's always something wrong with a house, and this one looks like a vault outside, but inside it's adorable, and the views are magnificent! No matter where you look, you have a view that's superb! Can I think of any more adjectives?

"You enter downstairs, where there are two bedrooms and bath and hall, then go down to the living-room and dining-room and kitchen, with the maid's room still below that. There's a breakfast room, too, with big bunches of cherries on the wall-paper, and the kitchen is like ours here, in red and white. There's room on the grounds for a badminton court, for they slope down and then go level for a piece and slope up again. But *what* could we do with the outside? The roof is flat—but we could put an awning on it and some patio furniture and call it a deck. It would be marvelous for a party some summer night with all the garlands of colorful lights below.

"We can't make up our minds about it! It's a bargain, but can we afford bargains? Sometimes they cost more than regular prices by the time you get through with them."

She shook her red curls and laughed. "Oh well, house hunting is so much fun!"

FOR BROWN-EYED GIRLS LIKE ETHEL MERMAN

There's *Glamour* in
Marvelous
Matched Makeup!



A star of
"STARS IN
YOUR EYES"

Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!



LOIS: Explain yourself, Judy! You say you chose this makeup by the color of your eyes?

JUDY: Yes! It's Marvelous Matched Makeup—the most flattering powder, rouge and lipstick I've ever used, Lois! It's amazing what a harmonized makeup can do for a girl!



LOIS: It's perfect on you, Judy! But your eyes are brown! What about me, with blue eyes?

JUDY: Whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—



LOIS: And they found eye color to be the guide to proper makeup shades, Judy?

JUDY: Lois, they found it's the *only* true guide! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes—the color of your eyes!



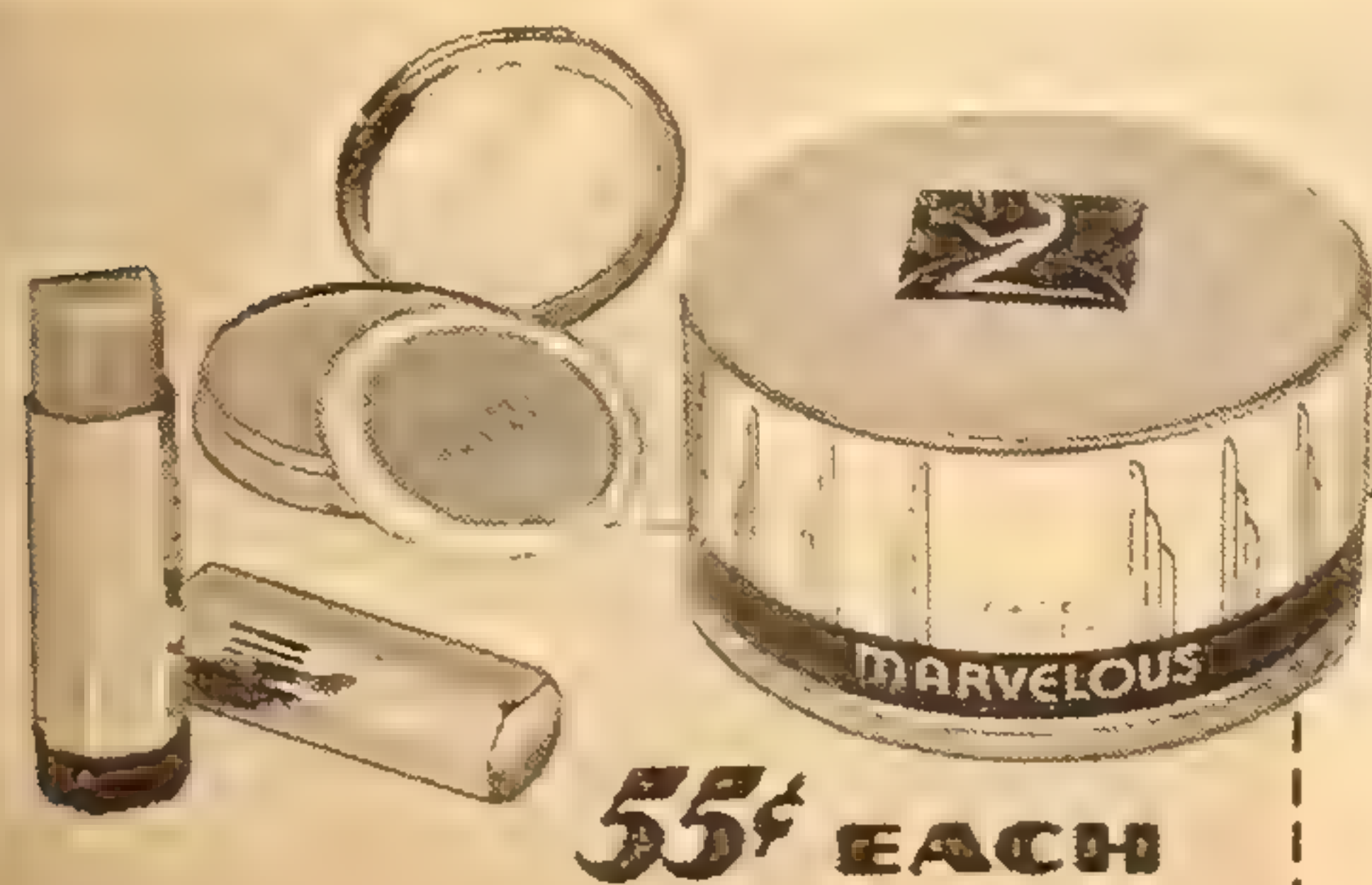
JUDY: And Marvelous Matched Makeup gives you so much *more* than becoming shades, Lois! Take the face powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!



JUDY: I'm devoted to Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick—and you will be, too! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly*—gives your lips lovely, *long-lasting* color!



JUDY: With Marvelous, you look as you *want* to look! You can get the Powder, Rouge and Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony*, use them all! Just order by the color of your eyes! At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each! (65¢ in Canada)



MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐ Name _____
Please send sample Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous metal containers. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs. Street _____
City _____ State _____

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to buy Nail Polish



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See Booklet enclosed with every bottle of Dura-Coat Nail Wax (10c) for an important new beauty secret.

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Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J.

Honest Confessions of an Extra Girl

Continued from page 27

nice neighborhood because I have my little girl to support and she's six years old now and I want her to live in a nice environment. You read about the few who make \$5000 a week or \$7500 a week, how Garbo makes \$10,000 a week. Yes, some do. But more don't, many more. Last year I earned exactly \$565 and some odd cents. On that amount I took care of my baby, my mother and myself. Well, we're still alive. And decently fed and clothed. But I don't go to the shops where the stars shop for my clothes. I've never been inside those shops. I buy my things in little, out-of-the-way places. I make all of my baby's clothes and many of my own. Last month I had 10 days' work, at \$8.25 a day. And most of that went to pay the debts of the month before. And I am what is known as an extra in "good standing." Which means that I have a good reputation, nothing against my name, and that I pay my \$4.25 quarterly dues to the Guild. I get my share of work. People say to me, "you can't complain." I'm not. I don't. But I can try to explain to girls who look at Hollywood as the Promised Land that there is another side to Hollywood, a side called "seamy."

When I'm not working, I spend my life by my telephone. We all spend our lives by our telephones, we extras, either dialling Central Casting to let them know that we are "on call" or hoping and praying that Central Casting will call us. Sometimes I get down on my knees by my telephone, knowing that I must look very silly and melodramatic, but not caring about that. Sometimes when the phone doesn't ring for days I have to rob my baby's bank to buy food. Sometimes I have to use my rent money to buy an outfit for a day's work. We extras have to supply our own clothes, you know, except in the case of a costume picture, like "Robin Hood," for instance, then the studio outfits us. I nearly died not long ago when Central Casting called me for a day's work and told me to wear slacks. I don't need slacks so I didn't have any. I had to buy them, however, and they might have cost me my day's salary. I got a break that time, though, because I got four days' work on that picture instead of one, and so the slacks paid for themselves. One time I had to buy a light, summer formal. I had to borrow from my landlady for that. Other days I have a few extra dollars in my purse and thank God for it and hope that He will show me how to take care of the next day. Naturally, I can't budget as girls on a salary can. Extra work is too spotty and uncertain for that. I can't save, either. I do have a \$1,000 life insurance policy and I pay 25 cents a week on an educational policy for my baby, and that's all I can manage.

There are hundreds of girls doing extra work who live as I do. Quite a number of the girls have babies to support, too. Even among the extras, marriage in Hollywood doesn't seem to "take" so well. Maybe it's because we see too many attractive men out here, Clark Gable and Charles Boyer and Robert Taylor and all, and it sort of goes to our heads and we get romantic and rush into things too fast.

Many of us would like to get out of extra work because we know, in our hearts, that there is no such thing as a Future in it. But most of us don't know anything else. And we haven't the time or the money to take courses in anything else. We don't dare stay away from our telephones long enough to even go down town to see about taking courses. And when we get a call, we have to work. And so here we stay.

One thing that makes my story of some value is not so much that it is my story

as that it is with few variations the story of hundreds of others of us whom you know as "extras." We are extras. And the extras in life are never necessary! We are necessary en masse, as a herd. We are not necessary as individuals. If anything should happen to Bette Davis, for instance, or to Claudette Colbert, it would be an awful tragedy, a terrible loss, in every way. If anything should happen to an extra, almost no one would know about it. And several thousand others would be right here to fill up the little vacancy any one of us might leave. So it's a sad name, too, "extras." Because everyone likes to feel a little important on their job.

Here's something that hurts me, too, hurts all of us—the talent scouts who go over the world searching for "new talent" when we, the extras, are right under their eyes and—they don't see us. They don't see us as individuals. We're not scum. There is a great deal of talent and beauty in our ranks. I know what I'm talking about. Hedy Lamarr is simply ravishing. But I know girls among the extras who, given her clothes and her backing, could be every bit as ravishing as she is.

I'm not a raving beauty myself, though I have been told that I'm a bit on Margaret Sullavan's type. Anyway, I'm attractive enough as girls go. This isn't vanity. It's our business to estimate ourselves, just as a stenographer must estimate accurately the number of words she can take per minute. I wear my clothes well, I think. The few chances I've had to do anything, I've made good. But I've never had anyone or anything big enough back of me. I don't mean what you may think I mean! I don't think it's necessary or even helpful for a girl to have an "angel," as they say, with very unangelic intentions. In fact, I will tell you later how this kind of thing harms far more than it helps. But I do think you have to have someone take an interest in your career. Particularly if you started as an extra. Because once you are known as an extra you might as well try to rise from the dead as rise out of the extra ranks.

Perhaps some of you girls don't know how we extras work. Well, once you are registered with Central Casting—and it may take weeks or months before you can get registered—you sit by your phone and dial and dial and dial until you get them. When you get them, you just say your name. Like I get them and I say "Alberta Hamblen" and that is all. Not even "this is Alberta Hamblen..." For Central Casting's phone rings from dawn to dawn without ceasing and so they haven't time for anything but the name. When they hear your name they know that you are "on call." Then you wait for them to call you. It may be the same day, it may not be for days or weeks. When they do call, the process is like this: Let's say that some extras are wanted for "Each Dawn I Die," in production at Warner Brothers Studio. The director tells the assistant director how many extras he wants, for what scenes, and how they are to be dressed. The assistant director then relays the order to Warners' casting director. Warners' casting director in turn relays the order to Central Casting and Central Casting calls us—some of us. We are told what studio to report to, what set, what assistant director and what clothes we are required to wear.

I am an \$8.25 a day extra. There are four classifications of extras: the highest paid are the \$16.50 a day or "dress" extras. They are recruited from among the girls who are known to have the best, the smartest clothes, evening clothes, especially

Then come the \$11.00 a day extras. They are supposed to have the smartest street clothes. Then the \$8.25-ers who are supposed to have very good street clothes, though not quite as ultra as the \$11.00 a day-ers. Last of all come the \$5.50 a day extras, and they are used mostly in big mob scenes, crowds. If we have worked for a director in one scene of, say, "The Old Maid," we usually can't work in that picture again. We may have been used in street scenes, you see, in which case the director wouldn't want the same faces in drawing-room scenes. This curtails us quite a lot. And once you get classified as an \$8.25 extra it's just about as hard to break into the \$16.50 class as it would be to break into stardom. What we extras all hope for, about all we hope for, really, is that we may get "bits" to do. A bit is when you say one line, or even one word. If you just say "oh" or "hello" that's a "bit" and you get \$25.00 a day for that. Once I did a silent "bit"—it was in "Music For Madame" and the camera showed my reaction to Billy Gilbert making funny faces. We all hope for bits, not only because they pay more money but even more because they might lead to something better for us, something would make us individuals, with names and faces and personalities of our own.

I made quite a nice start in pictures, too. I was born in Indianapolis. I didn't come to Hollywood to get into the movies. My mother and I came out here to live when I was a child. My mother had a good secretarial position and we had a pleasant home. I went to convent schools for a time, had my own car and everything I needed. One day when I was sixteen a friend of mine suggested that I go with her while she made a test for Larry Ceballos, the dance director. I said I would try, too. I had had a few dancing lessons. Out of 65 girls tested, 26 were chosen and I was one of the 26. That's how I began. Then I



Jimmy Cagney, star of "Each Dawn I Die," helps Alberta Hamblen, the girl of this confession story, work out a very difficult crossword puzzle.

worked at Paramount and at Warner Brothers. I was in dance ensembles, mostly. I did some extra work between whiles, too. I wanted to be a dancer but I couldn't afford to take more lessons. I did all sorts of other things, too. They used my hands for close-ups of stars' hands. They posed me for stocking ads. Photographers used me when they wanted to experiment with a model.

I even got a contract at Warner Brothers as a stock player. My hopes were way Up There, then. Then, at the end of my first three months option, my mother de-

cided that I must go back to school. I went back. That was my first tragic mistake. My next tragic mistake was when I got married. I married an actor, yes. My marriage lasted only a few months. My husband left me before my baby was born. I had no money and my mother lost her position. I was in the hospital for four months before the baby came. After she came I had double pneumonia and was in bed for four months more. My mother helped me through all of this by pawning her rings.

When I got my strength back a little, we were penniless. And I couldn't get a job. Even after I finally got registered at Central Casting, I couldn't get work. I wouldn't go to the few friends I had. That isn't done any more, in Hollywood. I'd gone to Fairfax High School with Sally Eilers. Sally was always swell to me. She always "knew" me when we met on the lots. The first picture I ever worked extra on was "Broadway Babies," with Sally. But I knew another girl who had been my closest friend at school. I won't mention her name because she is a big star now and I don't want to hurt anybody. Anyway, whenever she'd see me she'd say "oo, alloo" and go on her way, quickly. I wouldn't bother her. But I guess she didn't know that. And she made me realize what a Great Divide there is between the stars and the extras. How little "I knew you when" really means.

My baby was two and a half years old before I got work again. I don't know, now, how we did live during that time. If it had not been for my baby, I would have been glad to have stopped living. It is never fun when your tummy touches your spine. When I did get work it was, again, through Larry Ceballos. He was interviewing dancers for "Sitting Pretty" with Ginger Rogers and Jack Oakie. I got a few days work. Ginger was very sweet to us girls.

**RUN, SHEEP, RUN...
SIS HAS GOT A RUN!**

**OH HUSH UP, JIMMIE.
I DON'T KNOW WHY
I GET THESE RUNS**

**Here's what Jimmie's sister
ought to know**

**I FOUND STOCKING RUNS A
CONSTANT EMBARRASSMENT
AND EXPENSE UNTIL I BEGAN
USING LUX. THIS CUTS
DOWN RUNS AMAZINGLY**

**LUX CUTS DOWN
MY RUNS A LOT!
IT LEAVES STOCKINGS
SMOOTH-FITTING, TOO!**

MRS. J. TAYLOR
WOODWARD
Housewife

JACQUELINE COLLINS
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Everywhere girls cut down runs with Lux! Lux saves elasticity so threads can give—runs don't pop easily!

Avoid cake-soap rubbing—soaps with harmful alkali. These weaken elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali. Buy the BIG box for extra economy!

Lux saves elasticity—cuts down RUNS

little
so far—
thrifty





Kisses Don't Just Happen!

Make Your Lips Magnetic!

Use the *only* lipstick with the "magic" Tangee Color Change Principle. Tangee gives you what every man dreams about... smooth, soft, rosy, "natural" lips! Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to your *very own* shade of blush-rose... ranging from delicate pink to glamorous red...and its special cream base helps keep your lips smooth and young-looking.

FOR "PEACHES AND CREAM" COMPLEXION use Tangee Rouge, compact or creme, to match your "magic" Tangee Lipstick...and Tangee Powder to give your skin the fascinating *under-glow* that is an exclusive Tangee secret!



BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let some smart salesperson switch you.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

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|---------------------------------|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| ☐ Peach | ☐ Light Rachel | ☐ Flesh |
| ☐ Rachel | ☐ Dark Rachel | ☐ Tan |

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City _____ State _____ SU99

She not only treated us to cokes and ice-creams but she would stop and talk to us, too.

About this time I had a dreadful experience. I guess it wouldn't be too sensational to call it heart-breaking. And it does prove my point, that no one sees us as individuals, with prides to be hurt and hearts which can (and do) break. I was having a bad time getting work. One day I met a publicity man I knew slightly. I will call him Harry. I ran into him on Hollywood Boulevard and he looked at me as if he was seeing a Great Light. He talked to me a few minutes and then asked me, kind of off-handed, whether I'd like to go over to the commissary at the ——— studio and have lunch with him and with Pierre. Pierre is one of our big stars and Pierre is not his name, of course. On the way over he asked me if I had ever met Pierre. I said that I hadn't. He asked me what I thought of him on the screen. I said I thought he was simply *wonderful*. Funny, silly, sad part of this is that I really did have a yen for him, the only man on the screen I'd ever thought about, romantically. I couldn't believe my ears when Harry offered to take me to lunch with him. I *didn't* believe my ears when, after that luncheon, Pierre asked me to have dinner with him that night. Can you *imagine* how I felt? I should have known better, of course. But once or twice to every girl, I guess there comes a dizzy hour. That was mine.

Well, every night for almost a month Pierre sent me flowers, took me everywhere, always to the best places. I'm afraid I fell in love with him, pretty hard. I must have. That's the only way I can alibi my blindness, my stupidity. It was like a divine dream. It was the kind of thing that made me keep saying to myself, "this can't be happening to me!" He talked about buying me a ring. Poor little sucker that I was, I *believed* him. I can't believe, now, that I actually did believe then that he was in love with me, intended for us to get married. He told me to tell my friends about Us, if I wanted to. When the movie columns more than hinted that Pierre was in love with a little, unknown girl from the middle west he showed me the papers and was absolutely *triumphant* about it. He laughed and laughed and seemed so pleased and I thought he was pleased because he was proud of me and wanted the whole world to know. He said that he was, that he did. He said that he wanted *everyone* to know about us, and laughed some more.

Then one night, shortly after this, my doorbell rang. I thought it was Pierre. It wasn't. It was Harry. Harry said, "I just came by to tell you that you won't be seeing Pierre any more, everything's all fixed." I didn't know what on earth he was talking about. I said "What do you mean, 'everything's all fixed'?" Harry laughed: "Don't play dumb, you know what it was all about!" Then he looked at me more closely and said, "Why, you little sap, you didn't think Pierre was *in love* with you, for crying out loud? He was in trouble, see? He was in hot water. Through no fault of his own, he'd got mixed up with a married woman and her husband was about to sue him for alienation of affections. That would have cooked his goose, the Public thinking him Galahad's twin brother and all. Only way we could figure out of it was to have him seem to be in love with someone else, on the verge of an engagement and marriage with another girl. I ran into you and it struck me all of a heap that you were It. You look nice and refined and not the kind to make trouble. To do me credit, I thought you might get some work out of it, too, meet people who'd give you a break, you know. You did get a lot of swell dinners and theatre tickets and flowers out of it, didn't you? What

you crying about?"

I said, "I'm not crying." But I was. But not for the reason he thought. Not for that reason, at all. Then he tried to hand me an envelope. He said, "Pierre's a good sort and he does like you, a lot. He sent you this. It's handsome. You can lay off work for six months if you feel like it. Only thing is, when you do work *don't try to work extra on any set of his. It would embarrass him to see you around.*"

I shut the door, but very quietly, on Harry and on the envelope. And on the whole thing. It was the kind of a hurt that was so horrid it healed. Well, it proves, too, that it doesn't do us girls any good to have friends among the Biggies. I have a girl-friend, an extra like me, who went around with a big director. They went together for over a year. My friend didn't think he would marry her. But she did think that he would help her get work. He never did. He not only never did but when they broke up he asked her not to work on any set of his again. It would "embarrass" him to have her around. You know how it is yourself, if you've made mistakes in your own life—you *don't* want to see them around.

The idea that "wild, Hollywood parties," friendships, or love affairs with producers or directors get you breaks in pictures is definitely NOT. There isn't much of that kind of thing going on in Hollywood any more, anyhow.

I had one other bad experience: I was framed. I was framed beautifully. At a certain studio there was a certain man who held quite a high position. I'll call him Duncan. Because that isn't *his* name, either. He was quite a bit older than I. He often talked to me, and found out about my baby. He said he was crazy about kids, asked if he might come to see her. He did. Over a period of about two years he came to my apartment about six or eight times, always to see the baby, so he said. And so I believed because he never said a single, out of the way thing to me. He never once tried to be alone with me. He kept telling me that he'd get me bits to do. He even promised me once that he'd get me a small part in a western. He didn't, but he kept my hopes raised all the time. One day Central Casting called me, asked me if I'd go on location for two or three days. I was thrilled, as I had never been on location. We went up to the northern part of the state. That night we were having dinner in the restaurant built on the location for the company. At a table near me sat this man. I was rather surprised to see him but as he had a legitimate reason for being there I didn't give it a second thought. After dinner, the assistant director came to me and said that Mr. Duncan had been taken very ill, had a temperature of 103 and was calling for me, would I please go down to his cabin. The assistant director then whispered something that made my blood run cold. He said "Don't blame me for this, I never got you into a spot like this, sister." I said that I wouldn't go. A little later the director himself came to me and asked me to go to Mr. Duncan who was, he said, in a really bad way. I said, "I'm not a nurse. If Mr. Duncan is really so ill, he should have a nurse and a doctor." I would not go. The next morning, right after breakfast, I *was sent home*. I lost my three days work. I've seen Mr. Duncan a few times since then but he never "knows" me. But this kind of thing is very, very rare. Much rarer, I daresay, than it is in offices and in other lines of work. In all my experience, I've only known three girls who were cut off from working because they would not "play ball" with the men higher up.

The assistant directors are really the only men we extras come into contact with very much. The assistant director rules the

extras. Most of them are very regular. I've had a couple of them say to me, "If you go out with me tonight, I'll see that you work tomorrow." I have answered, "No, thank you, and—I'll still work tomorrow!" And to do them credit, I always have.

So it's gone along for me, for some five or six years, sometimes pretty leanly, sometimes comfortably.

It isn't all grief, being an extra, not by any means. Sometimes it's fun, too. Most of the stars never notice us extras at all. They're all wrapped up in hairdressers and things. But some of them are kind to us, very human. When I worked extra on "San Francisco" Mr. Gable always talked to me. He'd sit right down by me and chat, as friendly as you please. Tom Brown is a swell boy. One day when I was working extra on a set of his, a very nasty man was annoying me. Tom came over and asked me if I'd like to play *Ger-Dunk* with him and some of the others. *Ger-Dunk* is a card game we all play between scenes on the sets, stars and extras, too. But the stars play for money and I was afraid the game would be too steep for me. I guess Tom read my thoughts for as we walked away from the annoying man, he said to me, "You don't have to play, you know, if you don't want to. We saw that heel pestering you and felt sorry for you and made an excuse to pry you away from him." One day on the set of "Angels With Dirty Faces" I was talking to another girl and I said, "I think Pat O'Brien would be real whether he had money or not" and to my horror I heard Mr. O'Brien's voice right over my shoulder saying, "I hope to tell you—or I'd get out of this business!" I was scared for fear he'd think me too fresh. But he laughed and patted my shoulder and since that time, he always speaks to me.

Someone who gave me the biggest thrill of my life was—Jean Harlow. I was introduced to her one night in the Brown Derby. When she turned to leave she said to me, "I'm very pleased to have met you, Miss Hamblen." She remembered my name! I'll always love her for that. It was such a little thing to her, so big to me.

I think the stars would be quite different to us *if they were introduced to us*. I think many things would be quite different for us *if we had names*. But of course we can't have, there are too many of us.

A lot of the stars are awfully nice about treating us extras to cokes and ice-creams and things too. Bob Hope is swell like that. So are Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Cagney and Bette Davis and Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert. If ever an extra is taken ill on the set, Jimmy Cagney is always right there, to see that she or he gets every care. Some of the directors are especially kind, too. Mr. von Sternberg is a very kind director. I had a little sort of a bit in "The Great Waltz." I was one of the three little washerladies who run down the steps to the canal in Venice. One day we three were going to the M-G-M commissary for some tea and Mr. Von came along and said, "Won't you have tea with me?"—and he told us jokes and was awfully friendly. He introduced us to Mr. Gravet, too, *by our names*.

We have fun on the sets, too. We play cards. We play Chinese Checkers. We read and knit and sew. We have nice lunch-rooms in most of the studios. In some studios we eat in the same commissary as the stars do. We have a big "general" dressing room, with lockers and mirrors and all.

I think I'll end my story by saying that, in spite of everything, *I always hope*. I guess that's one thing we extras have in common with stars, with everyone, no matter how little or how big—we always hope!

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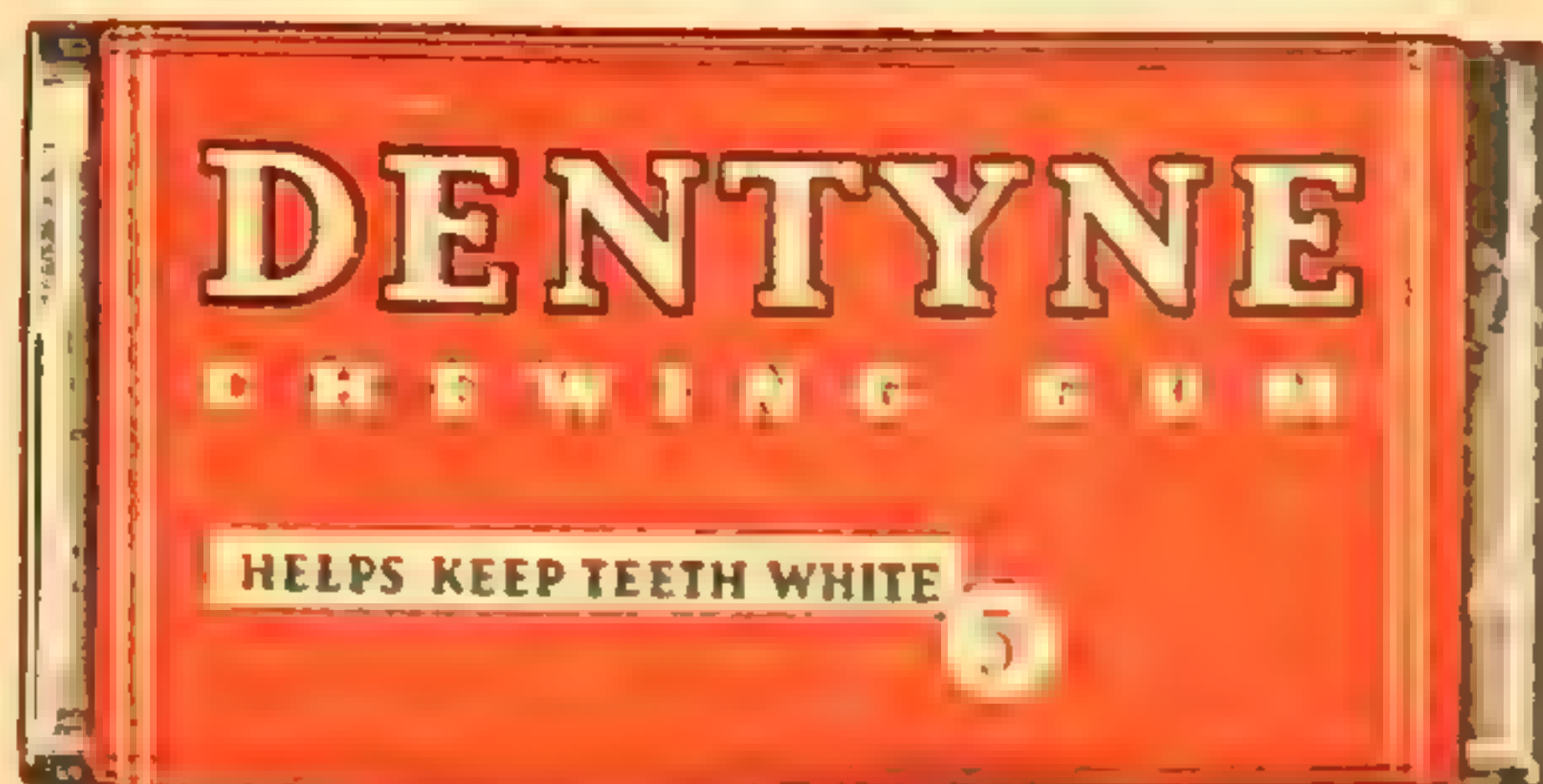


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Now We Can Tell!

Continued from page 25

From then on life was a series of friendly adventures. They rode together on the Beverly Hills bridle path. Bob began to drop by Barbara's house for dinner. Very seldom did they ever share their evenings with another couple. Their romance was the gradual outcome of a steadily growing appreciation for each other's qualities. Theirs was no puppy love affair. As they grew fonder of each other, they realized the seriousness of the responsibilities ahead. Even though the culmination of their romance is the result of painstaking patience and planning, the actual public announcement was as big a surprise to Barbara as it was to fifty million friends, fans, and Hollywood columnists. As the time grew nearer when they could announce their engagement, it grew twice as tough for Barbara and Bob to state that the date had not been set. Barbara insisted there was nothing to tell.

Then one night Bob stopped by on his way home from the studio. "Our engagement will be announced in tomorrow's paper. The studio told me today that I leave for location after I finish this present picture. We've waited such a long time, Barbara. I just won't put it off until I get back. I knew you would understand, so I went ahead and announced it."

Just the day before Barbara had told an interviewer there was no announcement to make. She was honestly telling the truth. She had denied it to columnists, radio commentators and studio intimates. She was sorry she had mislead them. She knew that someone would be annoyed. She had never expected things to happen quite so suddenly. Needless to say, she was thrilled at sharing it with those who were interested.

The important thing in the marriage of Barbara and Bob is that all adjustments were made *before* and not *after*. Barbara's love and devotion to young Dion Stanwyck is by this time a legend. His affection for Bob is therefore doubly gratifying.

Actually Barbara and Bob were only engaged eighteen months. They went together three years. Up until the day that Bob returned from his lonely stay in England, they had never considered marriage. Barbara wanted to get her ranch on a paying basis before she took the serious step. Under an old contract agreement, she still owed pictures to 20th Century-Fox and RKO. She wanted to do these, to be free to take a long honeymoon trip. There were other obligations too, all assumed by Barbara before Bob came into her life. In all fairness she felt she could not expect Bob to take them on as his.

Barbara and Bob planned on a home wedding. They wanted it simple, but as beautiful and sentimental as a wedding should be. Twice their plans were made. Each time production schedules and location trips interfered. They grew to the realization that they were attempting to achieve the impossible. As it was, Barbara was back with "Golden Boy" on the morning following their marriage. Typical of Hollywood, Bob, on the "Lady of the Tropics" set had to go through a second wedding ceremony with Hedy Lamarr!

Sticking to their first authentic statement, that they would be married sometime in May or June, Barbara and Bob drove down to San Diego for their license. At the same time they planned on visiting friends too. In all probability, had they tried to make a big mystery trip out of it, the story would have hit the front pages. Instead, they simply applied for the license under their own names of Ruby Stevens and Arlington Brugh. No one caught on.

At eight-thirty the following Saturday



Following their marriage, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck returned to screen jobs—Bob to make love to Hedy Lamarr, and Babs to arms of Bill Holden for scenes for "Golden Boy," like the one above.

evening, they asked their good friends, Marion and Zeppo Marx, to accompany them immediately to San Diego, for the wedding. Buck Mack, Barbara's godfather and closest friend, gave her away. Barbara's wedding dress was blue. And very new. From Holly Barnes, her friend and hairdresser, (whom Barbara had stood up with the day before), Barbara borrowed a becoming hat. The bride's wedding ring was a slender gold band, completely encircled with rubies. Mrs. Robert Taylor's first phone call came from Joel McCrea, who has co-starred and been friends with Barbara through many pictures. Her first wire was an amusing one sent by young William Holden, who thinks Barbara is tops for her kindness and encouragement on his first picture. "Gosh what a blow!" read the kidding message. It was signed, "Golden Boy."

For the present they are in Barbara's house. When she selected the furnishings for Bob's ranch house (while he was in England) Barbara picked only things with a definite masculine trend. Bob's house has but one small bedroom. While Barbara's house is larger and more comfortable, accommodations for Bob are limited. If they remain in it, alterations will probably be made. They would like to have a small place in Beverly Hills to use when they are working. Both are dead set against a large movie star establishment that requires a corps of servants and a terrific bankroll to run. They want to feel free from worry and the responsibility of too many expensive possessions. When he finds the right buyer, Bob will undoubtedly sell his ranch and move his fine horses over to the Marwyck stables.

Of one thing I am certain. If Barbara and Bob are allowed to live their life together as they see fit, their happiness is assured. Fame has never spoiled Bob. He's had plenty of time, liberty, and encouragement to decide for himself just what he wants out of life. With Barbara's intelligent enthusiasm, there's everything good promised. Neither has travelled extensively. So they are looking forward to that day when they can explore the world. They plan to live quietly, having a few close friends in occasionally. They plan to work hard and build a permanent personal institution. Because the two of them have no grand illusions about movie fame and their positions as great stars, I think they have a great deal more in their favor than any

of the other recently married screen players. Just before they became man and wife, Bob presented Barbara with a St. Christopher medal (The Saint of Travel). In his own handwriting, Bob had engraved: "God protect her because I love her." After the wedding, Mrs. Robert Taylor received another sentimental gift from her adoring husband. On a good luck charm, Bob had engraved, "Luck to you from Lucky Me." Personally, I think two such regular people, who have salvaged simplicity and stability from Hollywood's whirl, are lucky to have found each other.

Cameraman Beery

Continued from page 65

show him unique sights or give him special places so he could get better shots.

The Beery house in Beverly Hills, a big white mansion with green, carefully tended lawns, starred with clumps of white-and-gold daisies, is another target for Wally's camera, preferably from the air. He has watched it from the blue print stage and designed a great deal of it himself. The huge trophy room contains besides the elk's head, wildcat and mountain lion pelts, evidence of his hunting prowess, the projector and screen on which the home movies are shown. There's a bar here, too, made from blades of an old airplane propeller. Beyond the trophy room, the den is piled high with camera equipment. He has a filing cabinet for film reels made with the home movie outfits.

"I'm a push-over for any new gadget connected with cameras," he confessed. "See, here's a microscopic lens—you can set it up on a desk so that it will photograph whatever you set beneath it, like they use cameras in cartoon studios, understand? I can make pictures of bugs—butterflies, caterpillars—any insect life. And I use it to photograph stamps from my collection."

He brought out a stamp book and we looked through it together. Stamps from every country in the world! "I haven't begun putting in my United States collection of stamps," he said. "Maybe I'll die before I get to that. I'm getting old!" His smooth brown hair and bright brown eyes denied that. "Well, maybe you're right and I'd be sorry if I had everything all finished up and nothing more to be done. I keep busy. I have to keep busy. I could photograph finger prints with that lens, if I wanted to. But so far I haven't wanted to. Other day I got a grand new gadget where the flash bulb is connected to the shutter of the camera so you get the light and the shot at the same moment. They've had those things on big cameras for some time, but this was the first I'd seen on a Leica."

Wally never goes hunting or fishing unless he has a camera as well as a gun or a rod. "One time I was so busy shooting a mountain lion with a lens, I forgot to pull my gun and he got away."

Years ago, Wally and Ray Hattón bought an island in a mountain lake, where they built cabins and had splendid isolation until floods came and wrecked the place. Now, Wally has a still more isolated refuge up in a game preserve near Weiser, Idaho. The only way to get in is by airplane, but he has a small cabin amid several hundred acres of primitive wilderness. He shares his landing field with the United States Forestry Department.

He likes to work in his dark room, making etching prints of favorite shots. There's an etching of each of Carol's preferred portraits. He can make the arty, blurry type of thing, too, but he doesn't see much sense in it. When he takes pictures he wants to know what every picture is all about.



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Beginning All Over Again

BEAUTY FOR YOUR HAIR!

Send for our September bulletin that entitles you to our hair beauty gift of the month, and tells you how to correct that Summer hair, plus other tips on fashion, good looks and good times. This bulletin is especially dedicated to drab heads, and is yours for a three cent stamp to Courtenay Marvin, Screenland, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Continued from page 62

cold water. Try this twice a week or oftener, according to your condition.

Now there are two kinds of bumps and "bimples," those that come frankly to the surface, like when you've just had an invitation from that Harvard boy, and those that don't. Those that do are much easier to control. Plenty of soap and water for you, and a drying-up, antiseptic lotion. There's a grand one that helps this condition immensely.

For the roughness and bumps that form under the surface, to give your skin a sand-paper feel and to mar its nice, clear tone, there is a dissolving lotion that seems to do a splendid pore cleansing job. It looks like water, and this, too, you can use by day as well as at night. It just gives the skin a faint moisture, so that powder looks lovely over it and clings. It should be applied, however, only after your skin has been cleansed with soap and water or cream. This lotion seems to work down under your trouble.

Now, of course, these are only surface remedies, and the real cause of your bumps may be the process of growing, bad diet habits, lack of exercise or other reasons. Ann Sheridan succinctly sums up a piece of practical advice: "Never violate any of the rules for good health!" And Ann is a good example of her own good advice. Among the points she stresses are: drinking plenty of water and fruit juice, eating slowly, chewing food well, exercise in the open "because sun, rain and mist are good for your complexion." At school, your food is planned by dieticians to give you a balance of just what you need, and reducing diets are out, except in prescribed cases. You can, however, control your eating habits by particular attention to vegetables and fruits, instead of to the dessert.

As to the beauty you put on for the big dates, use anything, within the bounds of good taste, that makes you look and feel better. Lighter shades in powder, rouge, lipstick, etc., are generally more flattering to younger faces. The deeper tones are for the more adult who must resort to chic and sophistication because they can't recall youth. If your skin is blemished, there is but one immediate answer for the moment—conceal your spots as best you can. The powder foundations, liquid, cream or stick will do this, besides keeping your make-up intact and fresh-looking while you dance or watch the football game. When the date is over, wash your face thoroughly and go back to your corrective lotion.

Shampoo your hair often to keep it shining and fresh. There are some wonderful preparations for this purpose. A good permanent is necessary, if you have straight hair. And you can do a good curling or setting job yourself. You will see Anne Shirley in these pages, with a soft, young frame for her face. That takes no art, but

only time to train your permanent, or to use some of those wonderfully efficient little curling devices if you haven't a permanent. But do keep that hair clean, and brush it! When you see the sparkle and silky sheen this gives, you'll consider it well worth a hundred whacks or so a day from your brush. Keep that brush clean, or otherwise you'll blur with accumulated oil and dust on the brush the shine your hair should have. Keep to a soft, simple arrangement by day, or you'll find your hair a source of trouble and annoyance. Save the fancy hair-do for the moments when you have it done for a large evening.

For figure beauty, follow the "table technique" mentioned before, by avoiding a surfeit of the food you know you shouldn't have too much of, and going strong on the food you should have. Avoid, too, if you are inclined to over-weight, indulgence in food between meals. You will get adequate food at the table, and this nibbling is a subtle builder-upper. Of course if you are thin, then nibbling may help.

Wear a girdle, by all means, a light, restraining, moulding affair. Though some girls who are big while growing suddenly adjust themselves, by the time you reach college your growing is pretty well done, and if your curves get out of control now, the job may not be one that nature adjusts. Since uncontrolled curves and bulges are often just bad posture, here is where your girdle is a real friend. It is a gentle reminder to keep yourself more compactly, well-knit together, instead of just spreading. It will help you to sit and stand better. Once, you could hardly make a mistake in guessing a college girl by the latitude and longitude of her ungirdled freedom. That is not the case any more. Most of these girls have pretty good figures now, due to muscular self-control and a little under-aid in the form of a light, youthful type of garment. It will make your sweaters and skirts, your frocks and dancing gowns look ever so much better, too.

Never lose track of this fact, even while a tone of psychology or Latin glares you in the face: The whole purpose of education is basically to teach you to live, and in specialized cases by this or that way. You're going to live with your same face and figure a long, long time. Now they're in the making, like your mind. Do what you can to direct them in the way of good health and beauty. Good health, endurance, and stamina are the first demands for a Hollywood aspirant. Her face can somewhat be "made," but not those first three. They are golden arrows pointing to a happy destination.



Is Warners building up Brenda Marshall to be a "Hollywood Brenda Frazier"? Both beauties wear their lovely dark hair in long bobs. Look for the Marshall girl in "Career Man."

"Your Pal Tarzan"

Continued from page 57

Illinois Athletic Club, had him under his wing by this time, and envisioning this tall, well-built lad as a natural champion, he was priming him for the Olympic trials. The canny coach was right.

"I was always lazy," says Johnny, "except about swimming. Bachrach figured that with training I'd have a chance at the Paris Olympics because I don't rattle easily. I take things as they come."

Johnny took things as they came for five years, winning everything he entered. In 1924 during the clamor and roar of the Paris Olympics the tranquil Weissmuller was the hero of the American victors. In 1928 he again starred at the Olympic games in Amsterdam. He holds seventy-five world's speed records. But the fastest time he ever made is not on the record books.

"I was down in Florida swimming one day," he says with a grin, "when I got out beyond the breakers. Suddenly I heard the people on shore yelling and waving at me. I looked round and saw a bunch of fins in the water, so I started for the beach—but fast. I found I'd beaten a school of barracuda and I think I made the best time I've ever made, but nobody clocked me."

At twenty-two he forsook amateur swimming, and signed to exploit B.V.D. swim suits. For three or four years he toured the country, giving exhibitions in tanks and pools, at country clubs and Y.M.C.A.'s, performing his water magic in every state in the union.

When Grantland Rice asked him to do a sports short it was just routine swimming to Johnny. He did his stuff before the

camera naturally, without self-consciousness, unconcerned about the mechanics of it all. This unrestrained performance caught the eye of Woody Van Dyke, scheduled to direct the first "Tarzan" picture, and wondering where he would unearth a likely looking ape-man. He approached Johnny to do a test for the picture. "I'm no actor," said the swimming ace. (He still says so today.) But the dynamic Van Dyke decided the matter for him. "You're going to be Tarzan for me or you'll have me to fight!" Johnny grinned at him tolerantly, figured he could get along with this guy, and the next day he was tested and signed. He has been Tarzan ever since. Independent producers have presented other Tarzans to the public but Weissmuller is the genuine, authentic, in-demand ape-man.

Matrimonially Johnny is an in-and-outer. His first wife was the charming Bobbe Arnst whom he married in March 1931, after a romance of two weeks. They met while she was singing with the Ted Lewis band. That alliance only lasted until October 1932, and then Johnny was captured by the tumultuous Mexican tamale, Lupe Velez, and they were married a year later. Lupe sang Johnny's praises over the country for years, but their marriage was a stormy one. Lupe filed two suits for divorce, changed her mind and withdrew them, but went through with the third one which she filed in 1938. Current gossip has Johnny about to marry a San Francisco society girl, but he was noncommittal. However, from all reports Beryl Scott, an attractive brunette, may be the new Mrs. Weissmuller by the time you read this. She's the Frisco society girl.

Johnny has always liked the girls, and the girls swarm round him. When he was barnstorming Europe with Kreuger after the 1928 Olympics he was offered a world tour that would have included India, Aus-

tralia, and other alluring places. But Johnny wouldn't go. It was too far from his girl in Chicago.

He doesn't smoke and drinks an occasional glass of beer. "Moderate drinking is all right but it never stays that way," says Johnny. "When you figure you'll only drink a few one night a week it won't hurt. But then it turns into two and three nights a week and you're behind the eight ball. Me, I leave it alone. It's bad for the engine. I've got to keep in shape all the time."

The average "Tarzan" picture (there have been four) takes four to six months to come to a boil, which is the time required for epics. The reason for the delay is the animals dotting the cast. Shooting is often held up by the whim of a monkey or the indisposition of an elephant. Johnny is the ideal star to build such a series around because he is patient, steady, easy-going and dependable. In Hollywood he lives a quiet life, maintaining bachelor quarters presided over by a man-servant. His chief recreation is swimming. Week-ends find him at Palm Springs, entertaining the crowds with Weissmuller antics in the water. His powerful, long-armed stroke appears deceptively simple and effortless, as slow and unstudied as his walking stride or his soft drawl in conversation. He is a natural, in the water or out.

He recommends swimming for a living, if you can go fast enough. It has done all right by Johnny. In Hollywood he owns an apartment house besides his home, and there are a few annuities tucked away to take care of his declining years. "When I won't be doing four shows a day for Billy Rose," he grins. "If I get through the next three years of my new contract," says the smiling water boy, "I'm set. For keeps, I mean. Swimming gave me my start, but Tarzan did the real work. My pal, Tarzan!"



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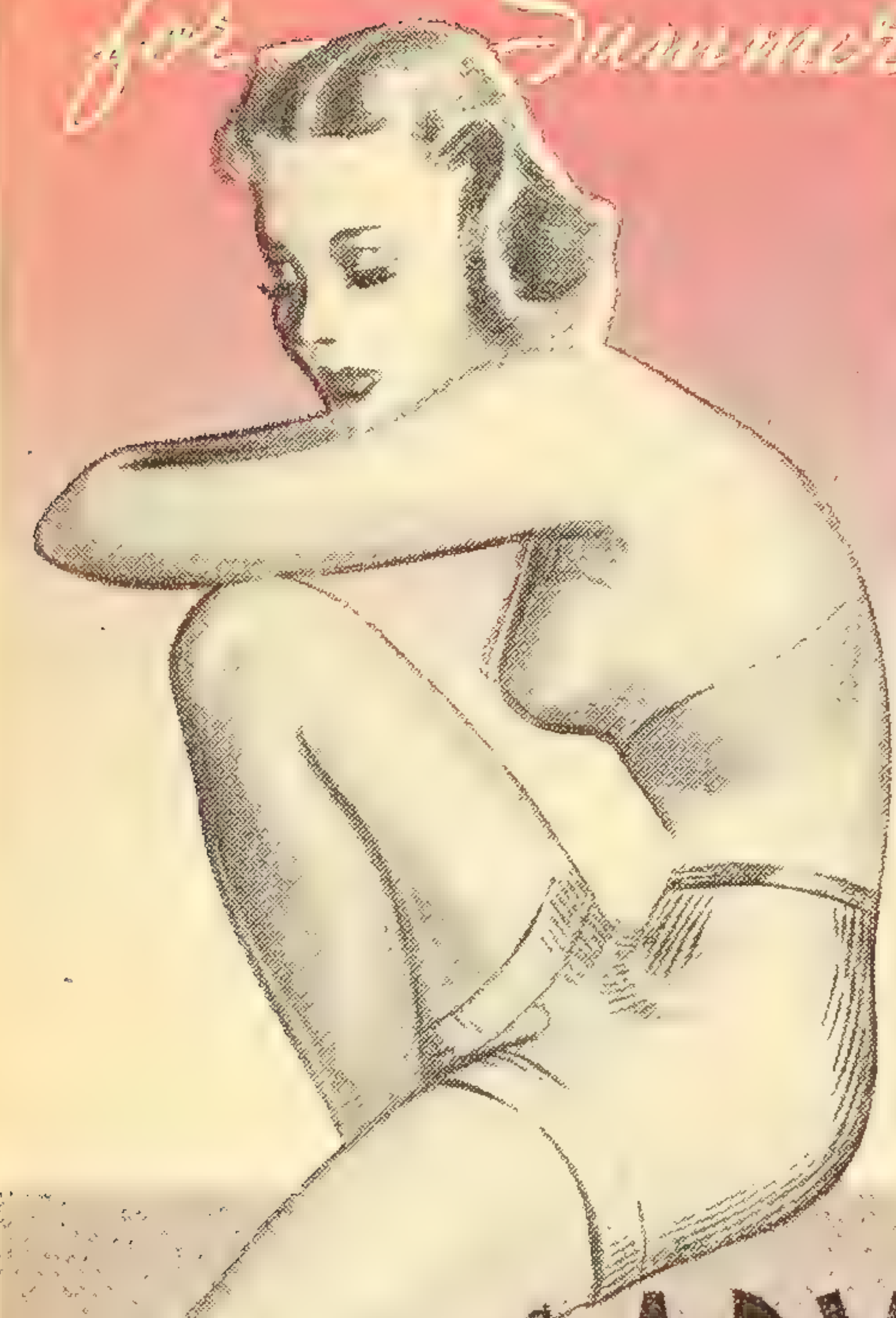
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Tagging The Talkies

Continued from page 14

Stolen
Life

Para-
mount



Elizabeth Bergner in a dual rôle, that of twins who fall in love with the same man, played by Michael Redgrave. When *Sylvina* drowns, *Martina* masquerades as her twin, even deceiving *Sylvina's* husband, *Alan McKenzie* (Redgrave), but she's forced to confess her deception when her twin's shady past comes to haunt her. Will please sophisticated fans. Bergner charming.

Three
Texas
Steers

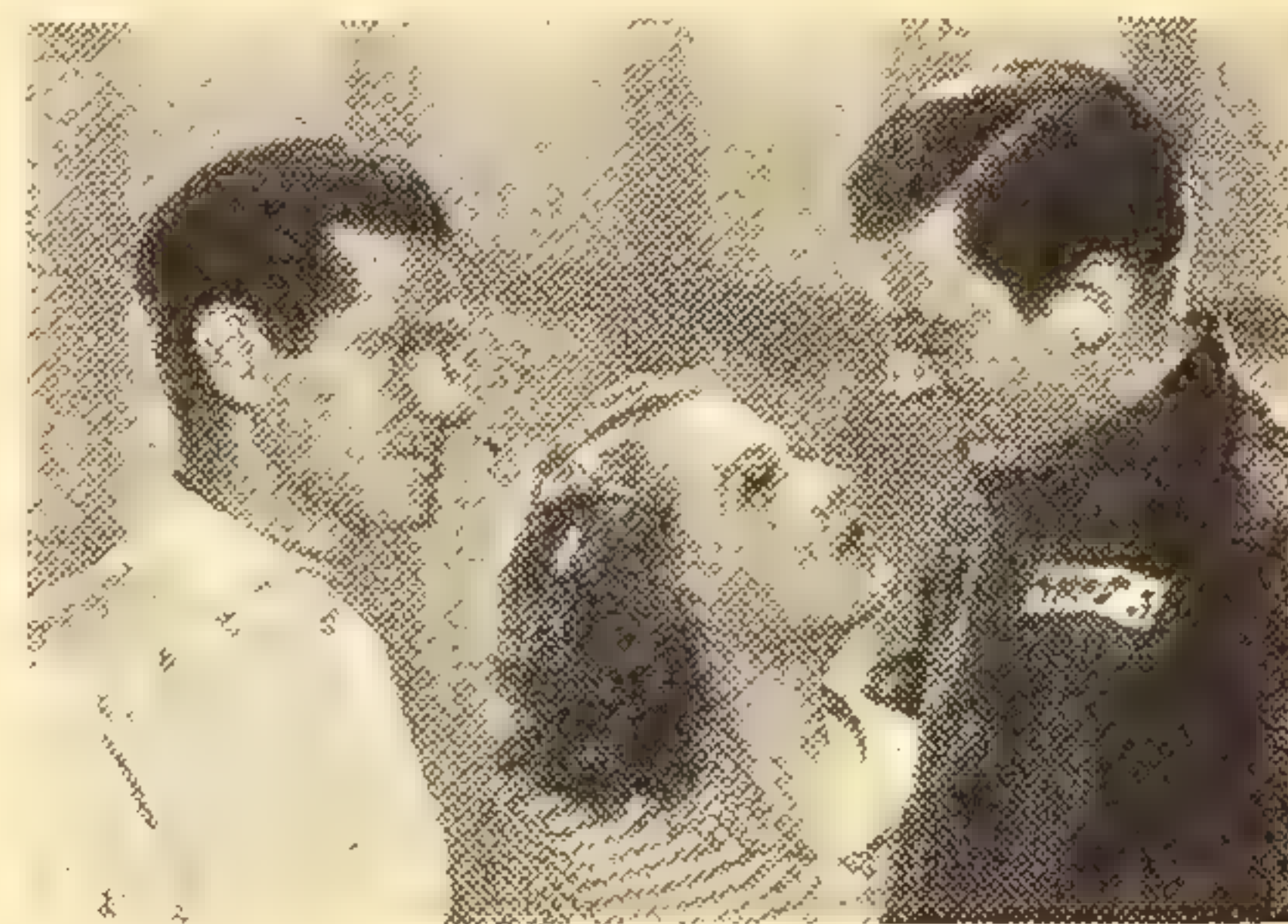
Republic



The Three Mesquiteers (John Wayne, Ray Corrigan, Max Terrhune) come to the rescue of Nancy Evans (Carole Landis) whose dishonest business manager is trying to get hold of her ranch because he knows the State wants the site for a dam. It's a lively western with some nonsense injected into it by Nancy's circus troupe, and it has a good share of thrills.

6000
Enemies

M-G-M



A melodrama of hate and vengeance. A District Attorney (Walter Pidgeon) is framed and sent to a prison housing thousands sent there by him. He engages in a boxing bout with one of them, is beaten, but wins their respect. The D. A. checks a jailbreak, the film's high spot, proves he's innocent and helps free Rita Johnson, who was also framed. Has exciting scenes.

SOS—
Tidal
Wave

Republic



Television plays a big part in this far-fetched drama in which views of a supposed tidal wave are used to panic voters. It has some swell scenes showing New York's skyline toppling over, but you must stretch your imagination. Ralph Byrd, screen's "Dick Tracy," plays a news broadcaster who won't war against crooked politics until circumstances force him to fight.

Hollywood Pavement

Continued from page 55

dollars a day to seven hundred and fifty a week—who gave the lie to his native Nebraska prairie by broadening his a's and dropping his g's and otherwise trying to pass muster as a simon-pure Briton. An Irishman who claimed to be a Russian; a Russian who claimed to be a Norwegian; and an Italian-American girl from Baltimore—Maria Barbarelli, before she had become Fleurette Simpson—who announced, with never a blush, that she was first cousin to Wallis Simpson herself and alluded to the Duke of Windsor as "dear David." Even the English actors forgot the small beer and staid, boiled mutton with caper sauce of their Bloomsbury upbringing and referred, mysteriously, to Huguenot grandmothers and Spanish grandee great-great-grandfathers.

It was, to Lester, all very amusing and very unlikely. It was all so—oh—so brittle; in such strident, garish contrast—with itself and with facts. It was all—he reflected—so fantastically, so amazingly Hollywood. And yet, beneath its gaudy, tawdry surface, it was, somehow, romantic and picturesque and delightful. And they seemed to be enjoying themselves.

"They're having," a voice cut into his thought, "precisely the sort of time which they imagine is a good time."

Lester turned. He saw a tall, heavy-set, red-faced man. "Don't you like them?" he asked.

"Like them? No. But I love them—and hate them. Because they're actors and not—oh—"

"People?"

"That's it. Not people. Part monkey they are, part tiger, and with a good dash of peacock and a faint flavoring of skunk. Treacherous. Vain. Irresponsible. Flighty. But so gifted. So damned charming when they want to be." He shrugged his shoulders. "You've got to know how to treat them. Give them a lollypop today, a sound kick in the pants tomorrow."

"You talk like a director. By the way, I didn't catch your name. So many people here."

"I didn't crash the gate. I'm Jim O'Shea."

"You mean—Colossal O'Shea?"

The other laughed. "More O'Shea than colossal—in spite of my paunch."

They shook hands. "Happy to meet you, Mr. O'Shea."

"That goes both ways, Mr. Donnelly." A pause. "I believe you knew my dad."

Lester was startled, a little frightened. "I—" he stammered—"I—"

"Don't you remember Pat O'Shea who ran the speak around the corner on Mulberry? Why, you were born in that neck of the woods—weren't you?"

"Y-yes—" still stammering.

"Must have known dad. I bet you bought many a slug of hooch at his joint. At all events, he remembers you."

"He—" more nervous than ever, recalling the night when he had held up the old man—"he does?"

"Surest thing you know! He's living with me now. Saw your name in the paper the other day. Told me how tickled he was, years ago in New York, when you made good and brought glory and fame to the old Mulberry ward. Wants you to come round and see him—chew the rag about former times."

Lester was conscious of an intense feeling of relief. Naturally—he considered—Pat O'Shea would remember him. Had been proud of him—just as all the neighborhood had been.

Then Lester said: "Oh yes—I made good in those days. So've you made good, O'shea."

"I'll tell the cock-eyed world. Two local boys make good—eh?" He stopped a servant who carried a tray; took a highball and gave one to Lester. "Here's to a couple of bright young Micks!"

"Down the hatch, brother!"

"Speaking of bright young Micks, anything to the report that you're busy on a play about Hollywood? Or is it just a pinch of newspaper hooley?"

"It's true all right, all right."

"How's it shaping?"

"Good as gold. I've got the plot. The main situations."

"Regulation sweetness-and-light hoke? Punk meets Punk—and, together, they set Hollywood afire?"

"Say!" Lester was indignant. "Who the hell d'you think I am? Eddie Guest rewriting Abbie's Irish Rose?"

"Sorry. No offense." The other lit a cigar. "I'm interested. Ready to talk it over with you."

Lester hid a smile. He had boasted to women that he would sign up, for himself and for her, with Colossal-O'Shea, the most important motion picture concern, on his own terms. Here, if he played his cards right, was his chance. "Glad you're interested," he replied. "But I'm not sure that I am. Fact is, I may prefer to make my own production."

"Going to be expensive?"

"I'm figuring on tossing a million bucks to the pot. Maybe more."

"Got the dough?"

"Well—" quite truthfully, since he still had a couple of thousand left—"I've some of it—"

"But not all. I repeat—I'm interested."

"And—I repeat—I'm not sure that I am."

"Mind telling me why?"

"Because 'Hollywood Pavement' is going to be the real thing. I," with tremendous sincerity, "am giving it the gun—everything I have in me—won't pull my punches. Brass

tacks, if you get me. Honest, basic emotions. No romantic frills. And I know what the Hollywood producing tribe would do to my brain child. They—oh—they'd drag in a beauteous manicure girl or two—an equally beauteous nurse so chastely in white—and an even more beauteous female private secretary with more sex appeal than gray-matter and more shape than bean. Pep up my play—that's what they'd do—put in a dash of paprika here, a squirt of perfume there, a couple of sentimental moons, a theme song, a tap dancer and a whole lot of passionate blah. They're just as lousy, perhaps lousier, here in Hollywood as back home on Broadway. They'd goulash up my play to make the angels weep. No—I'd rather produce it myself."

A silence.

"Look here!" O'Shea said presently. "If the play listens good to me, I might ask you to produce it yourself—but under the Colossal banner. How does that strike you?"

"Okay, I guess. But—there's something else."

"Yes?"

"The casting. I've got to do it myself, at least when it comes to the woman star."

"Colossal has the pick of all the famous stars."

"Too damned famous."

"What're you giving me?"

"The right dope. I've a notion that the public is sick of these same famous stars and their famous mugs. They want a new mug for a change. A new personality. New—oh—stage tricks. New, that is, from the screen angle."

"Got somebody in mind?"

"No." Lester lied.

"Let me know if you should happen to find her. May be something to what you're saying. Anyway, I declare myself in on your play—if it's all right. Okay with you?"

"Sure."

"Jim!" A passing actress hailed O'Shea.

"Jim darling! I want to see you about something."

"Right with you, Loretta." He turned to go; said to Lester, over his shoulder, in a whisper: "Better watch your guests, since you're writing a play about this burg. You'll surely be able to pick up a comedy situation or two."

"Thanks for the tip."

Lester laughed. He sat down in a corner and watched the party that was now in roaring, full swing. Men and women. Talking, drinking, flirting, gossiping. Making and unmaking reputations good and bad. Back-biting and cheek-kissing. Flattering and boasting and bragging. Saying things which they had painfully thought out ahead of time and which they hoped would be considered brilliant and quoted—with due credit given—or be considered profound and meditated over. Wise-cracking and reminiscing, since both were their stock-in-trade. Acting off the screen as much as on. Trying to impress one another, there being no audience to impress. Sacrificing their best friends for the sake of a witticism. Stealing each other's pet "stuff" and "lines." Dramatizing the lighting of a cigarette, the munching of a sandwich and the raising of a highball glass. Quarreling over trifles. Forming violent intimacies, dislikes, alliances and *mesalliances*—all in the space of a few crowded, hectic hours. And everybody on the make. Everybody endeavoring to squeeze something—in sensation or admiration or, at least, envy—from everybody else.

Lester was amused as he sat there in a corner of the great, central room that stretched through the length of the house. He nursed his drink, observing the scene as he might a dress rehearsal of a Broadway play from the wings of a theatre; made mental notes for "Hollywood Pavement." So far, after rather perfunctory handshakes and "How d'ye do's," they had

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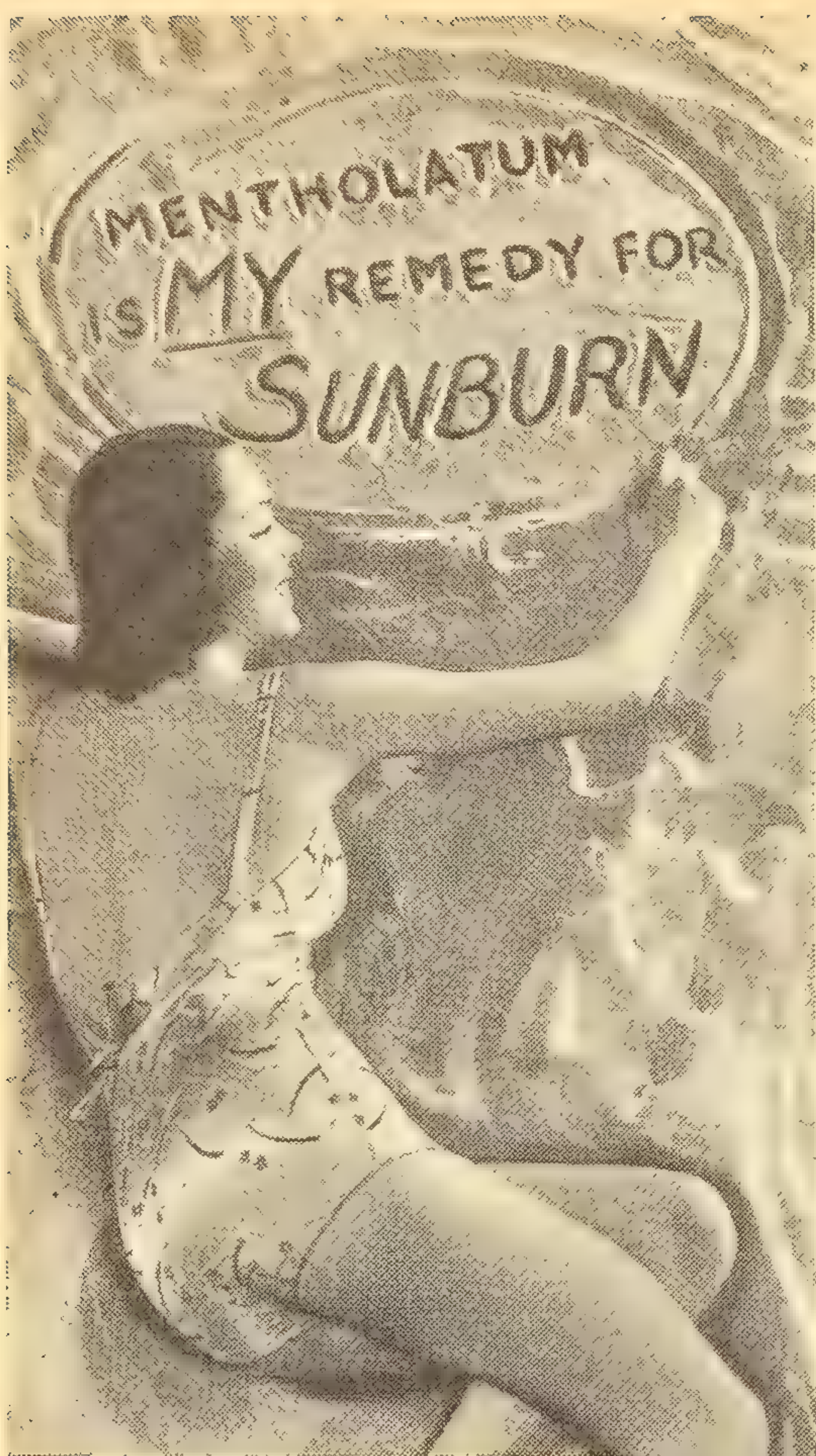
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left him pretty well to his own devices. They had accepted his invitation because of the newspaper publicity. On the other hand—they had wisely reflected—it was, perhaps, nothing *but* publicity. After all—so Sam Kerkovitz, Lester's former assistant stage manager, made a point of recalling to people's minds—the man had failed, back in New York; had gone through bankruptcy proceedings and disappeared for quite a while. And now—this sudden come-back. "Maybe," was his slurring comment, and, without knowing, he hit the nail on the head, "Donnelly's merely running one tremendous bluff."

Richard Foster, the recent Nebraska discovery, inclined his marcelled head. "I rather fancy," he drawled in his best King's English, "that you're right, old trout."

"I won't swear to it. And yet—he may be doing this just on a shoe-string. He's always had the gall of the damned. Yes—perhaps he's as down-and-out as his ex-wife—Gwen Mapleson."

"Gwen—who?"

"Mapleson."

"Never heard of her. Who's she?"

"Used to be a famous Broadway star."

"I see. Speakin' stage?"

"Yes."

"Oh—" superciliously—"the speakin' stage doesn't matter a hang."

"Listen!" cried the other in a sudden access of rough Broadway loyalty. "It mattered one hell of a lot—and so did Gwen—only a few years back when you were still helping your father shuck corn, you little Nebraska palooka!"

"My word! How dare you?"

"Keep quiet! I'm in the secret. Anyway, Gwen made the grade—and made it big—when she was under twenty. Is still young. Younger," with malicious intent, "than you, Dicky boy. But," sighing hypocritically, "she's already a has-been. She's in Hollywood now. Out of a job. Positively begged me for one the other day. I had nothing for her. Made me feel bad. But," untruthfully, "I slipped her some money for old times' sake."

"Dashed decent of you, old thing."

"Least I could do. Donnelly, her ex, gave me my first chance." He was silent; then returned to his original point. "Well—maybe he *isn't* bluffing."

"And maybe he is."

Others thought likewise. So they left Lester alone. And then, after a while, there came a change in the psychological atmosphere.

It was due—Lester discovered afterwards—to Jim O'Shea who had casually mentioned to somebody that he was thinking of buying Lester's screen play and of having him cast, produce, and direct it. This somebody had told somebody else—who had told somebody else—and somebody else—and somebody else. The result was that, suddenly, the whole house buzzed with the news. And there was a more or less concerted rush in the direction of the host who found himself the center of attraction and, catching on to what was happening, laughed and shouted: "Line forms on the left, boys and girls! Give me air—but not *the* air!"

Women, young and some not quite so young, predominated. Stars, at least almost-stars, all of them, whose names twinkled electrically above theatre entrances; whose opinions—*à la* Mussolini, the Dionne quintuplets, the New Deal, the rearing of babies and puppies, the proper way of preparing corned beef hash and a dozen similar weighty and not so weighty subjects—were printed, and quoted, month after month. They grouped themselves prettily around Lester. They "Oh'd" and "Ah'd" with admiration and adoration and adulation. They pursed their mouths—decorated in any of the prevailing shades, dawn-orange, raspberry-red, geranium, crimson rambler, California sunset glow—and inquired about the

play; though less about the play itself than the stellar rôle. They were so eager. A playwright-producer, new to Hollywood, with the bloom still on him, not yet hard-boiled—their lawful prey!

"My dear Mr. Donnelly," boomed dark haired, dark-eyed Fay Harkness in her rich, full, fruity voice, a voice which could infuse romantic warmth into a grocery order. "your masterpiece, I understand, is tragedy."

"Oh no, it isn't. It's—well—about life."

"But life is tragic. Always."

"Not always."

"Always!" she repeated crescendo.

Almost he quailed—and she continued. "Just before the final curtain—if I should consent to play the part of the heroine—shall die. I shall die—beautifully—in the final reel."

"Four reels too late," whispered Angel Warwick, the other's bosom friend.

Fay Harkness paid no attention to the comment. "Mr. Donnelly," she added, "will you come to tea tomorrow and read me your scenario?"

It sounded like a royal command. Royal too, was the swish of her purple-and-silver gown as she turned to go, while Peppy Connors, the lovely, golden-haired dancer, lisped: "Oh Lester—may I call you Lester?—I adore the title. You muth let me danth in it, Lester dear! A danth on the pavement! I look tho thwell—in a teeny weeny short thkirt."

"And, doubtless," he retorted, "even sweller without the skirt, darling."

"Oh, you bad, bad boy!" She slapped him. He laughed.

He was in his element—his old element—among stage folk, and thoroughly enjoying himself. He had come home. He liked these people—his own people—in spite of their failings, their weaknesses, their malice, their vanity. They *were* his own people. He knew them; knew them—he decided—damned sight better than did Jim O'Shea. The latter was a business man, an executive while he, himself, was an artist—he *belonged* to the theatre, heart and soul belonged to the children of the theatre. *That's* what they were. Delightful, naughty talented children playing at make-believe—at *grande dame*, *cocotte*, *débutante*, Joan of Arc, heroine, sophisticated Park Avenue society woman, sugar-coated ingénue. And he, for one, *wanted* them to play at make-believe. That's what the good Lord meant them to do. That's why He had given them their special, golden, glittering gifts. And the public petted them, spoiled them, overpraised and over-paid them—well, that, too, was as it should be. For they made up for it. They brought joy and laughter and, occasionally, decent tears into many a drab life—many a dull, stupid, prosy life—with their glamor and their sham, their blessed, painted artificialities, their paste jewels and pinchbeck tiaras, their learned-by-rote rodomontades of grandiose nobility and their florid emotions that had been so carefully trained.

He smiled at them fondly. He flattered them outrageously; told them an off-color joke or two; made them a dozen promises fully aware—as, perhaps, they, too, were aware—that he would not keep a single one. Oh yes, he was enjoying himself thoroughly. Yet, after a while, he grew a little nervous, a little worried, as he looked at his wrist watch, saw that it was long past midnight—and no Gwen. Where was she?

The party must not break up before she came. He had—with the help of Francis X. Toomey, his efficient private secretary—prepared a splendid entrance for her. No the entrance of a Cleopatra, a Queen of Sheba, a Salome, a Brunhilde. The opposite Splendid through its very restraint. More like that of a Signora Duse, a Katharine Cornell. He had not told her, lest she overact. But she'd catch on quick enough. She'd always been clever at picking up impromptu cues. If only she'd come! This was the mo-

ment—with Jim O'Shea hovering about not far off.

And, just then, the hall door opened, and there was Toomey's resonant basso: "Mr. Donnelly, there's a Miss Gwen Mapleson to see you."

A second later, Gwen came in, looking so shabby and so young and lovely—in a simple white dress that spoke with pathetic eloquence of many a dry-cleaning.

Lester rushed up to her with both hands outstretched. It was due to his own suggestion that she was so badly dressed. Therefore it was illogical of him to feel deeply moved when he saw her, in her cheap little frock, amongst these women with their Paris clothes and glittering jewels. "Gwen!" he cried. "Gwen!"

His voice was muffled. Yet—for there was that amazing brain of his, that supreme, invincible sense of the theatre—he pitched it so that it carried the length of the room; that, somehow, through the sobbing heart-break at its core, it enjoined the silence which dropped like a pall.

"Ah—" he said—"dear, dear Gwen! I—I didn't know that you were here, in California."

By this time he was quite close to her. Rapidly he winked at her, while she, as rapidly, winked back and—oh yes! she was quick at picking up impromptu cues—replied in husky accents: "Forgive me, Lester; I had no idea you were giving a party. I came on an impulse. So foolish of me. I—I'll come some other day."

She moved towards the door. He stopped her. "I won't let you go—now that I've found you again!"

The audience of actors and actress exchanged looks. They were interested—and affected. Here, before their eyes, was drama. *Real drama.*

Lester put up three fingers to smother a cough—and to mumble swift advice: "Keep it up, kid. You're doing swell. And say something about how shabby you are—"

Once more, skilfully, she picked up the cue. "Please—let me go, Lester! I'm so dreadfully shabby!"

She wept then. Perhaps, seeing Peppy Conners' delightful pink gown, Fay Harkness' regal purple-and-silver, her tears were not altogether faked—and she touched her eyes with a handkerchief, while Lester said, in that same muffled, throbbing voice: "Shabby? Why, there's none more beautiful than you in all the world!"

Momentarily he was in doubt. Had he over-acted by any chance? No—he decided, a second later, as his sharp ears heard whispering remarks here and there.

"Gwen Mapleson—his former wife!"

"Great success some years back."

"Flopped afterwards."

"Still young."

And then Sam Kerkovitz' comment, with mean intent, to Richard Foster: "He's pulling a Cinderella."

Lester hid a smile. Cinderella he thought—just the effect he had wished to produce. He'd use the word to his, and Gwen's, advantage; and he echoed raucously: "My little Cinderella!"

He glanced over his shoulder. He noticed lips that were working, throats that were swallowing hard, eyes that were moist. He thought: "Enough of this scene. Can't top it." He said to Jim O'Shea who stood quite near: "You remember Gwen Mapleson, don't you?"

"Never had the pleasure of meeting her personally," the other gave hearty response. He bent over Gwen's hand. "You were great in 'New York Pavement.'"

Lester smothered a shout of triumph. "New York Pavement"—"Hollywood Pavement"—the parallel! Better nail it down, while the nailing was good. "O'Shea," he announced, "my new opera'll have the old one licked a mile. Wait till you read it."

"I'll read it right now if you don't mind.

Got the plot all written down, haven't you?"

"Not much more than that. Except a few high-spots, situations—you know—shreds of dialogue."

"That'll be enough. I've got *some* imagination."

"Okay." Lester turned; called to his secretary: "Toomey, show Mr. O'Shea into my study. Give him what I've dictated."

"Yes, sir."

O'Shea left with Toomey, while Lester addressed his guests: "Boys and girls, I want you all to know Gwen Mapleson."

They crowded about Gwen. They were nice to her. Nice because they were actors, children easily moved to tears and laughter, to sympathy and affection. Nice, perhaps a little, because they were people who had arrived, who were stars and who, in this girl, young, pretty, yet already passed through the gamut of both success and failure, saw a grim warning of what might happen to themselves. Nice, some of them, because it was on the cards that this fallen star might rise and shine again—what with her being, so evidently, in high favor with Lester Donnelly, Hollywood's coming man, who, as evidently, was in high favor with Jim O'Shea—of Colossal-O'Shea. So, at least, Sam Kerkovitz figured—though, too, he was genuinely ashamed of his former behavior. He drew Gwen into a corner. "I was a louse," he told her, "the way I treated you."

"You bet you were," was the blunt rejoinder.

"Will you forgive me?"

She did not speak for a moment or two. She looked at him; and, suddenly, a memory came to her of former days on Broadway, when he had been assistant stage manager, thin, shy, bespectacled and, really, quite decent—and she *had* been hard on him, that day when he had forgotten some stage prop or other. She said now: "It's all right, Sam."

"You—you mean it?"

"Yes. Oh—" here spoke the actress, though, beneath her psychological grease paint and histrionic endeavor, was a layer of honest emotion—"let's forget the old, bitter days, the old town. This is a new town, new life. Let's start all over!"

"You're a peach, Gwen." Then, as somebody tuned in the radio and a rumba beat out erotically: "Dance?"

"Gladly."

They danced. So did others. Gayety peaked to a hectic pitch. And it was after three when the party broke up; O'Shea who, some minutes earlier, had come down from the study, being amongst the last to go. He told Lester: "Great stuff—your 'Hollywood Pavement.' A natural. Come to lunch with me tomorrow, and we'll eat—and talk—turkey."

"Remember my conditions?"

"Sure. Produce the opera yourself. Cast it yourself. Chiefly the star. He crooked his walkingstick over his arm; asked, as he had earlier in the evening: "Got somebody in mind?"

This time Lester's reply was truthful: "Yes."

"Okay. I'll sign her up on your say-so. I'll buy a pig in a poke. That's how I am—damned seldom."

He left; and Lester turned to Gwen who was putting on her wrap. "So long, kid," he said. "I'll give you a ring first thing in the morning."

He climbed the stairs to his study. He was going to work at his scenario for an hour or two. But he was tired, yawned, went down to his room twenty minutes later—and was utterly amazed when he saw Gwen, in a pair of his brand-new, expensive, yellow silk pajamas, reclining on his bed. "Why—" he exclaimed—"what the hell are you waiting for?"

Her reply was calm: "Give you two guesses—though one may be enough."

(To Be Concluded)



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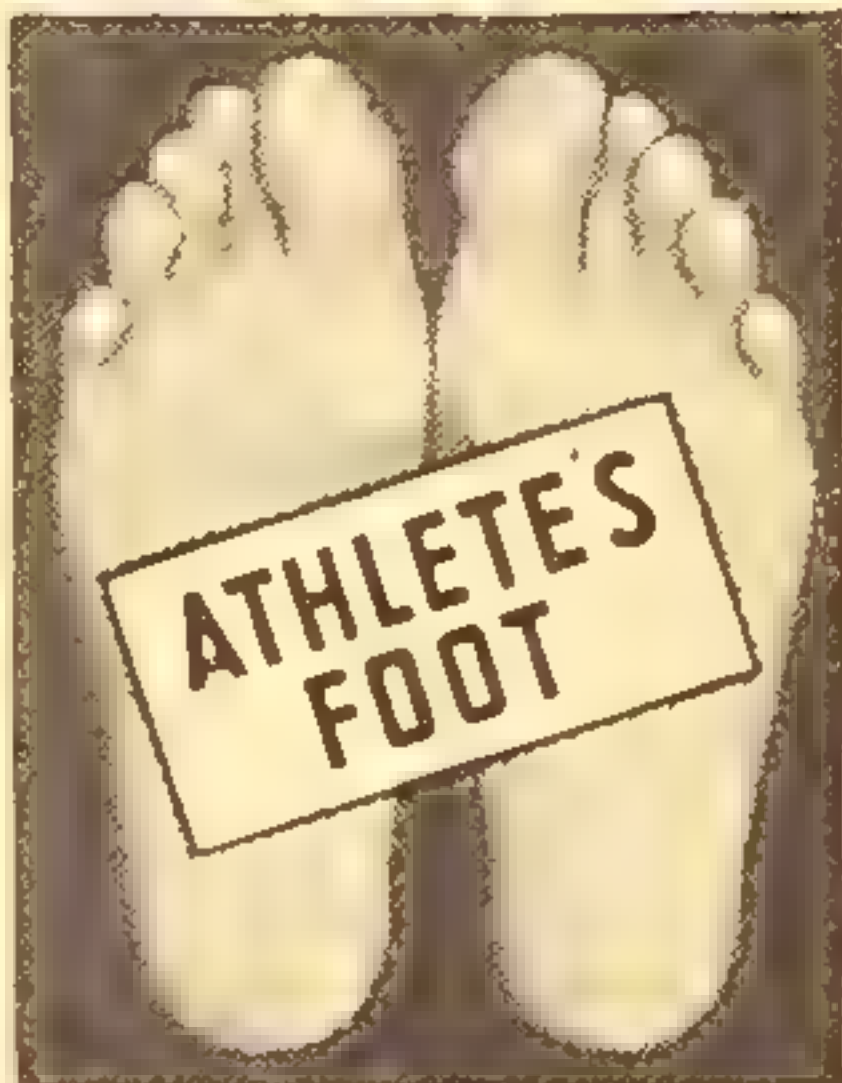
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Hollywood Changes Overnight

Continued from page 29

says, 'I want to put over an idea of democracy or of justice or science or sacrifice.' All the rest is of secondary importance.

"But how many are like Dieterle? Take us writers, for example. We may be full of beautiful thoughts at the start. The higher-ups tell us: 'We want fresh and new ideas. We wouldn't influence you for anything. We want you to be happy. Go ahead and write.' So then you write it and you bring it in and they say, 'That's grand. Of course you can't have this ending, it's morbid. What you have to do is make it more entertaining.' Well, then, when you have changed the ending and put in the entertainment and a little funny business here and there with all the laughs you need, by that time your original points don't fit any more and the whole atmosphere of your story is changed.

"So do you fight for your story? Do you lift up your head and say, 'Take back your job'? No. The pay is too good. The moment you accept that high pay, you know you have sold yourself, skin and bone and soul, and there's not much kicking. Your ambition narrows down too much. You want to please the producer, you want him to read the scene and say it's marvelous, you want to keep your job. That's the truth. That's not what they tell you, but that's the truth.

"One day I was standing in the studio with Salka Viertel, and down the stairs came a nice-looking gentleman. She introduced him as Upton Sinclair, and it was an exciting moment to me. In Europe Upton Sinclair is tremendously admired as a great man and a great fighter. 'What are you doing here?' she asked. 'Oh, they're in a jam with a story,' he said, 'and they called me in.' 'You too!' I thought, and my heart fell into my shoes with disappointment. See how unreasonable one is! One expects more of others than of oneself.

"Irving Thalberg, whom I really worshipped, sent for me once. He asked if I would like to write a treatment of 'Camille' for Garbo. Of course I would. 'All right,' he said. 'Give me an outline—something hilariously gay.' I turned green in the face. 'Now look here,' I said. 'Do we talk about the same thing? Do you mean *Camille*?—the one who dies in the end? If you want a riot of hilarity, does that mean she will not die?' He had a habit, when thinking, of burying his head in his arms, like this. Then he looked up and said, 'It's a classic. I think we'll have to stick to the end where she dies.' He was smiling. Still, I could see that if there had been the possibility of some other end, he would have used it.

"Not that I criticize him. Thalberg, genius that he was, had to think of the boxoffice like everybody else. I know it has always been fashionable to put the blame for the childishness of the movies on the backs of producers and supervisors and executives. Some of it lies there, of course, yet in many cases their hands and feet have been tied with ropes that an outsider cannot dream of. I myself was involved in such a case.

"It was when I was connected with Bernie Hyman's unit. One day he sent for me. He said: 'I have a Foreign Legion picture, which is sponsored by the French government. They are sick of phonies and want people to see the Legion as it is, a hard-working body with its particular brand of honor. We started it in the silent days and have sunk \$125,000 in it. Now I want to finish it. Would you be interested?' I said: 'Let me look at the material, and

men I'll tell you.' He said: 'Before you start, I want you to know that a hundred and twenty writers have worked on this, not a good one in the lot. Seven have died. The picture has a jinx.'

"Well, I am not so awfully afraid of jinxes, so I went away with the material. It was six pages of script and about four pages of disconnected remarks and one little scene, in which you couldn't tell who was who and what was which. That was all the hundred and twenty writers had left. So when I found out that the picture was supposed to be based on a sort of diary written by a colonel of the Foreign Legion, who had also died. There was no story, just a diary telling what the men had done this day and that day. But I read it, it was interesting, and I said: 'All right, I will make the picture.'

"I was supposed to write it, and Fritz Lang was supposed to direct it. Then the French government said they wouldn't like a German director like Fritz Lang, so he was out. Then they said they couldn't have a German writer. So Bernie Hyman asked me, do I mind if he calls me Virginia Tree. Well, by this time, I had grown fond of the picture, so I said, 'Baum or Tree, what difference does it make?'

"We got seventy reels of stock shots which turned out to be useless, because they were badly lighted. We got a handsome young man to be our technical adviser. He was actually a Russian but he grew up in France, he had served in the Legion, he had credentials from the French government. I went on with the story, and because it is obvious that French Legion soldiers are not actually angels, I didn't write them as angels. Just when we were ready to shoot, censorship came along and cut out the main part of the story. Bernie Hyman said: 'Let us not wreck the story by taking out all feeling and all truth. Let us wait till censorship blows over.'

"So we wait. Meantime I went around the world and when I came back, Bernie Hyman said: 'Censorship doesn't blow over. We'll have to get the girl married and clean up our boys a bit, and we'll still have a good picture.' Then we had to wait again, because our handsome Russian got into a mess with an automobile accident and went to jail for a bit, and it isn't good to have a technical adviser who is in jail.

"When everything was set and ready to go, came the war in Abyssinia. So they said: 'We can't glorify in a picture exactly the same things we condemn in life—that is, fighting the natives, forcing them to clean themselves up and plant palm trees.' By the time the war was over, three or four Foreign Legion pictures had come out and everybody was sick and tired of them. Besides, there was a certain tension between France and Italy. They looked at our poor little picture, into which by now three or four hundred thousand dollars had been sunk, and they said: 'Better get out of the Sahara, and leave North Africa alone.' So they laid it quietly on the shelf.

"That is the kind of craziness which has happened over and over again, and can still happen. Only now there are new forces which begin to work in the opposite direction. For so and so many years, the movies said: 'Let's make people forget their troubles. So long as they sit in the theatres, they should not be obliged to think of the difficult outside. Let's treat them like children at a birthday party. Let's feed them with marshmallows and buy them funny little hats to laugh at.' Now they seem to be coming to the point of saying: 'Better look at the world as it is. Then maybe we find the strength to do something about it.'

"It was the foreign directors who first took up the fighting attitude. Which is not strange. Americans had no need to fight.



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They felt themselves safe. Only when unpleasant things began to creep into this country, only when they woke up to the fact that they might have to fight too. I think the changing outlook of the movies came from the changing outlook of America.

"America used to look up to Europe as something finer, mellower than herself. She even had an inferiority complex, so she beat the drums and waved the flags and cried: 'Look how wonderful I am!' Now I think she has reached beyond that. America is discovering soberly what it means to be American. She is glad, yes, but she also understands her great responsibility to keep what America stands for—sanity in a mad world. That leaves no room for arrogance.

"And I think the picture industry takes its cue from the people. That seems to me the explanation of this change. The movies have always cried: 'Give the public what they want.' Obviously they want to know what goes on in the world. The newspapers tell them, the magazines tell them, the radio tells them. Why should only the screen be deaf and dumb? Well, now it has begun to talk, and to talk means that the child is growing up. I hope it will grow up strong!"

Who's Who on Elsa Maxwell's Party List

Continued from page 22

What couple would you ask because their happiness is like "soft candlelight"? What married star would you ask, without his bride, because he is the greatest "girl provocator"?

Elsa Maxwell, international hostess, knows all the answers. As a matter of fact I put the cart before the horse in this article because the qualifications of guests on her exclusive party list interested me as much as their names! Having spent a life devoted to the gay adventure of entertainment—now bringing the abundant buoyancy of her personality to a new medium, motion pictures, Miss Maxwell's opinion is expert. She has rollicked over European capitals, the world is her playground; and she is as much at home in Hollywood as in any other capital.

Where Elsa Maxwell is, there are parties. And where there is an Elsa Maxwell party, it's a knockout. There is never a bore on any of her party lists, which read like a veritable Who's Who, no matter on what spot on the map she throws a party. And so, when I asked this star party-thrower whom she would invite to an exclusive Hollywood dinner, and why, I knew all the pearls wouldn't be in her oysters. With her characteristic fearlessness and frankness, Elsa Maxwell pitched right in where two outstanding star Hollywood hostesses, with husbands on the screen, would fear to tread for obvious diplomatic reasons.

"I would ask Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman to my dinner," she said. "He is one of the most sincere, intelligent men, with a quiet sense of humor that is perfectly delightful. His wife, Benita Hume, is a lovely creature. She gave up her career for the man she loves. She makes him very happy. This creates an atmosphere of human happiness—the highest goal to be achieved. Happiness, like candlelight, casts a soft glow over any party.

"I would ask Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and his wife Sylvia. Douglas is one of my oldest, dearest friends. We were born on the same day. He is so much like me that when I speak of his qualities, it is almost like flattering myself! Douglas' gayety, sweetness, restlessness, love of adventure

are irresistible. His gayety alone would make him the perfect guest, for guests who are gay are rare birds indeed. Sylvia is also an addition to any party. She is lovely to look at, she is always beautifully dressed, she lends herself with gay insouciance to every situation. She plays cards, dances. Innately, she is one of the kindest people I have ever known.

"Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, I would ask to my party. Gary is very quiet as a rule, but he is so good-looking that he makes all the feminine hearts palpitate at sight of him! Men like him immensely, too. I once spent six weeks at Gary's home. I used to call the wall outside my window the 'wailing wall.' His women fans moaned over that wall every night! Gary's wife, Sandra—they call her 'Rocky'—is very decorative. She's a wonderful listener, which always makes a man who is holding forth feel more brilliant than he really is.

"I would by all means ask Constance Bennett because she personifies all the qualities I admire in a woman. She is intelligent, she has beauty and sex appeal, and a wonderful sense of humor, even about herself. She has a man's business brain, also a mother complex about her little son Peter. She has a fascinating speaking voice, and she can talk on any topic.

"She is one of Hollywood's best-dressed women—she's decorative as well as a delightful guest. She's an equally perfect hostess. I happened to be her guest while I was making 'Hotel for Women,' at 20th Century-Fox. I can say that Constance Bennett is the most comprehending and civilized hostess I've ever stayed with. You are not regimented. You don't have to go here or be there at a certain time. She wisely allows her guests to do as they choose. She is as different from the average hostess as Mrs. Corrigan is from Lady Mendl (Elsie de Wolfe). A woman who knows how to entertain knows how to be a desirable guest!

"I would ask Marlene Dietrich to my party. She is the one great glamorous figure in Hollywood—and yet, she isn't making a picture! She has physical beauty, she has a certain wistfulness combined with wilfulness which may be very intriguing to the male element of the party.

"She is clever, well-informed, she has traveled and lived. She can hold her own in any discussion about music, art, books, personalities in the world spotlight. But it is the allure of her beauty which holds you. Marlene Dietrich is part of the decorative scheme. Beautiful women at a party save flower bills!

"I would want Loretta Young at my party. She is pure feminine appeal, soft, delicate. She is the most feminine of all the stars I know. And she always looks lovely and is beautifully dressed.

"I would invite the Grand Duchess of Hollywood—Norma Shearer. She is a lovely person. You always can count on Norma Shearer.

"Mrs. Jack Warner would be asked to my party. Ann is unusual. She has great chic and a quality of unexpectedness that is good for any party. When she was in Europe last summer, she created more excitement and admiration than any other woman. French women raved over Ann Warner's clothes and general chic!

"I most certainly would never make out my list without Charlie Chaplin—and Paulette Goddard. Charlie is a law unto himself. He is a great addition to any party. If he feels like it, he runs the party. If he is in the mood, Charlie Chaplin is the party! As an entertainer, he is without equal.

"I would ask Tyrone Power. Without doubt, he is the youngest and most attractive 'girl provocator' today in Hollywood.

He has nice manners—he has been beautifully brought up which speaks well for the stage. He talks well, and he listens with concentrated, flattering interest.

"I would invite James Cagney. He is one of the best-informed, cleverest men in Hollywood. He is somebody who stands out.

"Bob Benchley would be invited to my party. Because he is so clever, witty, and amusing, such a rare raconteur. He usually looks bored, but he never is.

"I'd ask director George Cukor. He is one of the most 'twinkling' men I know. He's amusing. He's full of sentiment and love of beauty. He has a warm friendliness, and a warm quality of devotion to his friends that is very rare.

"I would ask Mr. and Mrs. Aldous Huxley—two of the most brilliant and fascinating people in all Hollywood. Aldous is the only intellectual I know who is so simple that he enjoys contact with every circle whether he belongs to it or not. Needless to say, every circle enjoys the Huxleys.

"I'd ask Gregory Ratoff for his bounding enthusiasm and bubbling good humor that makes him such a lovable guest.

"I'd ask pretty little Mary Healy because she can put over a song better than anybody I ever heard.

"I'd ask Fanny Brice and Roger Davis for no party is a success without this team.

"I'd ask Mickey Rooney. Mickey is the whole works as an entertainer he runs the gamut from fiddle to piccolo.

"I'd always like Frank Capra to come to my parties. He has more the qualities of a Wall Street business man than of an artist. He is charming, a regular ordinary fellow, and a good listener as all Wall Street business men are!"

"What about Dorothy Parker?" we asked when Elsa Maxwell finished her list, and I discovered the wittiest woman in Hollywood wasn't on it.

"No," said Elsa Maxwell. "I love her but I wouldn't invite her. Dorothy Parker would scare all the others! A single person can throw a whole party out of gear!"

Having named her "Who's Who, and Why" Hollywood party list, Elsa Maxwell, with characteristic agility, startled me

further by declaring: "But I never would attempt to give an Elsa Maxwell party in Hollywood! My parties usually are like putting on a big show. Costumes have to be bought, rehearsals held. My guests like to get used to the idea of being someone else. Hollywood works at the show business, works like a slave. Stars who play somebody all day every day in the week haven't the time, strength, nor inclination to go to the infinite trouble I go to for my parties. One night, that's Saturday night, they want to be themselves. Play cards, dance, dine and be merry. Hollywood parties are absolutely right—for Hollywood!" she added. "That is, unless it's a cocktail party, which heaven help us, it so often is!"

"All the bores of the world are asked to cocktail parties," is Elsa Maxwell's belief. "You ask people you don't ask to come to lunch or to dinner. They are not good enough to be taken singly. They are all asked together.

"Your Chinese cook or your Swedish servant girl mixes the drinks in the morning. By noon the vermouth and the gin hate each other, the lemon peel isn't speaking to either. The limp celery is running with hot cheese, the same old sad sardine lays its tired head on a damp piece of toast!"

"Horrible things—I hate cocktail parties! I never give them. Yet I've got to give an Elsa Maxwell cocktail party on the screen—where I don't believe you could ever give a good one. While my parties are built on an idea, they are largely spontaneous after the guests arrive. On the screen, parties are talked over, rehearsed, taken over and over again—where is the fun? Therefore, I am going to kid the cocktail party, show it up. Have some fun!"

Have Fun! that's the secret of success of Society's so-called court jester. Also her genius for hand-picking her guests with what she dubs "utter ruthlessness."

"A successful hostess *must* be merciless in making out her list," she explains. "There must not be a single person on it to whom she is under obligations. The moment you *have* to ask somebody, you—and your party—are finished!" is the expert opinion of this international party-thrower.

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Joyce Compton and Elsa Maxwell in gay mood for a scene from "Hotel for Women," in which the professional hostess throws an elaborate cocktail party and gives that type of entertaining some good-natured kidding.

Preview of Your Future by Norvell

Continued from page 33



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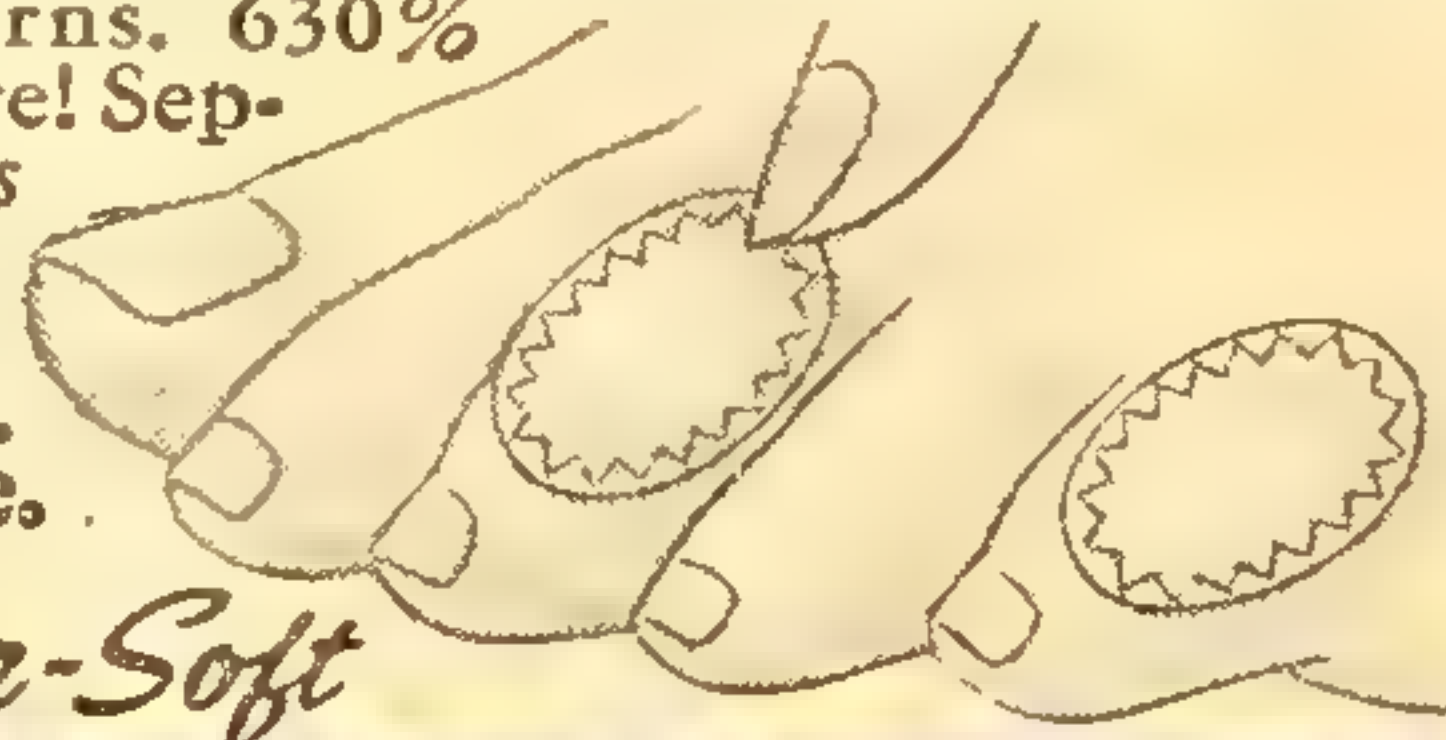
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chart reveals that Claudette Colbert will have many more years of fame on the screen. Her present happy marriage will continue in the future, for Miss Colbert possesses that happy faculty which so many Virgo-born often have, of being able to transmute all disturbing experiences into a tranquil state of understanding and spiritual development. A trip, possibly by water is indicated in the next six months, and possibly a picture abroad is shown in Miss Colbert's chart.

Fredric March, born on August 31st, typifies the character of the average Virgo man very clearly. The strength of character, the determination and great talent possessed by this clever actor, is clearly shown in his chart. Although Fredric March deserted the screen for Broadway, his chart shows that he will return to pictures this Fall, and that he will make many more pictures before retiring. Mr. March has unusual writing ability, according to his chart, and may later turn to that field and make a success. Because Virgo is ruled by the mental planet Mercury, these people often become writers of note. What of Fredric March's marriage? Will it last? It has lasted for a number of years already, and there is every indication that it will last indefinitely in the future.

Most typical of all the women stars born in the Sign of Virgo is Greta Garbo. Her birthdate is September 18, and her chart reveals all the glamor and mystery that one usually finds in the lives of Virgo-born. Garbo's temporary retirement of the past two years was shown clearly in her chart, but permanent retirement is not indicated for at least another two years. Even when she does retire, it is shown by her chart that Garbo will return to public life in later years, and that she will be radiantly lovely as ever. During the latter part of this year Garbo, in common with others born in Virgo, must watch her health, principally in matters of diet. It is often found in persons born in this Sign, that the nervous system is so delicate and high strung, that it often affects the digestive organs.

What does Garbo's chart show regarding romance and marriage? The mystery girl of the screen has been very much in love in the past, and in each instance the two men she loved greatly died. Her chart shows that in her romance with Leopold Stokowski, Garbo has attracted a man with whom she could be supremely happy in marriage. However, no marriage is shown for Garbo in 1939. The most auspicious time for such an event, according to her chart, is in the latter part of 1940.

It can readily be seen by examining the lives of these famous Virgo stars, that there are more pleasant than unpleasant things happening in their futures. If your birthdate happens to fall in this Sign of the Zodiac, then you too may expect many unusual changes for the better in your life during the coming months.

As a rule romance comes early in life for most Virgo persons. Unless you use caution in your choice of a marriage partner, you may have two marriages. If you have already had romantic disturbances, it may console you to know that the balance of this year and most of 1940 will bring you ample opportunity to find happiness in love or marriage.

What type of work should Virgo-born follow? Because the mental planet Mercury is your ruler it is best to try and get into some type of work where the creative and artistic faculties may be engaged.

Women born in this Sign have found success in some of the following occupations: acting, teaching, writing, secretarial work, librarian, bookkeeping, accounting, beautician, cashier, or sales work. The men born in this Sign are generally successful in medicine, law, journalism, printing, acting, inventing, or musical work.

Most Virgo persons make their greatest success in their work after the age of thirty. They rarely ever marry anyone in poor circumstances, and although they are not mercenary in the real sense of the word, they usually look for a secure future. Most of the women born in this Sign especially make wealthy marriages to men who are prominent socially.

Just as there is a certain destiny for all Virgo persons so are there definite indications of future events for other Signs of the Zodiac. To find out what the stars predict for you, merely consult the section below dealing with your own birth month, and you will find out what to expect this month in the way of your own personal fortune.

March 21 to April 20—Aries

A new acquaintance may enter your life this month who may vitally affect conditions about you for the better. Good time for romantic changes, engagements, courtship, marriage. Decisions you may make should be positive and will meet with success. Advance all your personal interests at this time, for Mars favors you, and Jupiter brings financial opportunities for bettering your station in life. Favors real estate, and other investments, also excellent for business expansion or changing place of business. The best days for active business affairs: 1st, 4th, 5th, 7th, 11th, 15th, 17th, 18th, 21st, 24th, 26th, 28th, and 31st. The other days are favorable for routine matters.

April 21 to May 20—Taurus

Better conditions about your home life this month. If you have been worried about a romantic or marriage problem, it should be successfully solved at this time. Handle money carefully, avoid being extravagant. Money may come from selling something you have, or through legacy somewhere in the family. Guard the health on the 4th, 8th, 15th, and 20th. Avoid vehicles and dark places on the 1st, 10th, 11th, 23rd, and 30th. Avoid firearms, sharp instruments and other dangerous weapons. Venus favors romance, especially new love affairs all during the month. Short trips also favored.

May 21 to June 20—Gemini

Mercury favors signing contracts, leases, legal papers. Also good month to go into business for yourself. Long absent friend may return, messages from distant members of family also likely. Music, art, literature favored. Those in artistic professions will find excellent conditions about business this month. Money may come from two different sources. Avoid jealousies and quarrels on the 4th, 7th, 14th, 18th, and 20th. Long standing investments favored. Seek business changes on the 5th, 8th, 14th, or 21st. Favors office work and occupations where tact and diplomacy are required. The month is generally favorable for romance and marriage.

June 21 to July 22—Cancer

There may be an opportunity this month for you to change your residence or place

of business. Various aspects of the planets incline to financial transactions that will require caution lest you make mistakes in judgment. The Moon brings business contacts and new opportunities for progressing financially, so make the most of them. If you have an opportunity to travel this month the stars are favorable. Although Venus favors new romances, it is wisest to wait another month before making radical changes in the love life. Watch the health after the 15th, and avoid excesses.

July 23 to August 22—Leo

Fairly good aspects prevail for you this month. Finances are especially favored. Invest cautiously, and then only in known business projects. Good for advertising, publicity work, writing, or artistic work. The Sun, being your ruler, is very well placed at this time, and gives you strength and courage to try new ventures. A man in connection with business may assist you in some way. Good for new ideas, inventions, and independent business action. In romance and marriage use care to avoid quarrels, and misunderstandings. A decision may face you in love this month. Choose wisely and you will not regret your choice.

August 23 to September 22—Virgo

The month begins under very excellent aspects for all personal and business ventures. You come under the favorable aspects of Jupiter, the money planet, and should be alert for several chances to improve your personal fortunes. Favors investments in stocks, in real estate, or in an independent business venture. Caution must be used after the 15th in finances. Sign no contracts or papers that are binding until you consult an attorney. Conditions in romance are not definitely set this month. You may be tempted to make some change, or to seek a solution to a trying marriage problem. The planets favor such a change after the 15th, and you will attract one or more members of the opposite sex who may be vitally interested in you romantically. The month ends on favorable note. Good for travel, health, friends, and finances.

September 23 to October 22—Libra

Unusually good vibrations emanate from the stars this month for your Sign. You may act with courage in carrying out the plans you have made. If you have felt restless and unhappy in love or marriage, this month brings you excellent prospects for changing such unhappy conditions. You will feel mentally stimulated at this time, and may desire more social activity than formerly. Venus, your ruler, favors meeting people, forming new friends, and entertaining. Money matters may have occasioned you some worry in the past few weeks, but changes for the better are shown by an examination of your stars. A new position, or money coming to the family, is favored. Seek advancement and a salary raise.

October 23 to November 22—Scorpio

There is less agitation for you this month than last month. Calm should be reflected in your activities. This should be true of romance or marriage especially. You are attracting the things you want gradually, and must not permit yourself to become discouraged when things go wrong. Strength comes to you from Mars at this time. Money matters are favored, especially good for going into business for yourself. Work of a mechanical nature, selling, secretarial work, or anything dealing with the public is good this month for you.

November 23 to December 21—Sagittarius

Better aspects this month for business, as Jupiter favors new ventures, new locations, or aggressive action in all business

matters. The creative side of your nature should be permitted freedom at this time. Those who are musically or artistically inclined have wonderful prospects ahead of them. Neptune brings a chance to travel by water, also favors work connected with beauty products, drugs, entertainment world and the acting profession. Good aspects for a short trip on vacation or for business reasons. Beware of making romantic or marriage changes, for this month is not favorable for sudden separations. The last two weeks of the month are better for new love affairs.

December 22 to January 19—Capricorn

There are excellent aspects throughout the entire month for this Sign. Push all business ventures, hold on to your money, and avoid entanglements that might limit you in business. Also avoid legal papers, unless absolutely necessary to sign them. The planet Jupiter helps you this month, and you will see amazing changes in all financial matters for the better. Deals that have been pending should be encouraged at this time. Romantically things are about the same, and should be pretty much under your direct control. No immediate change is imminent in love or marriage, although Venus looms on the horizon within a month and may bring pleasant changes into your life at that time.

January 20 to February 18—Aquarius

You should be out of the mental fog that has enveloped those born in this brilliant Sign. The slight afflictions you have felt in health should also be over for Saturn is not afflicting you as much as it has in the past. Pay strict attention to financial matters this month, for you will have need of money to carry out plans you have made. Good time to change location, move place of business or residence. Also favorable this month to study music, art, writing, or to carry out any creative ambitions you may have. This Sign rules motion pictures, and many screen stars, so if you are interested in acting, this month may bring you some encouragement. In romance you must, as usual, exercise strict caution to avoid disappointments. You may attract one or two romances, and should be most discreet in your actions at this time.

February 19 to March 20—Pisces

This month holds even better aspects than last month, so be prepared to take advantage of several splendid opportunities in business and finances. Money should come from some source that may be unexpected. Changes of location in business or residence are favored. Some unrest may exist in romance or marriage, owing to disturbing aspects of Mars around the 15th of the month. These temporary difficulties can be overcome by using patience. Travel is favored by land, water or air. Be careful not to let optimism overcome you to such an extent that you may assume unnecessary obligations. The vibrations of Uranus favor new and startling ideas for financial progress, also favor inventions, music, literary efforts, and general progression in all lines of endeavor.

Different Astrology Reading for Each Sign

Norvell's predictions for Hollywood stars have been amazingly accurate and every day thousands of persons are turning to astrology for a solution to their problems. Perhaps you are in doubt about your future and you may want the stars to reveal the outcome of your business, financial, romantic or marital problems. In the condensed advice given here, it is impossible to give a complete and thorough reading for each Sign of the Zodiac and, as there is a different reading for each Sign, it is necessary for you to consult YOUR particular astrology reading for your Sign.

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Lowdown on a Lady

Continued from page 51

released, and had me fairly drooling over the way she sang, *Only Make-Believe*. Irene is the worst person in the world to interview—she's what we call "bad copy" in the writing racket—but she's so charming and gracious about it that you don't realize that you haven't got a story until the next day when you face your typewriter. I remembered that she had the friendliest and firmest of handshakes, the most cordial of "Hello's," and a laugh that was just about the most cheery, pleasant sound I'd ever

heard. I remembered that her hobbies were shoes and perfumes, which she blends herself, and that she'll take a glass of sherry with you, just to be hostessy, but she won't drink it. Well, after all, I can't write a story with those meager details so I simply spread it on about her beauty, charm, intelligence, and general loveliness. When Irene read the story in a magazine she wrote me a note thanking me, and added a postscript which has been one of the delights of my career. "I can only hope," postscripted Miss Dunne, "that you meant what you wrote." Well, I was completely bowled over! Imagine finding a star who didn't take it for granted that you believed all the wonderful things you wrote about her! Miss Dunne's pleasant little suspicion of my insincerity pleased me no end. "She can see through the smooching," I said, "she's not conceited, and she's nobody's fool." That's top praise from me. She didn't know it, but from that postscript on, Irene had me in the palm of her hand.

I don't want to take too much credit for it, but I think that in my simple little sarcastic way I broke Irene of one of her worst faults. For a number of months after I met her she would tell me perfectly innocuous bits of gossip when I ran into her at the studio or an occasional party—such as, it's a beautiful day but it might rain, and the cat had kittens this morning, etc., etc.—and then would quickly add, "But please don't print it." Now no self-respecting writer likes to have her conversation with a star punctuated with a flock of "don't print its." We can be trusted, we hope, we hope, we hope. So in the due course of time I slapped a nickname on Irene. I called her, "Miss Good-Morning-But-Don't-Print-It Dunne." Since then, I've noticed, Irene's chit-chat has become considerably better, and meatier, and she no longer feels that she must warn me regarding the public print.

This horrible fear of seeing herself quoted in a newspaper or magazine is one of the nicest things about Irene, and stamps her better than anything else as the real lady she is. In a town full of extroverts and show-offs who gladly talk about themselves at the drop of a Westmore eyelash I must say it is extremely pleasant to find someone so human and modest that sweat forms on her forehead and her stomach does nip-ups at the very thought of an interview. Pleasant, indeed, but very bad, unfortunately, for the writing business. Irene, I believe, gives fewer interviews than any star, with the exception of Garbo. It isn't that she's snooty, she's simply scared to death. "I never know what to say," she'll sort of stammer all embarrassed-like. "And what I say always looks so silly in print."

Next to her horror of seeing herself quoted in print is her horror of the radio. She has but the worst case of mike fright of anyone in Hollywood, and when you've got mike fright, baby, you suffer. During those few minutes before she goes on the air the famous Dunne composure does a complete collapse, and she even plays with the idea of rushing from the room and never, never, never coming back. But once the broadcast begins the actress in her takes over and she gives her usual superb performance.

Since knowing me Irene has had to take on a third fear—the fear of press parties. (Oh, I'm a great help to my friends.) It all started when "High, Wide and Handsome" was previewed for the press one afternoon at the Westwood Village theatre a couple of years ago. Irene was working in "The Awful Truth" at the time and suggested that I drop by the set after the preview and tell her all about it. Well, I didn't like the picture. It's awfully hard to tell a star you think her newest picture stinks. A little smooching, I've discovered covers a multitude of brutal truths. But I might have known it wouldn't work with Irene.

"How is the picture?" she asked when I dropped by the set.

"Irene," I chirruped, "You looked perfectly beautiful. Darling, in the scene —"

"Oh," she said, "is it as bad as all that?"

"As soon as I walked in the lobby of the theatre," I said, "and saw a bar set up for the press, with everything to drink, and all kinds of divine salads and sandwiches—I knew, Irene, you had a bad picture."

Irene was all agog with interest. "You mean," she said, "that when the studio wines and dines the press before a preview that the picture isn't so hot?"

"The better the hand-out, as a rule," I said, "the poorer the picture."

As far as I was concerned it was just passing conversation. But Irene has never forgotten it. She never asks me now how I liked her preview, but she just can't wait to ask me, "What did they serve before they showed the picture?" (Unfortunately for the hungry press, Miss Dunne has been batting out such swell pictures since that we haven't had a chance to wet our tonsils.)

When I told her how much I liked "Love Affair" she said, "Yes, it did turn out awfully well, didn't it? But there were a few days there in the beginning of the picture when I was sure you were going to have champagne and caviar."

And that, I believe, ends the fears of Irene Dunne. I can't think of anything else she is afraid of—except, of course, reckless driving. She drives extremely well, and conservatively, herself, and gets awful mad when she sees other drivers breaking laws. What she called a man (under her breath, of course) who almost took off her side fender the other day was neither charming, beautiful, glamorous, poised, nor lady-like. It was intelligent. Brilliantly so.

She has a memory second to none (a memory is something you're not supposed to have in Hollywood) and once you have done her a favor she never forgets it. Years later she will pop out quite unexpectedly with, "Ducky, remember the day —" and she'll tell you again how grateful she was for a favor that you have long since forgotten. In her home she is the perfect hostess. Too perfect, for the likes of me. The first time she invited me to dinner I had what we shall call a headache. With the little men hammering away in my head I simply couldn't bear the idea of soup. When she saw me toying with it she immediately ordered the butler to bring me some fruit. Under ordinary conditions I like soup. But just try and get it in Mrs. Francis Griffin's home now. All the other guests will sit down to nice steaming bowls of the most delicious fragrance, but I always have a fruit cocktail at my place. "Elizabeth," she says to the others, "doesn't like soup."

She has one of the nicest husbands you'll find in a month of Sundays, and certainly one of the cutest little girls. Little four year old Mary Frances Griffin (called "Missy") was adopted by Irene and Dr. Griffin two years ago and in her own sweet childish way is the dictator of the Griffin home in Holmby Hills. Her tea parties, where you don't get any tea, but have to play like you do, are quite famous. Irene drank six cups of Missy's special brew the other Sunday, Dr. Griffin at least a dozen, and I did all right too, except I spilled one, much to Missy's horror. She had to run to the bathroom for an imaginary towel to wipe up an imaginary spot. I was so ashamed.

At the end of the tea party I decided to inject a business note into the conversation. "Irene," I said, "I think I'm going to do a story on you."

"Are you, Ducky," she said charmingly, and then after a moment's pause, "Do you know, the best publicity an actress can have in a magazine is a portrait. Don't you?"

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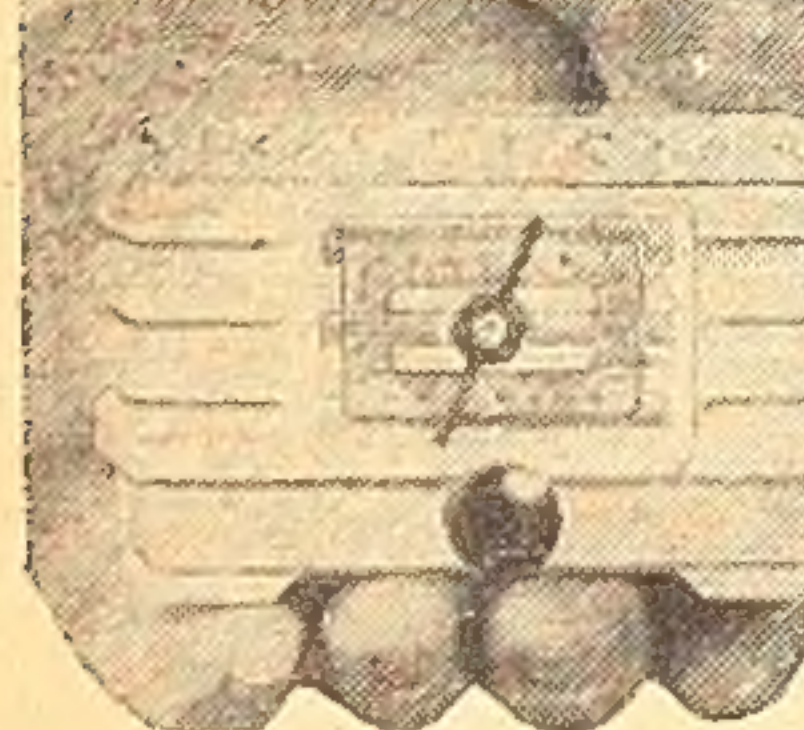
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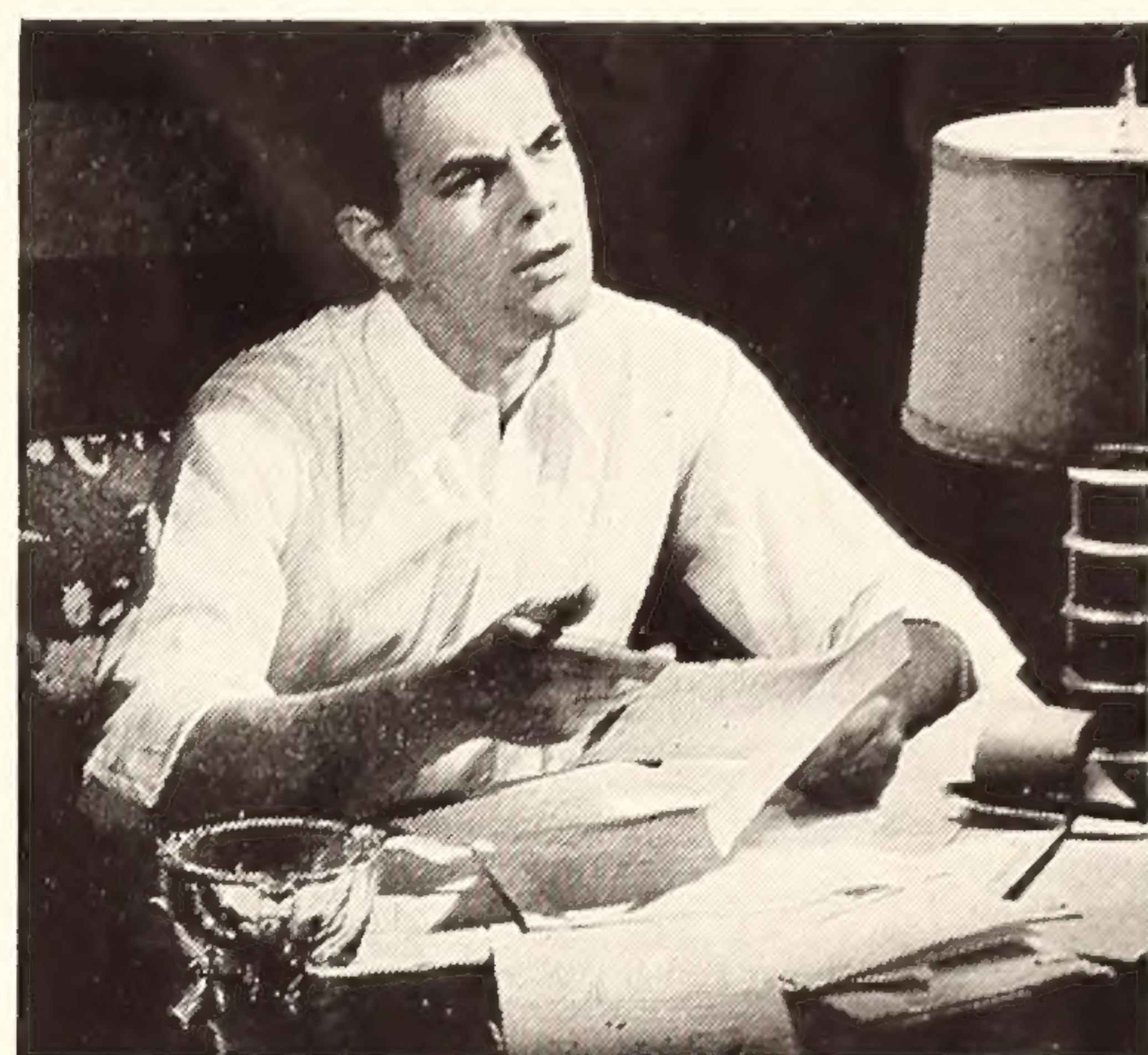
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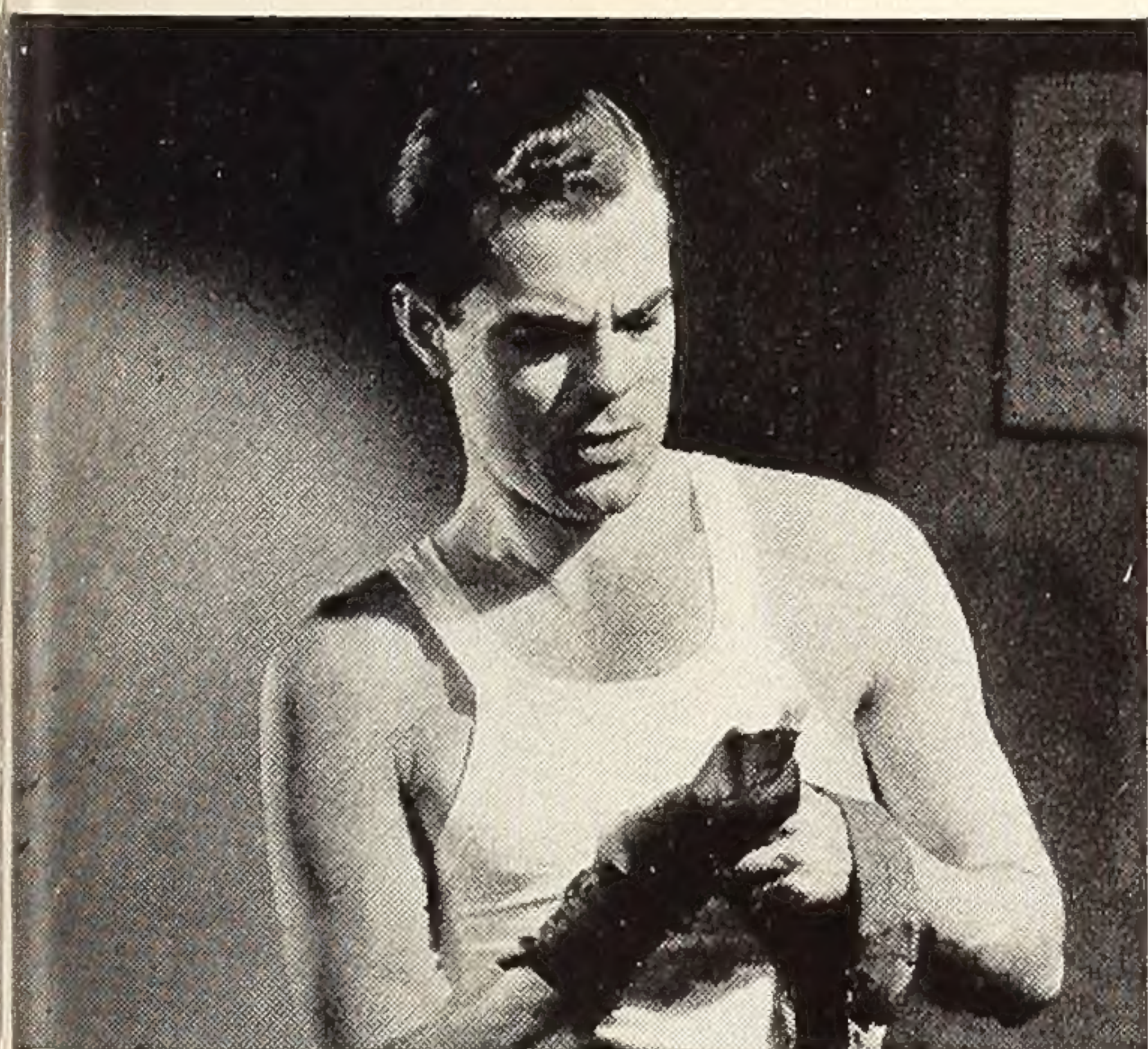
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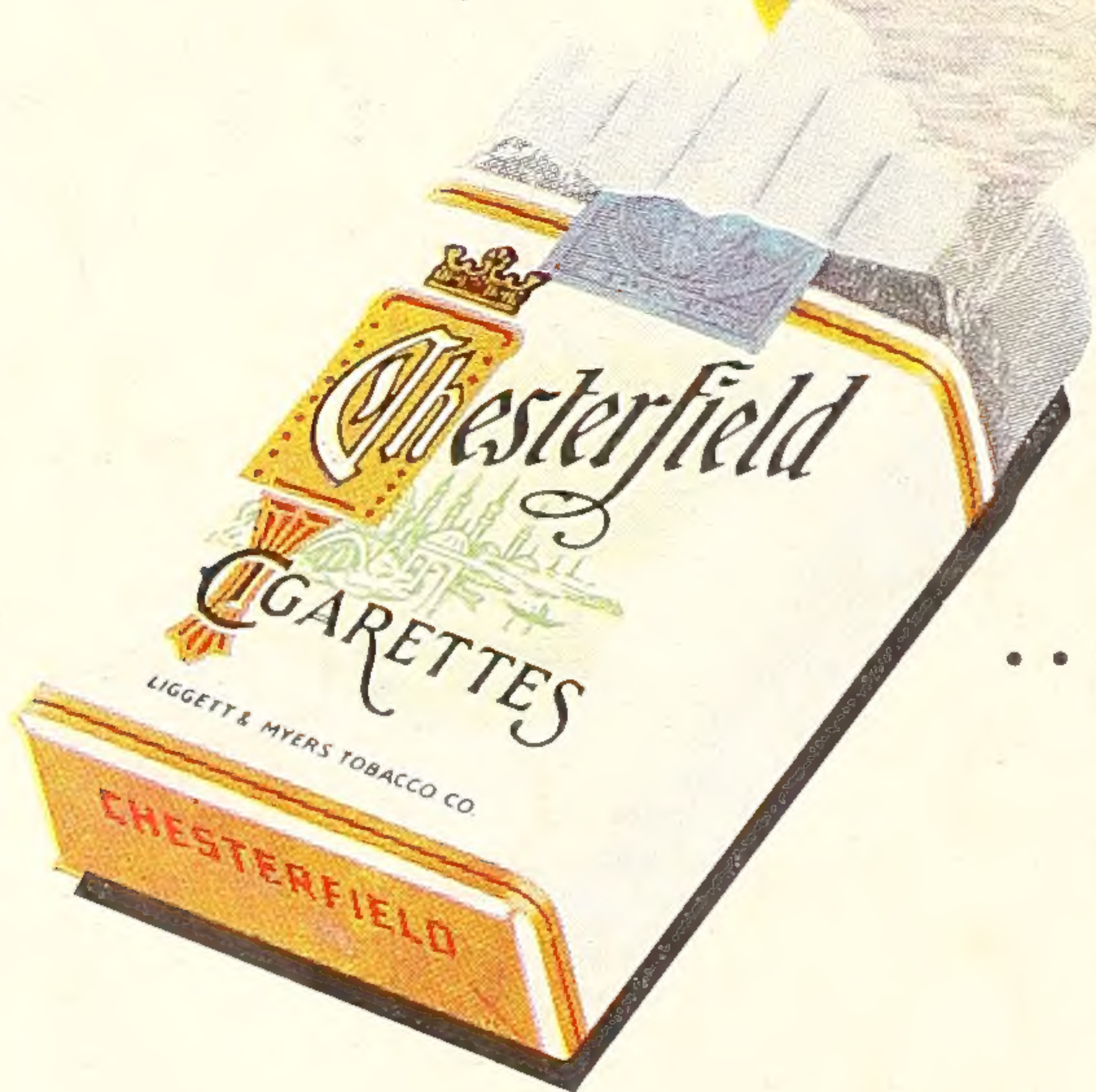
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